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POEMS AND PLAYS

The Woman In Waiting, With the History
of the Authorship of the Play
and the Life of the Author.
Also a Selection of Poems by
the Author of The Woman In Waiting.

Edited by
John Rylands
With a Foreword by
John Rylands
and a Note by
John Rylands
on the Author's Life
and Work.

VOL II

YONDON

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Lancaster Gate, opposite the Royal Exchange,

London, W.C.2.



T H E
British Muse.

G A M I N G.

HUSH, pretty boy, thy hopes might have
been better :
'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honour
won ;
Hard, when the father plays away the
son !

Shakespear's Yorkshire Tragedy.

The whole day
Is't not enough now, but the night's to play :
And while our 'states, strength, body and mind we waste ;
Go make ourselves the us'r'r's at a cait.
He that no more, for age, cramps, palfies, can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him ; and pursues
The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad views
Of what he throws : Like letchers grown content
To be beholders, when their pow'r's are spent.

Johnsons' Underwoods.

I would not have thee sell thy substance,
And time, worth all, in those damn'd shops of hell,

VOL. II.

B

'Those

Those dicing houses ; that stand never well,
 But when they stand most ill : That four-squar'd sin
 Has almost lodg'd us in the beggar's inn.
 A sort of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve,
 And fed upon thee ; thy fame is speckled,
 Yet it shews clear among them.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
 Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost ;
 Dost lose ? Rise up : Dost win ? Rise in that state :
 Who strive to fit out losing hands are lost.
 Game is a civil gun-powder, in peace
 Blowing up houies with their whole increase.

Herbert.

1. Hath sir *Thomas* lost five hundred pounds
 Already ? 2. And five hundred more he borrow'd ;
 The dice are notable devourers, madam ;
 They make no more of pieces, than pebbles,
 But thrust their heaps togther to engender ;
 'Two hundred more the caster ; cries this gentleman,
 I'm we'ye. I've that to nothing, sir ; the caster
 Again ; 'tis cover'd, and the table too,
 With sums that frightened me ; here one sneaks out,
 And with a martyr's patience, smiles upon
 His money's executioner, the dice ;
 Commands a pipe of goed tobacco, and
 I'th' smoke on't vanishes ; another makes
 The bones vault o'er his head, swards that ill throwing
 Has put his shoulder out of joint, calls for
 A bone-setter that looks to th'box, to bid
 His masters send him some more hundred pounds,
 Which lost, he takes tobacco, and is quiet ;
 Here a strong arm throws in, and in ; with which
 He brusheth all the table, pays the rooks
 That went their smelts a-piece upon his hand,
 Yet swards he has not drawn a stake these seven years.

Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.

This

This is the hell of all gamesters, I think ;
 When they are at play, the board eats up all
 The money : For if there be five hundred
 Pounds lost, there's never but a hundred won.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

Some play for gain ; to pass time, others play
 For nothing ; both do play the fool, I say :
 Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend ;
 Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.

Heath's Claramella.

G E N E R A L.

Who now beholds
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good Morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night :
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
 With chearful semblance and sweet majesty :
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear.

Shakespear's King Henry V.

What had his arms been, without my arm,
 That with its motion, made the whole field move ?
 And this held up, we still had victory.
 When over-charg'd with numbers his few friends
 Retir'd amaz'd, I set them on assur'd ;
 And what rude ruin seiz'd on, I confirm'd :
 When I left leading, all his army reel'd ;
 One fell on th'other foul : And as the Cyclop

That having lost his eye, struck ev'ry way,
 His blows directed to no certain scope ;
 Or as the soul departed from the body,
 The body wants coherence in his parts,
 Cannot consist, but sever, and dissolve ;
 So I remov'd once, all his armies shook,
 Panted and fainted, and were ever flying ;
 Like wand'ring pulses, spread through bodies dying.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

— A commander must
 Use pretty cheats, dark stratagems devise ;
 If not perfidious, they are not unjust :
 No matter in thy enemies defeat,
 If it be open force, or fine deceit.

Aleyn's Crescocy.

Courageous Edward spurs their valour on,
 And chears his sprightful soldiers : Where he came
 His breath did kindle valour, where was none ;
 And where it found a spark, it made a flame.
 Armies of fearful harts will scorn to yield,
 If lions be their captains in the field.

Aleyn's Crescocy.

We may consider
 The Carthaginian gen'ral, is a man
 Worn with imployment into more decay
 Of strength and years, than can give any hopes
 Of a continuance ; Rome's green champion
 Is full of growing sap to make him spread :
 Whilst th'other, like an aged oak that long
 Hath fought with tempests, and withstood the rage
 Of burning air, now yields to ev'ry gust,
 A bough, or arm ; till one more violent
 Shatters the dry'd limbs, or quite roots it up,

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

Yet did the king, almost forsaken quite
 By all his men, maintain a noble fight ;
 As if ashamed to out-live the sad
 Discomfiture, which his own rashness made :

Nor

Nor did his fault'ring hands e'en then forget
 To play a soldier's part ; appearing yet
 Worthy the fear of his assailing foe ;
 While death attended ev'ry furious blow :
 Too late that prowess comes ; and he in vain
 By pers'nal valour hopes to cure again
 That malady, which ill conduct begat :
 No soldier's valiant hand can expiate
 A gen'ral's folly ; nor one private hand
 Redeem the errors of a king's command.

May's Edward III.

G E N E R O S I T Y.

He covets less
 Than misery itself would give ; rewards
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To spend his time to end it.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

How easy is a noble sp'rit discern'd
 From harsh and sulph'rous matter, that flies out
 In contumelies, makes a noise, and flinks !
 May we find good and great men, that know how
 To stoop to wants, and mere necessities,
 And will not turn from any equal suits :
 Such men, they do not succour more the cause
 They undertake with favour and success ;
 Than by it their own judgments they do raise,
 In turning just mens needs into their praise.

Johnson's Catiline.

Whose breast, too narrow for her heart, was still
 Her reason's throne, and prison to her will.

Sir William Davenant.

Thou can't not reach the light that I shall find ;
 A gen'rous soul is sun-shine to the mind.

Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.

They that do
 An act that does deserve requital ;
 Pay first themselves the stock of such content :

Nature has giv'n to ev'ry worthy mind,
If others should be bankrupt.

Sir Robert Howard's Blind Lady.

It is unnatural a gen'rous mind
Should grieve to be from gen'rous acts confin'd :
That he in spite of him ignoble proves,
And cannot act as bravely as he loves ?

Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

G E N T L E M A N.

He is the card, or calendar of gentry ;
For you shall find in him the continent
Of what part a gentleman would see.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead mens dust and bones : And none of your's,
Except you make, or hold it.

Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

For your behaviour, let it be free and
Negligent ; not clogg'd with ceremony
Or observance : give no man honour, but
Upon equal terms ; for look how much thou
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou
Tak'it from thyself : He that will once give the
Wall, shall be quickly thrust into the kennel :
Measure not thy carriage by any man's eye ;
Thy speech by no man's ear ; but be resolute
And confident in doing and saying ;
And this is the grace of a right gentleman.

Chapman's May-Day.

He that bears himself like a gentleman ; is
Worth to have been born a gentleman.

Chapman's May-Day.

Gentry and baseness in all ages jarr,
And poverty and wealth are still at war.

Heywood and Rowley's Fortune by Land and Sea.

I am a gentleman ; and by my birth
Companion with a king : a king's no more.

I am

I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I'm study'd in all arts ;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient.

Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindness.

He is a noble gentleman ; withal
Happy in's endeavours : The gen'ral voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And ev'ry fair demeanor, an example :
Titles of honour add not to his worth ;
Who is himself an honour to his title.

John Ford's Lady's Trial.

I am
A gentleman free-born ; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks ; nor fed
Upon their after-meals : I never crouch'd
To th' offal of an office-promised
Reward for long attendance, and then mist.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word, lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds ; for-aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first ;
I'm sure more ancient.

John Ford's Lady's Trial.

G I F T S.

Win her with gifts, if she respects not words ;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

1. I never gave you aught.
2. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did ;
And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich : That perfume lost,
Take these again : For to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society
With thankfulness : For your own gifts make your

Selves prais'd : But reserve still to give, left your
Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough,
That one need not to lend another : For
Were your godheads to borrow of men, men
Would forsake the gods.

Shakespear's Timon.

To help the need
Of any, is a great and gen'rous deed ;
Yea of th'ingrateful : And he forth must tell
Many a pound, and piece, will place one well.

Johnson's Underwoods.

They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest in man ; of which when he doth think,
The memory delights him more, from whom,
Than what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stink from some,
They are so long a coming, and so hard ;
Where any deed is forc'd, the grace is marr'd.
Can I owe thanks for courtesies receiv'd
Against his will that does them ? That hath weav'd
Excuses or delays ? Or done them scant,
That they have more oppres'd me than my want ?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by mere chance ? For int'rest ? Or to free
Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure ; like one taken in a straight ?
All this corrupts the thanks ; less hath he won,
That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done ;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His grooms to witness ; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good so gain'd,
Must make me sad, for what I have obtain'd.
No, gifts and thanks should have one cheerful face ;
So each that's done, and ta'en, becomes a brace :
He neither gives, or does, that doth delay
A benefit : Or that doth throw't away,
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Nought but in corners ; and is loath to leave,

Leaf

Least air, or print, but flies it : Such men would
Run from the conscience of it, if they could.

Johnson, Ibid.

Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whose greater part of men think when they give
They purchase bondmen, not make worthy friends.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.

In alms regard thy means, and others merit ;

Think heav'n a better bargain, than to give
Only thy single market-money for it ;

Join hands with God to make a man to live :
Give to all something ; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Herbert.

Free without art, or project ; giving still
With no more snare, or hope, than in his will.

Cartwright.

A princely gift : But, sir, it comes too late :
Like sun beams on the blasted blossoms, do
Your favours fall.

Suckling's Brennorah.

Gripe, to me all, when he is dead, will give ;
Will part with nothing while he is alive :
What thanks is that to gape for dead mens shoes ?
To give them only when you cannot chuse ?
Give now ; 'tis left then 'gainst your will I know :
It is twice giv'n, what living we bestow.
He leaves a good name, who gives while he lives,
And only carries with him what he gives.

Heath's Clarastella.

Free circumstance
Does oft the value of mean things advance :
Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
Proclaims his bounty richer than his store.

Bishop King.

There the gift is free,
When 'tis bestow'd on deepest misery.

Jones's Adrasta.

G L O

ot giving like to those, whose gifts though scant,
In them as if they gave with gouty hand ;
Vex themselves, and ease not others want

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Then what thou mean'st to give, still promise less ;
Hold fast the pow'r, thy promise to increase.

Denham.

G L O O M.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light ;
Which, striving there preheminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight ;
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy clifts, which cross them as they go,
Made, as their passage they would have deny'd.
And threaten'd them their journey to forflow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to shew,
To the vile hand that did them first divide :
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to fay,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

G L O R Y.

Glory, is like a circle in the water ;
Which never ceaseth to inlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Shakespear's First Part of King Henry VI.

— You thrust rather with the love
Of your own glory, than with duty lead ;
You have done much : Yet all your councils prove
You ty'd still your atchievements to the head
Of your own honour ; when it had been meet,
You had them laid down at your sov'reign's feet.

Daniel's Philotas.

When

When this brittle glory thus is gotten,
 The keeping is as painful, more confuse :
 Fame lives by doing, is with rest forgotten :
 She those that would injoy her doth refuse,
 Woo'd like a *Lais*, will be, and observ'd ;
 Ever ill kept, since never well deserv'd.

Lord Brooke on Fame and Honour.

Never any state
 Could rise, or stand, without this thirst of glory,
 Of noble works, as well the mould as story.
 For else what governor would spend his days,
 In envious travel for the publick good ?
 Who would in books search after dead mens ways ?
 Or in the war, what soldier lose his blood ?
 Liv'd not this fame in clouds, kept as a crown,
 Both for the sword, the scepter and the gown.

Lord Brooke, *Ibid.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright ;
 But look'd too near, have neither heat, nor light.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

For all may have,
 If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

Herbert.

For this world's glory
 Is figur'd in the moon ; they both wax dull,
 And suffer their eclipses in their full.

Aleyn's Crescey.

We at the sun's one moment's rest, should more
 Admire, than at his glorious course before :
 Glory, like time, progression does require ;
 When it does cease t'advance, it does expire.

E. of Orrery's *Tragedy of Mustapha.*

Glory and pleasure in my breast contend ;
 Pleasure would seize what glory would defend :
 Her virtues charm my glory on their side ;
 But pleasure longs to have his pleasure try'd ;
 For glory, like a bragging cow'rd, does here
 Only in beauty's absence domineer :

But in her fight 'twill make a poor defence,
And never stand before victorious sense.

Crown's Calista.

1. I, for my glory, seize on regal crowns ;
To make my glory blaze, burn wealthy towns.
The gods for glory, worlds from chaos won ;
The gods for glory kindled up the sun,
And set that noble part of heav'n on fire ;
I'm hourly urg'd by such divine desire.
2. Inglorious princes are but half alive,
And want a sense worth all the other five.

Crown's Caligula.

And by his side rode loathsome gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine ;
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne :
And like a crane, his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallow'd up excessive feast ;
For want whereof poor people oft did pine ;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat ;
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat :
Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing-can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken coarse he scarce upholden can ;
In shape and life, more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stir or go ;
Not meet to be of counsel to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldom knew his foe :
Full of diseases was his carcass blue,
And a dry dropfy through his flesh did flow ;

Which by mis-diet daily greater grew :
Such one was gluttony, the second of that crew.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Guy eats all day, and letchers all the night,
So all his meat he tasteth over, twice :
And, striving so to double his delight,
He makes himself a thorough-fare of vice.
Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

Johnson's Epigrams,

We don't use to bury in our bellies,
Two hundred thousand duckets, and then boast on't :
Or exercise th' old *Roman* painful idleness,
With care of fetching fishes far from home ;
The golden-headed *Coracine* out of *Ægypt* ;
The *Salpa* from *Ebusus*, or the *Pelamis*,
Which some call summer-whiting from *Chalcedon* :
Salmons from *Aquitain*, *Helops* from *Rhodes* ;
Cockles from *Chios*, franc'd and salted up,
With *Far* and *Sapa* flow'r, and cocted wine.
We cram no birds, nor, epicurian like,
Enclose some creeks o'th' sea, as *Sergius Crata* did ;
He that invented the first stews for oysters,
And other sea-fish ; who besides the pleasure of his
Own throat, got large revenues by the invention ;
Whose fat example the nobility follow'd :
Nor do we imitate that arch-gormandizer,
With twenty two courses at a dinner ;
And betwixt ev'ry course, he and his guests
Wash'd, and us'd women, then set down and strengthen'd :
Lust swimming in their dishes, which no sooner
Was tasted, but was ready to be vented.

2. Most impious epicures.

1. We commend rather

Of two extremes, the parsimony of *Pertinax*,
Who had half lettices set up to serve again ;
Or his successor *Julian*, that would make
Three meals of a lean hare, and after, sup

With

With a green fig, and wipe his beard, as we can.
 The old bewailers of excess, in those days
 Complain'd there were more coin bid for a
 Cook than for a war-horse ; but now cooks are
 Purchas'd after the rate of triumphant, and some
 Dishes after the rate of cooks ; which must needs
 Make some of the white house, gormandizers ; especially
 Your wealthy plump plebeians ; like the hogs,
 Which *Scaliger* cites, that could not move for fat ;
 So insensible either of prick or goad,
 That mice made holes to nestle in their buttocks,
 And they ne'er felt them. There was once a ruler,
Cyrene's governor, choak'd with his own paunch,
 Which death, fat *Sanctius*, king of *Castile*, fearing
 Through his infinite mass of Belly, rather chose
 To be kill'd suddenly, by a pernicious herb
 Taken to make him lean, which old *Cordeba*,
 King of *Morocco*, counsell'd his fear to ;
 Than he would hazard to be stung to death,
 As that huge cormorant that was choak'd before him.

2. You that are wound up to the height of feeding,
 By clime and custom are dispens'd withal ;
 You may eat kid, cabrito, calf, and tunny's ;
 Eat, and eat ev'ry day, twice if you please.
 Nay, the *franc'd* hen, fatted with milk and corn,
 A riot which the inhabitants of *Delos*
 Were first inventors of, or the cramb'd cockle.

1. And in the large feast of our vast ambition,
 We count but the white kingdom, whence you came from,
 The garden for our cook, to pick his fallads :
 The food's lean *France*, larded with *Germany* ;
 Before which comes the grave chaste Signiory
 Of *Venice*, serv'd in, capon-like, in white broth ;
 From our chief oven *Italy*, the bake-meats ;
Savoy, the salt ; *Geneva* the chipp'd manchet :
 Below the salt, the *Netherlands* are plac'd,
 A common dish at the lower end o'th' Table,
 For meaner pride to fall to. For our second course

A spit of *Portugals* serv'd in for plovers ;
Indians and *Moors* for black birds : all this while
Holland stands ready melted to make sauce
On all occasions, when the voider comes ;
And with such cheer our full hopes we suffice,
Zeland says grace, for fashion then we rife.

Middleton's Game at Chess.

Oh thou pamper'd jade ! what would'ft thou have ?
What, wouldst thou feed on quails ? art thou not fat ?
Is not thy neck brawn, thy leg calf, thy head beef ?
And yet thou wantest meat.

Cupid's Whirligig.

His stomach's as infatiate as the grave,
Or strumpet's ravenous appetite.

Maffinger's New Way to pay Old Debts.

Variety is sought for to delight
Thy witty and ambitious appetite ;
Three elements at least dispeopled be,
To satisfy judicious gluttony.

Randolph.

Will you still owe your virtues to your bellies ?
And only think then nobly, when you're full ?
Doth fodder keep you honest ? are you bad
When out of flesh ? and think you't an excuse
Of vile and ignominious actions, that
You're lean, and out of liking ? for I must
Speak of you now as cattle, while you thus
Enslave your selves unto the paunch, enduring
A tyranny, beyond that you complain of.

Cartwright's Siege.

Whose life's the table and the stage,
He doth not spend, but lose his age.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

Lautus, thy palate can be pleas'd with nought,
But the best cates far fetch'd, and dearest bought ;
Sicilian lampreys, and the *Tuscan* boar,
With witty dainties ne'er heard of before

Vitellius'

Vitellius' age ; such as *Minerva's* shield,
 A dish made of scares livers, and then fill'd
 With milt of sturgeon, and with brains of rails,
 Pheasants and peacocks, and *Egyptian* Quails,
 With tongues of nightingales ; and those more rare
 And seld-seen crimson birds, his usual fare :
 Mullets and *Selsey* cockles, the *Severn* trout
 And what more dainty novelties can be bought :
 Botargo, anchovies, puffins too, to taste
 The *Maronæan* wines, at meals thou hast.
 Thus all thy lands thou eat'st and drinkeſt down,
 In thy fair boggards bury'd lie, thus grown
 With dear bought ſoil ſo rich, to dung the ſmall
 Acre that's left unſold ; and that is all.

Heath's Clarafilia.

Nothing could please your palate, but
 The *Muscatelli* and *Frontiniack* grape ;
 Your *Turin* pheasants, and your *Tuscan* veal ;
 With red-legg'd partridge from the *Genoa* hills :
 Then the broad livers of *Venetian* geese,
 Fatned by *Jews* ; and carps of the *Geneva* lake.
 You talk'd too of fat snails in ſhining shells,
 Brought from the marble quarrys of *Ferrara*,
 And ſous'd in *Lucca* oil ; then long'd for cream
 Of *Switzerland*, and *Genoa* paste.
 Your angelots of *Brie*.
 Your *Marsolini*, *Parmazan* of *Lody*,
 Your *Mala muca* melons, and *Cicilian* dates.
 And then to close up your voluptuous maw,
 Marmalad made by cleanly nuns of *Lisbon*.

Sir W. Davenant's Wits.

G O D.

Of the gods we are forbid to dispute,
 Because their deities come not within
 The compafs of our reaſons.

Lilly's Endimion.

It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
 As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gues by ſhews :

But

But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heav'n, we count the act of men.

Shakespear's All's well that ends well.

It did not please the gods, who instruct the people :
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us, than our selves ;
And 'twere impiety to think against them.

Johnson's Catiline.

Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants
As sure bound with their sleeps ; yet there is one
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind ;
He sees through doors, and darknes, and our thoughts :
And therefore as we should avoid with fear,
To think amiss ourselves before his search ;
So should we be as curious to shun
All cause, that others think not ill of us.

Chapman's Buffy D'ambois.

Gods nought foresee, but see : for to their eyes
Nought is to come or past : nor are you vile,
Because the gods foresee ; for God, not we,
Sees as things are ; things are not, as we see.

Marston's Sophonisba.

1. Can nature be so simple or malicious
To destroy the reputation of her
Proper memory ? She cannot : sure there
Is some pow'r above her, that controuls her force.
2. A power above nature ? doubt you that,
My lord ? consider, but whence man receives
His body and his form, not from corruption,
Like some worms and flies ; but only from the
Generation of a man : for nature
Never did bring forth a man without a man ;
Nor could the first man being but
'The passive subject, not the active mover,
Be the maker of himself ; so, of necessity
There must be a superiour pow'r to nature.

Tourneur's Atheists Tragedy.
'Tis

"Tis hard to find God, but to comprehend
Him, as he is, is labour without end.

Herrick.

Then tell me first, if nature must forbear
To ask, why still she must remain in doubt ?
A darkness which does much like hell appear,
Where all may enter in, but none get out.

Thus we at once are bidden, and forbid ;
Charg'd to make God, the object of the mind ;
Then hinder'd from it, since he is so hid,
As we but seek that, which we cannot find.

Sir. W. Davenant.

G O V E R N M E N T.

But as in calm a storm we nothing fear,
When as the seas are mild and smooth as glass :
And as in peace, no thoughts of war we bear,
Which least suppose of mischiefs come to pass :
Ev'n so my still and rightful reigning was.
The calm a tempest bodes, the shine a rain,
Long peace a war, and pleasure pinching pain.

Mirror for Magistrates.

For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent ;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like musick.
Therefore heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion :
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience ; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sort ;
Wheresome, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which

Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent royal of their emperor :
 Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
 The singeing mason building roofs of gold ;
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in
 Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate :
 The sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

Shakespear's Henry V.

Each petty hand
 Can steer a ship becalm'd ; but he that will
 Govern, and carry her to her ends, must know
 His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails ;
 What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers ;
 Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them ;
 What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her ;
 The forces and the natures of all winds,
 Gusts, storms, and tempests : when her keel ploughs hell,
 And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
 Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

Johnson's Catiline.

As a cunning orator, reserves
 His fairest smiles, best adorning figures,
 Chief matter, and most moving arguments
 For his conclusion ; and doth then supply
 His ground streams laid before, glides over them,
 Makes his full depth seen through ; and so takes up
 His audience in applauses past the clouds :
 So in your government, conclusive nature,
 Willing to end her excellence in earth,
 When your foot shall be set upon the stars,
 Shews all her sov'reign beauties, ornaments,
 Virtues, and raptures ; overtakes her works
 In former empires, makes them but your foils ;
 Swells to her full sea, and again doth drown
 The world, in admiration of your crown.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Cannot your great men suffer others to
Have part in rule, but must have all to do ?
Now, good my Lord, conform you to the rest,
Let not your wings be greater than your nest.

Daniel's Philotas.

A state well rul'd, the fame of kings doth raise,
No less than foughten fields, or batter'd towns :
More hard it is, and doth deserve more praise,
To guide, than get ; to keep, than conquer crowns.

E. of Sterline's Darius.

Virtue did then men's hearts so much inflame,
That no promotion could be got with gold ;
For in his days he that desired fame,
Bought it of him, that it full dearly sold :
Hateful excess so much did not devour,
Law had less force, and honesty more pow'r.

Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.

He is unfit to manage publick matters,
Who knows not how to rule at home his houshold.

John Ford's Fancy's Chaste and Noble.

O madam,
Your sex is too imperious to rule !
You are too busy, and too stirring, to
Be put in action ; your curiosity
Would do as much harm in a kingdom, as
A monkey in a glass shop ; move, and remove,
'Till you had broken all.

Cartwright's Royal Slave.

Rule of itself's a toil, and none would bear it,
But that 'twixt pride and avarice,
And close revenge they'll share it.

Alex. Brome.

The victor's solid recompence is rest ;
And 'tis unjust, that chiefs who pleasure shun,
Toiling in youth, should be in age opprest
With greater toils, by ruling what they won.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Could

Could every one that careles fits
 On his high throne, depute his power
 Where it might mingle with such innocence,
 Monarchal sway would be belov'd ; for 'tis
 Our worst mistake, to think the arts of government
 So hard ; since a perfection in the skill
 To rule, is less requir'd, than in a perfect will.

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

G R A T I T U D E.

And you fresh bud of virtue springing fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's door,
 What hath poor virgin for such peril past
 Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore
 My simple self, and service ever more :
 And he that does high fit, and all things see
 With equall eyes, their merits to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for me :
 And what I cannot quite, requite with usury.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

As our joys grow,
 We must remember still from whence they flow.

Middleton's Chaste Maid in Cheapside.

1. Here's a small amends.
2. 'Tis more than due, sir, yet I'll take it all;
 Should kindness be despis'd, good will would fall
 Unto a lower ebb, should we detest
 The grateful giver's gift, *verissimum est.*

Rob. Tailor's Hog hath lost his Pearl.

Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood
 As parent distributions to his branches,
 Proud that his pride is seen, when he's unseen ;
 And must not gratitude descend again
 To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter
 Improvident ?

Maffinger, Middleton and Rowley's Old Law.

The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
 Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
 With fair increase ; and I still glory in it :

And

And though my fortune's poor, compar'd to his,
And Milan weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt: Let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation,
Of being base or unthankful.

Maffinger's Duke of Milan.

I find a pious gratitude disperse
Within my soul; and ev'ry thought of him
Ingenders a warm sigh within me, which
Like curls of holy incense, overtake
Each other in my bosom, and inlarge
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.

Shirley's Brothers.

This is not ingratitude; or if it be, it does
As thankfulness in great ones use to do,
It looks a-squint, and seems to turn to favours,
But regards new ends.

Suckling's Sad One.

G R E A T N E S S.

When these sad fights were over-past and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved breast,
To scorn all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest oftneſt are oppreſt,
And unawares do into danger fall:
And ye that read these ruins tragicall,
Learn by their losſ to love the low degree;
And if that fortune chance you up to call
To honour's seat, forget not what ye be:
For he that of himself is moſt ſecure,
Shall find his ſtate moſt fickle and unſure.

Spenser's Visions of the World's Vanity.

Examples,

Examples, have the wisest warned oft,
That where the trees the smalleſt branches bear,
The ſtorms do blow, and have moſt rigour there.
Where is it ſtrong, but near the ground and root ?

Where is it weak, but on the highest ſprays ?
Where may a man ſo surely ſet his foot,
But on thoſe boughs, that groweth low always ?
The little twigs are but unfeſtedfaſt ſtays,
If they break not, they bend with ev'ry blaſt ;
Who truſts to them, ſhall never stand full faſt.

Churchyard in the Mirror for Magistrates.
Greatneſs in ſway of ſtate gives wings t'aspire ;
Advancement feeds ambition with deſire.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Oh place ! Oh form !
How often doeft thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fcols, and tye the wifer fouls
To thy falſe ſeeming ?

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too ; what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : For men, like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer ;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him ; as place, riches, favour ;
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit :
Which when they fall, as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

Greatneſs hath its cankers, worms, and moths ;
Bred out of too muſh humour, in the things
Which after they conſume ; tranſferring quite
The ſubſtance of their makers into themſelves.

Johnson's Sejanus.
Fortune,

Fortune, not reason, rules the state of things ;
 Reward goes backward, honour on his head :
 Who is not poor, is monstrous ; only need
 Gives form and worth to ev'ry human seed.
 As cedars beaten with continual storms,
 So great men flourish ; and do imitate
 Unskilful statuaries, who suppose
 In forming a colossus, if they make him
 Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
 Their work is goodly : So men merely great
 (In their affected gravity of voice,
 Sow'rness of count'nance, manners, cruelty,
 Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune)
 Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them ;
 Yet differ not from those colossick statues,
 Which with heroick forms without o'er-spread ;
 Within, are naught but mortar, flint, and lead.

Chapman's Buffey D'ambois.

I have found,
 Thanks to the blesser of my search, that counsels
 Held to the line of justice, still produce
 The surest states ; and greatest being sure :
 Without which fit assistance in the greatest,
 As you may see a mighty promontory
 More digg'd and under-eaten, than may warrant
 A safe supportance to his hanging brows,
 All passengers avoid him, shun all ground
 That lies within his shadow, and bear still
 A flying eye upon him ; so great men
 Corrupted in their grounds, and building out
 Too swelling fronts for their foundations ;
 When most they should be propt, are most forsaken :
 And men will rather thrust into the storms
 Of better grounded states, then take a shelter
 Beneath their ruinous, and fearful weight :
 Yet they, so oversee their faulty bases,
 That they remain securer in conceit.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.
 Thou

Thou dost not know what then will be thy mind,
When thou shalt see thyself advanc'd and strong :
When thou hast shak'd off that which others bind,
Thou soon forgettest what thou learned'ft long :
Men do not know what then themselves will be,
When as more than themselves, themselves they see.

Daniel's Civil War.

Now, I see, they but delude that praise us,
Greatness is mock'd, prosperity betrays us ;
And we are but ourselves ; although this cloud
Of interposed smoke make us seem more :
These spreading parts of pomp whereof we're proud,
Are not our parts, but parts of others store.

Daniel's Cleopatra.

Though the mountains make a mighty shew,
They are but barren heaps borne up aloft ;
Where plains are pleasant still, tho' they lie low,
And are most fertile too, tho' trod on oft :
Greatnes is like a cloud in th'airy bounds,
Which some base vapours have congeal'd above ;
It brawls with *Vulcan*, thund'ring forth huge sounds,
Yet melts, and falls there, whence it first did move.

E. of Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.

As in fine fields, weeds, or fat earth abounds,
Ev'n as the lab'lers spend, or spare their pain ;
The greatest sp'rits, disdaining vulgar bounds,
Of what they seek, the highest height must gain :
They, that bright glory may be so enjoy'd,
As only born to be in action still,
Had rather be, than idle, ill employ'd :
Great sp'rits must do great good, or else great ill.

E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.

Greatnes must keep those arts by which it grew ;
And ever what it wills, or fears, make true.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

— Oh greatness scourge !
 We cannot without envy, keep high name,
 Nor yet disgrac'd, can have a quiet shame.

Marston's Sophonisba.

1. He's dead, you say then.
 2. Certainly : And to hear
 The people now dissect him, now he's gone,
 Makes my ears burn that lov'd him not : Such libels,
 Such elegies and epigrams they have made,
 More odious than he was. Brother, great men
 Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
 With virtue's rule ; sound, with the weight of judgment,
 Their privat'lt action : For though, while they live,
 Their pow'r and policy mask their villanies,
 Their bribes, their lust, pride and ambition ;
 And make a many slaves to worship them ;
 They are their flatt'rers, and their bawds in these :
 Those very slaves shall, when these great beasts die,
 Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in One.

Since by your greatness, you
 Are nearer heav'n in place ; be nearer it
 In goodness : Rich men should transcend the poor,
 As clouds the earth ; rais'd by the comfort of
 The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

Both flow'rs and weeds, spring when the sun is warm ;
 And great men do great good, or else great harm.

Webster's White Devil.

The great are like the base ; nay, they're the same,
 When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

Thus he was brought to act his fatal hour

Upon a scaffold : To let greatness know
 The twofold danger of too great a pow'r,

To him that hath it, and the giver too.

Let greatness held by *Nimium*, fear her fate ;
 For 'tis a tenure of the shortest date.

Greatness

Greatness triumphing on the tow'ring height
 Of honour, if it once be turn'd at all,
 Finds motion in itself : The very weight
 Great bodies have, accelerates their fall :
 There is no medium in their declination,
 Between the height, and the precipitation.

Aleyn's Hen. VII.

They that are great, and worthy to be so,
 Hide not their rays from meanest plants that grow.
 Why is the sun set in a throne so high,
 But to give light to each inferior eye ?
 His radiant beams distribute lively grace
 To all, according to their worth and place ;
 And from the humble ground those vapours drain,
 Which are sent down in fruitful drops of rain.

Sir John Beaumont.

1. Great men, we are none.
2. No, but you may be, by the length of your
 Wit and shortness of your memory ; for if
 You have but wit enough to do mischief,
 And oblivion enough to forget
 Good turns ; you may come to great places in
 Time : keep a fool of your own, and then you are made.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

Trust not a great man, most of them dissemble ;
 Pride, and court-cunning have betray'd their faith
 To a secure idolatry ; their soul
 Is lighter than a compliment : Take heed,
 They'll flatter thy too young ambition,
 Feed thee with names, and then like subtle chymists,
 Having extracted, drawn thy spirit up,
 Laugh, they have made thee miserable.

Shirley's Grateful Servant.

It is the curse of greatness
 To be its own destruction. So we see
 That mountain-cedars have the least defence
 'Gainst storms, when shrubs confront their violence.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

Greatness is but the shadow of the beams
 Of prince's favours, nourish'd in extremes ;
 First taught to creep, and feed on hopes ; to live
 Upon the glance, and humbly to observe
 Each under minion ; till its own desire,
 Work near enough to set it self on fire.

Suckling's Sad One.

Great men by small means oft are overthrown ;
 He's lord of thy life, who contemns his own.

Herrick.

Be in thy greatness easy, and thy brow
 Still clear, and comforting as breaking light ;
 The great, with bus'ness troubled, weakly bow ;
 Pow'r should with publick burdens walk upright.

We cheerfulness, as innocence commend ;
 The great, may with benign and cheerful eyes
 The people wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend ;
 Who feel most wrong, from those who them despise,

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Our envy never would great men pursue,
 If their great plagues, and passions too we knew.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

I was born with greatness ;
 I've honours, titles, power, here within :
 All vain external greatness I contemn.
 Am I the higher for supporting mountains ?
 The taller for a flatt'rei's humble bowing ?
 Have I more room for being throng'd with follow'rs ?
 The larger soul for having all my thoughts
 Fill'd with the lumber of the state affairs ?
 Honours and riches are all splendid vanities ;
 They are of chiehest use to fools and knaves.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

G U I D E.

For double shame he doth deserve,
 Who being guide, doth soonest swerve.

Brandon's Octavia.

That

That man

May safely venture to go on his way,
That is so guided, that he cannot stray.

Marmyon's Holland's Leaguer.

I stand like one

Has lost his way, and no man near him to enquire it of :
Yet there's a providence above, that knows
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct
Enquiring justice : The passengers that travel
In the wide ocean, where no paths are ;
Look up, and leave their conduct to a star.

Sir Robert Howard's Surpriseſal.

H A I R.

FOR, if of all the bodies parts, the head
Be the most royal ; if discourse, wit, judgment,
And all our understanding faculties
Sit there in their high court of parliament,
Enacting laws to sway this hum'rous world,
This little isle of man ; needs must that crown,
Which stands upon this supreme head, be fair,
And held invaluable ; and that crown's the hair :
The head that wants this honour, stands awry :
Is bare in name, and in authority.
Hair ! 'tis the robe which curious nature weaves
To hang upon the head, and does adorn,
Our bodies ; in the first hour we are born ;
God does bestow that garment : When we die,
That, like a soft and filken canopy,
Is still spread over us : In spite of death,
Our hair grows in our grave, and that alone
Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.
The excellency of hair, in this shines clear,
That the four elements take pride to wear
The fashion of it : When fire most bright does burn,
The flames to golden locks do strive to turn ;

When her lascivious arms the water hurls,
 About the shore's waiste, her sleek head she curls :
 And rorid clouds being suck'd into the air,
 When down they melt, hang like fine silver hair.
 You see the earth, whose head so oft is shorn,
 Frighted to feel her locks so rudly torn,
 Stands with her hair an end ; and, thus afraid,
 Turns ev'ry hair to a green naked blade.
 Besides, when struck with grief, we long to die,
 We spoil that most, which most does beautify ;
 We rend this head-tire off. I thus conclude,
 Colours set colours out ; our eyes judge right,
 Of vice or virtue by their opposite :
 So, if fair hair to beauty add such grace ;
 Baldness must needs be ugly, vile, and base.

Dekker's Satiromastix.

1. The goodliest and most glorious strange-built wonder,
 Which that great architect hath made, is heav'n ;
 For there he keeps his court ; it is his kingdom,
 That's his best master-piece : Yet 'tis the roof,
 And cieling of the world ; that may be call'd
 The head or crown of earth, and yet that's bald ;
 All creatures in it bald ; the lovely sun
 Has a face sleek as gold ; the full cheek'd moon
 As bright and smooth as silver ; nothing there
 Wears dangling locks, but some time blazing stars,
 Whose flaming curls, set realms on fire with wars.
 Descend more low ; look through man's five-fold sense,
 Of all, the eye bears greatest eminence ;
 And yet that's bald ; the hairs that like a lace
 Are stitch'd unto the lids, borrow those forms,
 Like pent-houses, to save the eyes from storms.
 A head and face o'ergrown with shaggy dross,
 O, 'tis an orient pearl hid all in moſt !
 But when the head's all naked and uncrown'd,
 It is the world's globe, even, smooth, and round :
 Baldness is nature's butt, at which our life

Shoots

Shoots her last arrow : what man ever led
 His age out with a staff, but had a head
 Bare and uncover'd ? he whose years do rise
 To their full height, yet not bald, is not wise.
 The head is wisdom's house ; hair but the thatch.
 Hair ! it is the basest stubble ; in scorn of it,
 This proverb sprung, he has more hair than wit :
 Mark you not in derision how we call
 A head grown thick with hair, bush-natural.
 2. By your leave master poet, but that bush-natural
 Is one of the trimmest, and most intangling'st
 Beauties in a woman.
 1. Right, but believe this, pardon me most fair,
 You would have much more wit, had you less hair :
 I could more weary you to tell the proofs
 As they pass by, which fight on baldness side,
 Than were you task'd to number on a head
 The hairs : I know not how your thoughts are led ;
 On this strong tow'r shall my opinion rest,
 Heads thick of hair are good, but bald the best.

Dekker's Satiromastix.

Yet though cold age had frosted his fair hairs,
 It rather seem'd with sorrow, than with years.

Drayton's Duke of Normandy.

Her hair was rowl'd in many a curious fret,
 Much like a rich and curious coronet ;
 Upon whose arches twenty cupids lay,
 And were or ty'd, or loath to fly away.

Brown's Pastorals.

As in our heraldry, we deem
 Those colours of the best esteem,
 With sol and luna blazing forth
 The nobler arms of higher worth :
 So nature having drawn this piece,
 Than which was never artifice
 So neatly penn'd, and polish'd o'er
 With skilful art and beauty more,

Resolv'd for its great worth and fame,
To put it in a golden frame.

If in these outward parts we find
Such worth ; what bears her richer mind ?

Heath's Clarastella.

H A N D.

Her hand,

In whose comparison, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman !

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;
Or Æthiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Shakespear's Winter's Tale.

1. Give me your hand ; this hand is moist, my lady.
2. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

1. This argues fruitfulness, and lib'ral heart :
Hot, hot, and moist——this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels : 'tis a good hand ;
A frank one.

1. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand, that gave my heart away.

1. A lib'ral hand. The hearts of old, gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Shakespear's Othello.

The instrument of instruments, the hand ;
Courtesy's index ; chamberlain to nature ;
The body's soldier ; and mouth's caterer ;
Psyche's great Secretary ; the dumb's eloquence ;
The blind man's candle, and his forehead's buckler ;
The minister of wrath, and friendship's sign.

Lingua.
H A P-

HAPPINESS.

O, how bitter a thing it is to look
Into happiness, through another man's eyes !

Shakespear's As you like it.

All the good we have rests in the mind ;
By whose proportions only, we redeem
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measure of ourselves, and of our pow'rs :
And that all happiness remains confin'd
Within the kingdom of this breast of ours ;
Without whose bounds, all that we look on lies
In others jurisdictions ; others pow'rs ;
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others wills ; wherein they're only grown :
And that unless we find us all within,
We never can without us be our own.

Daniel to the Countess of Bedford.

What thing so good, which not some harm may bring ?
Ev'n to be happy is a dang'rous thing !

E. of Sterline's Darius

It is the best felicity, to be
Not foil'd, and vanquish'd by felicity.

Aleyn's Poetiers.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore ;
He that at noon-day walks by a prison door ;
He that i'th' sun is neither beam nor moate ;
He that's not mad after a petticoat ;
He for whom poor mens curses dig no grave ;
He that is neither lords nor lawyers slave ;
He that makes this his sea, and that his shore ;
He that in's coffin's richer than before ;
He that counts youth his sword, and age his staff ;
He whose right-hand carves his own epitaph ;
He that upon his death bed is a swan ;
And dead, no crow ; he is a happy man.

Dekker's Second Part of the honest Whore.

— O happiness
 Of those that know not pride or lust of city !
 There's no man bless'd, but those that most men pity.

Marston's Sophonisba.

— Happy are those,
 That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
 Uncertain change, are still prepar'd, and arm'd
 For either fortune : a rare principle,
 And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's school.

Maffinger's Bondman.

Physicians say, repletion springs,
 More from the sweet, than sou'r things.

Herrick.

That happiness does still the longest thrive ;
 Where joys and griefs have turns alternative.

Herrick.

'Tis with our souls
 As with our eyes, that after a long darkness
 Are dazzled at th' approach of sudden light.
 When i'th' midst of fears we are surpriz'd
 With unexpected happiness ; the first
 Degrees of joy, are mere astonishment.

Denham's Sophy.

Over all men hangs a doubtful fate :
 One gains by what another is bereft ;
 The frugal deities have only left
 A common bank of happiness below,
 Maintain'd like nature, by an ebb and flow.

Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.

Happiness is a stranger to mankind,
 And like to a forc'd motion, it is ever
 Strongest at the beginning ; then languishing
 With time, grows weary of our company :
 But to misfortunes we so subject are,
 That like to natural motion, they prove still
 More vigorous in their progress.

Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.

H A T R E D.

H A T R E D.

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings ;
 Or as the heresies, that men do leave,
 Are hated most, of those they did deceive ;
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
 Of all be hated ; but the most by me.

Shakespear's Midsummer-night's Dream.

O ! there's a further cause of hate. Their breasts
 Are guilty, that we know their obscure springs,
 And base beginnings ; thence the anger grows.

Johnson's Sejanus.

No hate more harms, than that which looks like love.

E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.

Spite ! thou impostume of aspiring hearts,
 Whose nature is, that if the bag remain,
 The wicked humours straight will fill again ;
 I will lay open thee, and all thy arts.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Thou kingdom's corr'five, home-begotten hate,
 In any limits never that waft bounded ;
 When didst thou yet seize upon any state,
 By thee that was not utterly confounded ?
 How many empires be there that do rue thee ?
 Happy the world was, till too well it knew thee.

Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.

For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tyger,
 May fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature ;
 The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
 Is like a small stone thrown into a river,
 The breach scarce heard ; but view the beaten current,
 And you shall see a thousand angry rings
 Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing ;
 So jars cirling distrusts, distrusts breeding dangers,
 And dangers death, the greatest extreme shallow ;
 Till nothing bound them but the shore their graves.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Bloody Brothers.

Haply the fire of hate is quite extinct
 From the dead embers ; now to take them up,
 Should the least spark of discontent appear,
 To make the flame of hatred burn afresh,
 The heat of this dissention might scorch us ;
 Which in his own cold ashes smother'd up,
 May die in silence and revive no more.

How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad.
 It is the wit, the policy of sin,
 To hate those men we have abus'd.

Sir W. Davenant's *Just Italian.*
 H E A R I N G.

Now let us hear how she the ears employs :

Their office is, the troubled air to take ;
 Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
 Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
 Because all sounds do lightly move aloft ;
 And that they may not pierce too violently,
 They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
 It would astonish and confuse it much ;
 Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
 That it the organ may more gently touch.

As streams which with their winding banks do play,
 Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly through the plain :
 So in th' ear's labyrinth the voice doth stray,
 And doth with easy motion touch the brain.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense ;
 For ev'n the ears of such as have no skill,
 Perceive a discord, and conceive offence ;
 And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.

And though this sense first gentle musick found,
 Her proper object is the speech of men ;
 But that speech chiefly which God's heralds found,
 When their tongues utter what his sp'rit did pen.

Our eyes are lids, our ears still ope we see,
 Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd :
 Our eyes still move, our ears unmoved be ;
 That though we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the eye and ear,
 The soul with knowledge doth herself endue :
 Thus she her prison may with pleasure bear,
 Having some prospects, all the world to view.

These conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
 But th' other three attend the body still ;
 For by their services the soul doth find,
 What things are to the body good or ill.

Sir John Davies.

H E A V E N.

There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
 No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
 Famine nor age have any being there :
 Forget for shame your *Tempe*, bury in
 Oblivion, your feign'd *Hesperian* orchards,
 The golden fruit kept by the watchful dragon,
 Which did require *Hercules* to get it,
 Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there
 Deserves not to be nam'd. The pow'r I serve
 Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elysian shades ; for he hath made his bow'rs
 Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

Maffinger and Dekker's *Virgin Martyr*.

We to heaven
 Do climb with loads upon our shoulders borne ;
 Nor must we tread on roses, but on thorn.

Shirley's *St. Patrick for Ireland*.

What a poor value do men set of heav'n ?
 Heav'n, the perfection of all that can
 Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
 Health, beauty ; and all these not subject to
 The waste of time ; but in their height eternal ;
 Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,

Favour

Favour of greatness, or an hours faint pleasure !
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.

Heav'n is a great way off, and I shall be
Ten thousand years in travel, yet 'twere happy
If I may find a lodging there at last,
Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches.

Shirley's Duke's Mistress.

This law the heav'ns inviolably keep,
Their justice well may slumber, but ne'er sleep.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein

Blest heav'n, how are thy ways just like thy orbs,
Involv'd within each other ? yet still we find
Thy judgments are like comets, that do blaze,
Affright, but die withal ; whilst that thy mercies
Are like the stars, who oft-times are obscur'd,
But still remain the same behind the clouds.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

— There is a heaven :
This shred of life cannot be all the web
Nature hath wrought to govern divine spirits ;
There is a heaven, because there's misery.
The divine power ever blest and good,
Made not the world for an ill-natur'd jest,
To sport himself in pains of those he made.

Crown's Regulus.

H E I R.

Now, grandfie ; you that hold me at hard meat,
And keep me out at the dag's end, I'll fit you ;
Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine,
He and his will confesses ; what I take then,
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand :
I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many blacks ;
I'll have the church hung round, a noble a yard ;
Or requite him in scutcheons ; let him trap me
In gold, and I'll wrap him in lead ; *quid pro quo* : I
Must look none of his angels in the face forsooth,

Until

Until his face be not worth looking on : Tut, lads,
Let fires and gransires keep us low ; we must
Live when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

For since in my time and knowledge, so many rich
children

Of the city, conclude in beggary, I had rather
Make a wise stranger my executor, than a foolish
Son my heir ; and to have my lands call'd after my
Wit, than after my name ; and that's my nature.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at several Weapons.

Thy father hoards up gold for thee to spend,
When death will play the office of a friend,
And take him hence ; which yet he thinks too late :
My nothing to inherit is a fate
Above thy birthright should it double be ;
No longing expectation tortures me.
I can my father's rev'rend head survey,
And yet not wish that ev'ry hair was grey.
My constant genius says, I happier stand,
And richer in his life, than in his land ;
And when thou hast an heir that for thy gold
Will think each day makes thee a year too old ;
And ever gaping to possess thy store,
Conceives thy age to be above fourscore
'Cause his is one and twenty ; and will pray
The too slow hours to hast, and ev'ry day
Bespeaks thy coffin, cursing ev'ry bell
That he hears toll, 'cause 'tis another's knell :
And justly at thy life he may repine,
For his is but a wardship during thine.

Randolph.

H E L L.

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her sev'ral torments dwell.

Shakespear's Yorkshire Tragedy.

A place there is upon no centre plac'd,
 Deep under depths, as far as is the sky
 Above the earth ; dark, infinitely spac'd :
Pluto the king, the kingdom misery.
 The chrystal may God's glorious seat resemble ;
 Horrour itself, these horours but dissemble.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Hell gives us art, to reach the depth of sin ;
 But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.
 Down-hill we run, climb upward a slow pace ;
 Easy descents to hell, steep steps to grace.

W. Rowley's All lost by Lust.

There is a place in a black and hollow vault,
 Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,
 But flaming horrour of consuming fires ;
 A lightles sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs
 Of an infected darkness ; in this place
 Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
 Of never-dying deaths ; there damned souls
 Roar without pity ; there are gluttons fed
 With toads and adders ; there is burning oil
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat ; the usurer
 Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold ;
 There is the murtherer for ever stabb'd,
 Yet can he never die ; there lies the wanton
 On racks of burning steel, while in his soul
 He feels the torment of his raging lust.
 There stand those wretched things,
 Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets,
 And secret incests, cursing one another.

John Ford's 'Tis pity she's a Whore.

H I S T O R I A N.
 The chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
 Which may be mirror to thy majesty ;
 There shalt thou find both good and ill report,
 Of every prince after his quality :
 'Though they be dead, yet their works shall not die :

Trust

Trust well thou will be stiled in that story,
As thou deserves't to be put in memory.

Sir David Lindsay.

But story-writers ought, for neither glory,
Fear, nor favour, truth of things to spare :
But still it fares, as alway it did fare ;
Affections, fear, or doubts that daily brew,
Do cause that stories never can be true.

Mirror for Magistrates.

'Tis worthy praise, I grant, to write the ends
Of vicious men ; and teach the like beware :
For what hath he of virtue that commends
Such persons lewd, as nought of virtues care ?
But for to leave out those praise-worthy are,
Is like as if a man had not the skill
To praise the good, but discommend the ill.

Mirror for Magistrates.

But seeing causes are the chiefeſt things
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory writers ;
That men may learn what ends all causes brings,
They be unworthy name of chroniclers,
That leave them clean out of their registers ;
Or doubtfully report them : For the fruit
Of reading ſtories, ſtandeth in the ſuit.

Mirror for Magistrates.

For hitherto, fly writers wily wits,
Which have engrossed princes chief affairs,
Have been like horses, snaffled with the bits
Of fancy, fear, or doubts, full deep despairs ;
Whose reins, enchain'd to the chiefeſt chairs,
Have ſo been strain'd of thoſe that bare the ſtroke,
That truth was forc'd to chew, or elſe to choke.

This caused ſuch as loathed loud to lie,
To paſſ with silence ſundry princes lives :
Leſt fault it is to leave, than lead awry,
And better crown'd, than ever bound in gyves :
For fatal fraud this world ſo fondly drives,

That

That whatsoever writers brains may brew,
Be't ne'er so false, at length is ta'en for true.

What harm may hap by help of lying pens ;
How written lies may lewdly be maintain'd,
The lothly rites, the devilish idol dens,
With guiltless blood of virtuous men bestain'd,
Is such a proof that all good hearts have 'plain'd :
The taly grounds of stories throughly tries,
The death of martyrs vengeance on it cries.

The freshest wits I know will soon be weary,
In reading long whatever book it be,
Except it be vain matter, strange, or merry,
Well fawc'd with lies, and glared all with glee ;
With which because no grave truth may agree,
The closest stile for stories is the meetest,
In rueful means the shortest form is sweetest.

Mirror for Magistrates.

A chronicler should well in divers tongues be seen,
And eke in all the arts he ought to have a sight,
Whereby he might the truth of divers actions deem,
And both supply the wants, correct that is not right :
He should have eloquence, and full and fitly write,
Not mangled stories snatching here and there :
Nor gloze to make a volume great appear.

He should be of such countenance and wit,
As should give witness to the histories he writes ;
He should be able well his reasons so to knit,
As should continue well the matter he recites :
He should not praise, dispraise, for favour or despites,
But should so place each thing in order due,
As might approve the stories to be true.

But this mayhap, the time may seek at length redress ;
And then such stories now and noble acts as die,
May come again to light ; at least defaced less,
If from the *Britain's* first antiquities they try :
In great defects if they the truth supply,

Then

Then shall the readers fuller stories find,
And have whereby to recreate the mind.

Higins in the Mirror for Magistrates.

Who hath a book of all monarchs done,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn.

Shakespear's Pericles.

There is a history in all mens lives,
Fig'ing the nature of the times deceas'd ;
The which observ'd, a man may prophecy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie entreasured.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

O wouldst thou add like hand, to all the rest !
Or, better work ! were thy glad country blest,
To have her story woven in thy thread ;
Minerva's loom was never richer spread.
For who can master those great parts like thee,
That liv'ft from hope, from fear, from faction free ;
Thou hast thy breast so clear of present crimes,
Thou need'st not shrink at voice of after-times ;
Whose knowledge claimeth at the helm to stand ;
But wisely, thrusts not forth a forward hand,
No more than *Salust* in the *Roman* state :
As then, his cause, his glory emulate.
Although to write be lesser than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knows the sev'ral graces
Of history, and how to apt their places ;
Where brevity, where splendor, and where height,
Where sweetnes is required, and where weight ;
We need a man, can speak of the intents,
The councils, actions, orders, and events
Of state, and censure them : we need his pen
Can write the things, the causes, and the men.
But we most need his faith, and all have you,
That dares not write things false, nor hide things true.

Johnson's Epigrams.
For

For know, great prince, when you shall come to know,
 How that it is the fairest ornament
 Of worthy times, to have those which may shew
 The deeds of pow'r, and lively represent
 The actions of a glorious government.
 And 'tis no lesser honour to a crown,
 T'have writers, than have actors of renown.

Daniel on Prince Henry.

Would God our times had had some sacred wight,
 Whose words as happy as our swords had been ;
 To have prepar'd for us trophies aright
 Of undecaying frames t'have rested in ;
 Triumphant arks of perdurable might :
 O holy lines ! that such advantage win
 Upon the scythe of time, in spite of years :
 How blessed they, who gain what never wears !

For what is it to do ; if what we do
 Shall perish near as soon as it is done ?
 What is that glory we attain unto
 With all our toil ; if lost as soon as won ?
 A small requital for so great ado,
 Is this poor present breath, a smoke soon gone :
 Or these dumb stones, erected for our sake :
 Which formless keeps few stormy changes make.

Daniel's Civil War.

Now he o'er all will spread your praises forth,
 A famous witness of your glorious reign :
 The record of one wise man is more worth,
 Than what a world of others would maintain.
 Great prince, do not the loving zeal reject,
 Which a mean man, yet a good mind affords :
 And who perchance doth more your good affect,
 Than those who paint their love with fairer words.

E. of Sterline's Cræsus.

Ah,

Ah, be not those most miserable souls,
 Their judgments to refine, who never strive !
 Nor will not look upon the learned scrouls,
 Which without practice do experience give :
 But whilst base sloth each better care controuls,
 Are dead in ignorance, intomb'd alive :
 'Twixt beasts, and such, the diff'rence is but small ;
 They, use not reason, beasts have none at all.

E. of Sterline to Prince Henry.

Yet registers of memorable things.

Would help, great prince, to make thy judgment
 found ;
 Which to the eye a perfect mirror brings,
 Where all should glass themselves, who would be
 crown'd :
 Read these rare parts, that acted were by kings,
 The strain's heroick, and the end renown'd :
 Which, whilst thou in thy cabinet dost sit,
 Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

And do not, do not thou the means omit,
 Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy ;
 Since history may lead thee unto it ;
 A pillar whereupon good sp'rites rely ;
 Of time the table, and the nurse of wit ;
 The square of reason, and the minds clear eye :
 Which leads the curious reader through huge harms,
 Who stands secure, whilst looking on alarms.

E. of Sterline to Prince Henry.

Historians to some courts have had recourse
 By kings commands ; who did of them explore
 The former age : That they might steer their course,
 As skilful piots of great states before ;
 And cut out all their actions by the thread
 Of ancient times : Best doctors are the dead.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

I remember in the age of *Affaracus*
 And *Ninus*, and about the wars of *Thebes*,

And

And the siege of *Troy*, there were few things committed
 To my charge, but those that were well worthy
 The preserving ; but now ev'ry trifle
 Must be wrapp'd up in the volume of eternity :
 A rich pudding-wife, or a cobbler cannot die,
 But I must immortalize his name with
 An epitaph : A dog cannot piss in
 A nobleman's shoe, but it must be sprinkled
 Into the chronicles ; so that I never
 Could remember my treas'ry more full, and
 Never emptier of honourable
 And true heroical actions.

Lingua.

This is a great fault in a chronologer
 To turn parasite ; an absolute history
 Should be in fear of none ; neither should he
 Write any thing more than truth for friendship,
 Or else for hate ; but keep himself equal
 And constant in all his discourses.

Lingua.

Chronologers, many of them, are so fantastick,
 As when they bring a captain to the combat,
 Lifting up his revengeful arm to dispart
 The head of his enemy, they'll hold up
 His arms so long, till they have bestow'd three
 Or four pages in describing the gold
 Hilts of his threatening fauchion ; so that
 In my fancy, the reader may well wonder
 His adversary stabs him not, before
 He strikes.

Lingua.

————— The stile is full, and princely,
 Stately, and absolute, beyond what e'er
 These eyes have seen ; and *Rome*, whose majesty
 Is there describ'd, in after-times shall owe
 For her memorial to your learned pen,
 More than to all those fading monuments
 Built with the riches of the spoiled world.

When

When rust shall eat her brass, when times strong hand
 Shall bruise to dust her marble palaces,
 Triumphal arches, pillars, obelisks ;
 When *Julius'* Temple, *Claudius'* aqueducts,
Agrippa's baths, and *Pompey's* theatre ;
 Nay, *Rome* itself shall not be found at all,
 Historians books shall live ; — those strong records,
 Those deathless monuments alone shall shew,
 What, and how great, the *Roman empire* was.

May's Agrippina.

The noblest spur unto the sons of fame,
 Is thirst of honour, and to have their name
 In roll'd in faithful history : Thus worth
 Was by a wise ambition first brought forth.
 Truth is the Historian's crown, and art
 Squares it to stricter comeliness : Each part
 Thou skillfully observ'st, whose learned sleight
 Shall teach succeeding ages how to write.

John Hall on Charles Aleyn.

Historians, only things of weight,
 Results of persons, or affairs of state,
 Briefly, with truth and clearness should relate :
 Laconick shortness memory feeds —

Heath.

H O N E S T Y.

1. Take note, Oh world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.
 I thank you for this profit, and from hence,
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
2. Nay, stay — thou should'st be honest —
1. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
 And loses what it works for.

Shakespear's Othello.

A good man should and must
 Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Lands

Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd ;
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

Middleton's Trick to catch the Old One.

— Good honourable fool,
That would'ft be honest, 'cause thou wouldest be so ;
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom ? mean people, ignorant people ;
The better sort I'm sure cannot abide it :
And by what rule should we square our lives,
But by our betters actions ?

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

'Tis honesty you urge ; what's honesty ?
'Tis but heav'n's beggar ; and what woman is
So foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep her self ? no,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge :
A maid that has small portion, now intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends.

Tourneur, Ibid.

— For if charity
Be an essential part of honesty,
And should be practis'd first upon ourselves,
Which must be granted ; then your honest man
That's poor, is most dishonest ; for he is
Uncharitable to the man, whom he
Should most respect.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm ;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

He that would mount to honour, must not make
Dainty to use the head of his mother,
Back of his father, or neck of his brother,
For ladders to his preferment : for, but observe,
And you shall find for the most part, cunning

Villany

Villany sit at a feast as principal guest,
And innocent honesty wait as a
Contemn'd servant with a trencher.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

Virtue and honour, I allow you names ;
You may give matter for dispute and noise,
But you have lost your essence ; and that truth
We fondly have believ'd in humane souls,
Is ceas'd to be ; we are grown fantastick bodies,
Figures, and empty titles, and make haste
To our first nothing : he that will be honest,
Must quite throw off his cold decrepit nature,
And have a new creation.

Shirley's Imposture.

Man is like pliant wax,
That yields unto a fair impression,
Though sent not from the noblest metal :
And, in this world, it bears an equal show,
To seem but only honest, or be so.

Sir Robert Howard's Blind Lady.

An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock :
Whose heart conceives no sinister device ;
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

He says he'll keep his honesty ; damn'd fot !
What will he do with it ? go beg with it ?
For in this age, tis of no other use,
But like a beggar's child to move compassion ;
Yet never gains the half it cost in keeping,
For all men will suspect it for a bastard.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

H O N O U R.

Who so in pomp of proud estate, quoth she,
Does swim, and bathe himself in courtly bliss,
Does waste his days in dark obscurity,
And in oblivion ever buried is :

V o l. II.

D

Where

Where ease abounds, it's eath to do amiss ;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easly miss :
 Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind ;
 Who seeks with painfull toil, shall honour soonest find.

In woods, in wayes, in wars, she wonts to dwell,
 And will be found with peril and with pain :
 Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion attain.
 Before her gate, high God did sweat ordain,
 And wakeful watches ever to abide :
 But easly is the way, and passage plain
 To pleasure's palace ; it may soone be spy'd,
 And day and night her doors too all stand open wide.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

1. Ha, concubine ! who does prince *Philip* mean ?
2. Thy wife, thy daughter, base aspiring lords,
 Who to buy honour, are content to fell,
 Your names to infamy, your souls to hell.

Marloe's Lust's Dominion.

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one ;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Shakespear's King Richard II.

By *Jove* I am not covetous of gold ;
 Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost :
 It yearns me not, if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.

Shakespear's King Henry V.

Though we lay these honours on this man,
 'To easle ourselves of divers fland'rous loads ;
 He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the businesse ;
 Or led, or driven, as we point the way :
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity :
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
How many then, should cover, that stand bare ?
How many be commanded, that command ?
How much low pleasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour ? how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vann'd ?

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on ev'ry tomb, on ev'ry grave ;
A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed.

Shakespear's All's Well that ends Well.

He can no way worthily maintain
His prince's honour, that neglects his own.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

For vile is honour, and a title vain,
The which true worth and danger do not gain.

Daniel's Civil War.

Is there no way to get unto our lives,
But first to have our honour overthrown ?
Alas ! tho' grace of kings all greatness gives,
It cannot give us virtue, that's our own.

Daniel's Philotas.

Excess of honour done to them that die,
Makes living men see our humanity.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

For we, like dews, drawn to be clouds above,
Straight grow with that attractive sun in love ;
Which ever raiseth light things up to fall,
In crafty power, creation natural :
Wrapt in which crown-mists, men cannot discern,
How dearly they her glitt'ring tinctures earn,
Till thorough glossy time, these cage-birds see,
That honour is the badge of tyranny.

Lord Brooke's Musapha.

Thou idol, honour, which we fools adore !

How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve us ?
Which when we have, we find there is much more,
Than that, which only is a name, can give us :
Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,
And of those joys thou often dost deprive us,
That with ourselves doth set us at debate,
And makes us beggars in our greatest state.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd ; that when God was alone,
And creatureless at first, himself had none ;
But as of th' elements, these, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed,
And those are barren both above our head :

So from low persons doth all honour flow ;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us shew,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross by stilling ; this is better done
By despis'd dung, than by the fire or sun :

Care not then, madam, how low your praises lie ;
In labourer's ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *te Deum*'s melody.

And

And ordinance rais'd on tow'rs so many mile,
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from earth's low vaults in Sicil isle.

Dr. Donne.

You still insist upon that idol honour ;
Can it renew your youth ? can it add wealth ?
That, take off wrinkles ? can it draw mens eyes
To gaze upon you in your age ? can honour,
That truly is a faint to none but soldiers,
And look'd into, bears no reward but danger,
Leave you the most respected person living ?

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

Honour and virtue,
To me seem things in opposition :
Nor can we with small danger catch at one,
But we must lose the other.

Heywood's Second Part of the Fair Maid of the West.

Honour is

Virtue's allow'd ascent : honour that clasps
All perfect justice in her arms ; that craves
No more respect than what she gives ; that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer.

Maffinger's Very Woman.

1. Speak the heighth of honour
2. No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend ;
Rather to suffer than to do a wrong :
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue :
Provok'd, not to betray an enemy,
Nor eat his meat I choak with flattery ;
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars :
To aim at just things ; if we have wildly run
Into offences, wish them all undone.
'Tis poor in grief, for a wrong done, to die,
Honour to dare to live, and satisfy.

Maffinger, Ibid.

D 3

Vain

H O N

Vain honour is a play of divers parts,
Where feigned words and gestures please our hearts :
The flatter'd audience ate the actors friends ;
But lose that title, when the fable ends.

Sir John Beaumont.

Honour is to a man a tyrant then,
When honours laws he seeks from other men,
Not finds them in himself ; when he attends
Not real truth, but fame, which still depends
On other's breath ; yet makes a man to go
'Gainst his own passions, and his reason too.

May's Henry II.

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,
As life and breath ; honour to man alone :
And 'mongst men, yet narr'wer, to the prudent.
Honour being then 'bove life, dishonour must
Be worfe than death : For fate can strike but one ;
Reproach doth reach whole families.

Cartwright's Siege.

His honour's link'd
Unto his life, he that will seek the one
Must venture for the other, or lose both.

Tatham's Distracted State.

He taught them honour, virtue's bashfulness ;
A fort so yieldless, that it scorns to treat ;
Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less :
Honour, the moral conscience of the great !

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

We were too proud no use to make
Of Solyman's obliging proffer ;
For why should honour scorn to take,
What honour's self does to it offer.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

'Tis equal, sure,
To have no honour, and to have the world
Believe that it is lost. Honour's a rich,
A glorious upper vestment, which we wear
To please the lookers on, as well as to

Delight

Delight ourselves.

2. Honour's a word, the issue of the voice.
1. The voice, sir, was ordain'd to satisfy
And fill the ears of others, not our own.
2. Where is the virtue of thy courage fled?
When valiant with thine own integrity,
Thou didst resolve to slight opinion, as
The vulgar doom. Oft hast thou said, honour
Doth dwell within, and cannot live abroad :
For like extracted spirits, in
A vial shut, it keeps its vigour whilst
'Tis close retain'd ; but when dispers'd and mix'd
With open air, the virtue so evaporates,
That all its virtue is for ever lost.

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

Honour is like a goodly old house, which
If we repair not still with virtue's hand,
Like a citadel madly rais'd on sand,
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found.

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

For honour's a prize, and who wins it may wear it;
If not, 'tis a badge, and a burthen to bear it.

Alex. Brome.

Riches and poverty shall be no more

'Twixt man and man the only diff'rence deem'd,
Since worth shall not be scorn'd for being poor,
Nor he that's rich, without it be esteem'd :
Whilst honour is of virtue the reward,
And those who most deserve, you most regard.

Sir Thomas Higgon's on the Restauration.

Poor frighted men at sea,
To save their lives, cast all their goods away.
In storms of fortune, where there is a strife
Which shall be sav'd, man's honour, or his life ;
Who would preserve this totter'd bark from fate,
But sink the vessel to preserve the freight ?

Sir Rob. Howard's Vestal Virgin.

In other worlds devotion may have bliss,
I'm sure 'tis honour that must save in this ;
And gen'rous honour passes doom on none,
Till first their crimes are clearer than the sun.

Crown's Juliana.

H O P E.

With him went hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold ;
In silken samite she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.
She alway smil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold,
On whom she list ; and did great liking shew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallows wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Shakespear's King Richard III.

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs began on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

1. It never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
2. Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act ; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th'appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model ;
In fewer offices ? At least, desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,

Which

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
 And set another up, should we survey
 The plot of situation, and the model ;
 Consent upon a sure foundation,
 Questions surveyor, know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else,
 We fortify in paper and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men :
 Like one, that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his pow'r to build it ; who, half through,
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

Hope,
 Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Johnson's Volpone.

I do confess, it is a strict injunction,
 But then the hope is, it may not be kept.
 A thousand things may intervene ; we see
 The wind shift often, thrice a day sometimes ;
 Decrees may alter upon better motion,
 And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
 And the hand may vary

Johnson's New Inn.

Our hopes, I see, resemble much the sun,
 That rising and declining casts large shadows ;
 But when his beams are dress'd in's mid-day brightness,
 Yields none at all : When they are farthest from
 Success, their gilt reflection does display
 The largest shews of events fair and prosp'rous.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

1. These hopes are poor ; for fear is with them mix'd :
2. All fears are weak, where any hope is fix'd.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

But O, I see our hoped good deceives us !
But what we would forego, that seldom leaves us.

Drayton's Matilda to K. John.

Hope is a poor fallad

To dine and sup with, after a two days fast.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country.
Things that we daily see, th' affections cloy ;
Hopes long desired bring the greatest joy.

Goffe's Orestes.

Hope in great actions is too weak a hold,

And yields her entertainer to his foe :

When churlish winds with testy Neptune scold,

We cut the cables, and let anchors go.

Then hope to win, when hope of aid is gone ;

The way to safety, is to look for none.

Aleyne's Grescey.

What can we not endure,

When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure ?

Nabbi's Microscopus.

When once the main spring, hope, is fall'n into

Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheels,

Desire and joy, stand still : My thoughts, like bees,

When they have lost their king, wander

Confusedly up and down, and settle no where.

Suckling's Aglaura.

And now her hope a weak physician seems ;

For hope, the common comforter, prevails

Like common med'cines, slowly in extremes.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

1. Is there no room for hope in any breast ?

2. Not since she does appear

Boldly a dweller, where

She first was entertain'd but as a guest.

1. She may in sieges be receiv'd,

Be courted too, and much believ'd,

And thus continue after wants begin ;

But is thrust out, when famine enters in.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

1. Alas,

1. Alas, fears are so powerful,
That in concerned breasts they govern all.
2. It is our follies that enthrones them so,
And to just wishes, hopes are much more due.

Sir Rob. Howard's Blind Lady.

What are our hopes ?
Like garlands, on affliction's forehead worn,
Kiss'd in the morning, and at evening torn.

Davenport's King John and Matilda.

H O S P I T A L.

1. I shall take other courses with my wealth,
And none of you shall share in't. I have a humour
To turn my money into hospitals ;
Your riots come not thither.
2. But we may
Drink, and diseases are the ways to that too :
But will you turn a master of this college
You talk of, uncle, this same hospital ?
And lay out money to buy wooden legs,
For crippled men of war, invite to your cost
Men that have lost their noses in hot service ?
Live and converse with rotten bawds and bore-setters ;
Provide pensions for surgery, and hard words
That eat like corrosives, and more afflict
The patient ? But you'll save charges ; I consider
My aunt, your wife, may be excellent at composing
Of med'cines for corrupted lungs, impostumes,
At making plaisters, diet-drinks, and in charity
Will be a great friend to the pox.
And you'll be famous by it; I may in time,
As I said before, if lust and wine assist me,
Grow unsound too, and be one of her patients,
And have an office after in her household
To prepare lint and fearcloths, empty veins,
And be comptroller of the crutches. Oh
The world would praise the new foundation
Of such a pest-house, and poor souls drink
Your health at ev'ry festival in hot pottage !

Shirley's Gentleman of Venice.

1. All that these mighty men of *Milan* got
By th'sport is, only that they'll need hereafter
Less cloth to their doublets, and no stockings ;
For some of them shall wear a single arm
And wooden legs, limping their days out in
An hospital,

1. How? An hospital!

2. A road, a road ; the highway is now prescrib'd
By state physicians to decrepid soldiers,
Where they may feed on wholesome air.

Hospitals and pensions are reserv'd
For your maim'd mercer, and lazy sons of the shop,
That have been often crack'd, not on their crowns,
Like us, but in their credit.

2. And consumptive ushers, that are decay'd
In their lady's service ; a score of duckets
Shall purchase them a place, where they may sleep
Before the hospital gate, till boys seek
Birds-nests in their beards.

Sir *W. Davenant's Love and Honour.*

H U M I L I T Y.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train :
Study the best and highest things that are ;
But of thyself, an humble thought retain.

Sir *John Davies.*

But as oft alchymists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love :
And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issu'd from humility.

Dr. *Donne.*

Be wise,
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rife.

Maffinger's Duke of Milan.

You have worth
Richly enamell'd with a modesty ;
And tho' your lofty merit might fit crown'd
On *Caucasus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountains,

You

You chuse the humble valley ; and had rather,
Grow a safe shrub below, than dare the winds
And be a cedar. Sir, you know there is not
Half so much honour in the pilot's place,
As danger in the storm.

Randolph's Muses Looking-Glass.

I see, those who are lifted highest on
The hill of honour, are nearest to the
Blasts of envious fortune ; whilst the low
And valley-fortunes are far more secure.
Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full
Of flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and rough
Anger of the clouds.

Thomas Ford's Loves Labyrinth.

Would I had trod the humble path, and made
My industry less ambitious ; the shrub
Securely grows, the tallest tree stands most
In the wind : And thus we distinguish the
Noble from the base : The noble find their
Lives and deaths still troublesome ;
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm
Grows hoarse with scolding.

Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.

Trees that tallest grow, do take the deepest
Root ; so I must sink first low in the earth,
And after climb up to the clouds : First, praise
Her mighty spirit ; then, when she weeps,
Gather up her tears for scatter'd pearl.
This disguis'd humility is
Both the swift, and safest way to pride.

Sir W. Davenant's Albovina.

There are some that use
Humility to serve their pride, and seem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wish'd journey's end.

Denham's Sopby.

H U N T I N G.

1 Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds ;
Brach, Merriman! — the poor cur is impost ;
 And couple *Clowder* with the deep mouth'd *Brach*.
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
 At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault ?
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds.

2. Why, *Bellman* is as good as he, my lord ;
 He cry'd upon it at the meerest loss,
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent :
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

1. Thou art a fool ; if *Echo* were as fleet,
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

Shakespear's Taming of the Shrew.

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
 When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the bear
 With hounds of *Sparta* ; never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding : For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near,
 Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

2. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
 So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like *Theffalian* bulls ;
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
 In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theffaly*.

Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's dream.

This I'll promise you, a piece of venison,
 A cup of wine, and so forth, hunter's fare :
 And if you please, we'll strike the stag ourselves,
 Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.
 If you will consent,
 And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest,
 Where runs a lusty herd ; among the which
 There is a stag superior to the rest ;

A state-

A stately Beast, that when his fellows run,
He leads the race, and beats the fullen earth,
As tho' he scorn'd it, with his trampling hoofs,
Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast
Like a huge bulwark counter-checks the wind :
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns.

Shakepear's Sir John Oldcastle.

Thou, in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise than fare ;
While all, that follow, their glad ears apply
To the full greatness of the cry.

Johnson's Forest.

Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and the rest
Who were of hunters first, of men the best :
Whose shades do yet remain within yond groves,
Themselves there sporting with their noblest loves.
Hunting it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,
It helps the hearing, and the sight :
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpnes, courage and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence ;
Turn hunters then, agen,
But not of men ;
Follow his ample,
And just example,
That hates all chace of malice, and of blood :
And studies only ways of good,
To keep soft peace in breath.
Man should not hunt mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of man ;
Kill vices if you can :
They are your wildest beasts,
And when they thickest fall, you make the gods true
feasts.

Johnson's Masques.

Men hunt hares to death for their sports, but the
Poor beasts die in earnest.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

1. I pity these poor beasts,
These sylvan commoners, to see what tasks
Our cov'tous foresters impose on them,
Who not content with impost of their breath,
Poor harts, pursue them smiling to their death.
2. 'Twas the end of their creation.
1. So was the end of ours to live in peace,
And not to tyrannize on harmless beasts ;
But foresters, like images, set forth
The tyranny of greatness without pity :
As they the deer, so covetous wealth pursues
The trembling state of their inferiors :
And to clasp up the volume of their sins,
They drink their blood, and cloth them with their skins :
Then cease to pres' poor beasts with tyranny,
You love your lives ; think they are loath to die.

Day's Isle of Gulls.

The forest musick is to hear the hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound
Their perfect language in a mingled sound.

Ibid.

May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live among ye ? True as steel, boys ;
That knows all chaces, and can watch all hours,
And, with my quarter-staff, though the devil bid stand,
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again :
Prick ye the fearful hare through crost-ways, sheep-
walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-set ;
Rouze the lofty flag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
Till in his funeral tears, he fall before me ?
The polecat, marten, and the rich-skinn'd lucern,

I know

I know to chase ; the roe the wind out-stripping ;
If grim himself, in all his bloody anger
I can beat from the bay ; and the wild founder
Singly, and with my arm'd staff, turn the boar,
Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,
Till he fall down my feast.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggars Bush.

What think you then
Of a good cry of hounds ? It has been known
Dogs have hunted lordships to a fault.

Webster's Devil's Law Case.

A pack of the bravest *Spartan* dogs in the world,
If they do but once open, and spend their gabble,
It will make the forest echo
As if a ring of bells were in't ; admirably flew'd, by their
ears

You would take them to be singing boys :
And for dew-laps, they are as big as vintners bags,
In which they strain hippocras.

Henry Shirley's Martyred Soldier.

Thou hast thy hounds to hunt the tim'rous hare,
The crafty fox, or the more noble deer :
Till at a fault perchance thy lordship be,
And some poor city-varlet hunts for thee.
For 'tis not poor *Actæon*'s fault alone :
Hounds have devour'd more masters sure than one.

Randolph.

1. A boar so fierce and large,
No hunter e'er did charge.

Advance thy spear
And turn him there.

2. This last encounter he has bravely stood ;
But now has lost his courage with his blood.
He foams, and still his tusks does whet,
As if he still disdain'd retreat.

2. The wound you gave him makes him turn his head,
To seek the darker shades, where he was bred.

3. Follow, follow.

1. Stay,

1. Stay, my victorious boy !
 When a courageous beast does bleed,
 Then learn how far you should proceed
 To use advantage where you may destroy :
 To courage ev'n of beast some pity's due ;
 And where resistance fails, cease to pursue.

Sir W. Davenant's Playhouse to be lett.

H U S B A N D.

The lady *Olivia* has no folly ;
 She will keep no fool, sir, till she be marry'd ;
 And fools are as like husbands, as pilchers
 Are to herrings ; the husband's the bigger.

Shakespear's Twelfth Night.

Look here upon this picture, and on this ;
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers :
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;
Hyperion's curls ; the front of *Jove* himself ;
 An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command ;
 A station, like the herald *Mercury*,
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where ev'ry God did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man !
 This was your husband.—Look you now what follows ;
 Here is your husband, —like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholsome Brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moore ? ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment ; and what judgement
 Would step from this, to this ? sense, sure, you have,
 Else could you not have motion ; but, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err,
 Nor sense to extasy was e'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a diff'rence.—What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?

Eyes

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? rebellious hell,
 If thou canst melt my in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

You are too amorous, too obsequious,
 And make her too assur'd ; she may command you.
 When women doubt most of their husbands loves,
 They are most loving. Husbands must take heed,
 They give no gluts of kindness to their wives,
 But use them like their horses ; whom they feed
 Not with a manger full of meat together,
 But half a peck at once ; and keep them so
 Still with an appetite to that they give them.
 He that desires to have a loving wife,
 Must bridle all the shew of that desire :
 Be kind, not amorous ; not bewraying kindness,
 As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.
 Offer no love-rites, but let wives still seek them ;
 For when they come unsought, they seldom like them.

Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.

As out of wormwood bees suck honey,
 As from poor clients lawyers firk money,
 As parsley from a roasted coney :
 So, tho' the day be ne'er so sunny,
 If wives will it rain, down then it drives ;
 The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

I have ever found it most true in mine
 Own experience, that they which are most

Violent

Violent dotards before their marriage,
Are the most voluntary cuckolds after.

Dekker and Webster's Westward Ho.

Some children look most sweetly at their birth,
That after prove hard-favour'd ; and so do husbands :
Your honey moons soonest wane, and shew sharp horns.

Dekker's Match me in London.

Marry ! no faith ; husbands are like lots in
The lottery, you may draw forty blanks
Before you find one that has any prize
In him ; a husband gen'rally is a
Careless domineering thing, that grows like
Coral ; which as long as it is under
Water is soft and tender ; but as soon
As it has got his branch above the waves
Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bow'd,
But burst : so when your husband is a tutor,
And under your choice, lord how supple he is,
How obsequious, how at your service,
Sweet lady : once married, got up his
Head above, a stiff, crooked, knobby, inflexible,
Tyrannous creature he grows ; then they turn
Like water, more you would embrace the less
You hold.

Marston's Courtezan.

What are husbands ? read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monst'rous world produces,
And you will scarce find such deformities ;
They are shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions ;
Ealls that lie by you to wash out your stains ;
And bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,
To rent out laft.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife.

He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold ;
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it.

No conscience to reclaim her from a monster ;

Let her lie by him like a flatt'ring ruin,

And at one instant kill both name and honour :

Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,

And find no earth that's base enough to bury him.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife.

— Know then,

As women owe a duty, so do men.

Men must be like the branch, and bark to trees,

Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,

Cloath them in winter, tender them in age :

Or as ewes love unto their eanlings lives ;

Such should be husbands custom to their wives.

If it appears to them they've stray'd amiss,

They only must rebuke them with a kiss ;

Or cluck them as hens chickens, with kind call,

Cover them under their wing, and pardon all :

No jars must make two beds, no strife divide them.

Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is giv'n,

Death only parts, since they are knit by heav'n.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

To all marry'd men be this a caution,

Which they should duly tender as their life ;

Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.

Maffinger's Picture.

A narrow minded husband is a thief

To his own fame, and his preferment too ;

He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world :

While from the popular vote and knowledge

Men rise to employment in the state.

Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.

For oft a loving husband's aweful eye,

Sets right the woman's steps that went awry.

Sharpham's Fleire.

— Young wenches,

Are like hungry hawks ; they'll stoop at

Jackdaws, when they can meet with no better prey.

Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable.

i. We

1. We hear you are
 To marry an old citizen. 2. Then surely
 You were not deaf. 1. And do you mean his age,
 Which hath seen all the kingdom bury'd thrice ;
 To whom the heat of *August* is *December* ;
 Who, were he but in *Italy*, would save
 The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
 Better than ventiducts : shall he freeze between
 Your melting arms ? do but consider, he
 But marries you as he would do his furrs,
 To keep him warm ? 1. But he is rich, sir. 2. Then
 In wedding him you wed more infirmities
 Than ever *Galen* wrote of ; he has pains
 That put the doctors to new experiments :
 Half his diseases in the city bill
 Kill hundreds weekly. A lone hospital
 Were but enough for him. Besides,
 He has a cough that nightly drowns the Bellman ;
 Calls up his family ; all his neighbours rise
 And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
 Not four loam walls, nor saw-dust put between,
 Can dead it. 2. Yet he is still rich. 1. If this
 Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
 Be blind to wholesome council, and will marry
 One, who by the course of nature, ought t'have been
 Rotten before the queen's time, and in justice
 Should now have been some threescore years a ghost,
 Let pity move you. —

Main's City Match.

— I'd rather
 Lie with an ancient tomb, or embrace
 An ancestor than you. Do you think I'll come
 Between your winding sheets ? for what ? to hear you
 Depart all night, and fetch your last groan ? and
 In the morning find a deluge on the floor,
 Your entrails floating, and half my husband spit
 Upon the arras ? 2. I am married. — 1. Then

For

For your abilities, should twelve good women
 Sit on these rey'rend locks, and on your heat,
 And natural appetite, they would just find you
 As youthful as a coffin, and as hot
 As th' sultry winter that froze o'er the thames :
 They say the hard time did begin from you.
 Your humours came frost from you, and your nose
 Had icicles in June.

Main's City Match.

Husbands are us'd, as properties in scenes,
 To keep the inward motions undiscover'd.

*Orgula.**H Y P O C R I T E.*

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged fire, in long black weeds yclad ;
 His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
 And by his belt his book he hanging had ;
 Sober he seem'd, and very fagely sad ;
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and void of malice bad ;
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,
 And often knock'd his breast, as one that did repent.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

No man's condition is so base as his ;
 None more accrue'd than he : for man esteems
 Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is :
 God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems.
 What grief is absent, or what mischief can
 Be added to the hate of God and man !

*Quarles.**IDLENESS.*

I D L E N E S S.

TH E first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish idleness, the nurse of sin ;
Upon a slothfull ass he chose to ride,
Array'd in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portress still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read :
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead ;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.

May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,
And greatly shunned manly exercise ;
For ev'ry work he challenged effoin,
For contemplation sake : yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise ;
By which he grew to grievous malady :
For in his lustleſs limbs through evil guise
A shaking fever reign'd continually :
Such one was idleness, firſt of this company.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Who doth to sloth his younger days engage,
For fond delight, he clips the wings of fame ;
For sloth, the canker worm of honour's badge,
Fame's feather'd wings doth fret; burying the name
Of virtues worth in dust of dunghill shame,
Whom action out of dust to light doth bring,
And makes her mount to heav'n with golden wing,

Mirror for Magistrates.

'Thosē

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves :

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals commission to a blank of danger ;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Ev'n then, when we sit idly in the sun.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason

To rust in us unus'd.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

If you will needs say, I am an old man,

You should give me rest : I would to God, my

Name were not so terrible to th'enemy .

As it is ! I were better to be eaten

To death with a rust, than to be scour'd

To nothing with perpetual motion.

Shakespear's Second Part of Henry IV.

Secure and idle spirits never thrive,

When most the gods for their advancement strive.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.

See the issue of your sloth ;

Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,

Of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending,

Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,

And of theft comes hanging.

Chapman, Johnson and Marston's Eastward Hoe.

When that he dies, that liv'd a shade,

His sleep's continu'd then, not made.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

If we should do nothing,

Of that must necessary come ill : I'll

Prove it too ; of doing nothing comes idleness,

Of idleness comes no goodness, of no

Goodness necessary comes ill : Therefore

If we do nothing, of necessity
We must do ill.

Alexander Brome's Cunning Lovers.

An idle life a sad condition breeds,
Who sits when he should travel, never speeds.

Watkins.

J E A L O U S Y.

1. Is he not jealous ?
2. Who, he ? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Shakespear's Othello.

I think, my wife is honest ; and think she is not ;
I think, that thou art just ; and think, thou art not ;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it, ————— would, I were satisfy'd !

Ibid.

1. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try with me affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity, me and my hopes ;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his flow and moving finger at —————
Yet I could bear that too, ————— well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain, from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence ;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in : Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lip'd cherubin ;
Ay, there look grim as hell.
2. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

1. Oh,

1. Oh, ay, as summer-flies are in the shambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed !
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'it so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee. ——————
Would thou had'it ne'er been born !

2. Alas ! what ignorant sin have I committed ?

1. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon ? What, what committed ?
Committed ? — Oh, thou publick commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what committed ?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed ?
Impudent strumpet !

Shakespear's Othello.

1. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on ! That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, Oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

2. Oh misery !

1. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches endles, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heav'n ! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

2. Why ? Why is this ?
Think'it thou, I'd make a life of jealousy ?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions ? No ; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd : exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the bus'ness of my soul
To such exufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inf'rence. 'Tis not to make me jealous

To say, my wife is fair ; feeds well ; loves company ;
Is free of speech ; sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
'The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove :
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

1. I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio* ;
Wear your eye, thus ; not jealous, nor secure :
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to't.
I know our country's disposition well ;
In *Venice*, they do let heav'n see those pranks,
They dare not shew their husbands ; their best con-
science
Is not to leave't undone ; but keep't unknown.

Shakepear's Othello.

1. Avaunt ! be gone ! Thou'rt set me on the rack :
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

2. How, my lord ?

1. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust ?
I saw't not ; thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next night well ; was free, and merry ;
I found not *Cassio*'s kisses on her lips :
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n ;
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

2. I'm sorry to hear this.

1. I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind ! farewel content !

Farewel

Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
 That make ambition virtue ! Oh, farewell !
 Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump ;
 The spirit-stirring drum ; th' ear-piercing fife ;
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And, Oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel ! *Othello's* occupation's gone !

2. Is't possible, my lord ?

1. Villain, be sure, thou prove my love a whore ;
 Be sure of it : Give me the ocular proof ;
 Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou had'st better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.

2. Is't come to this ?

1. Make me to see't ; or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on : Or, wo, upon thy life !

2. My noble lord —

1. If thou dost flander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
 On horrors head, horrors accumulate ;
 Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd ;
 For nothing can'st thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.

Shakespear's Othello.

Wretched and foolish jealousy ;
 How cam'st thou thus to enter me ?
 I ne'er was of thy kind,
 Nor have I yet the narrow mind
 To vent that poor desire,
 That others should not warm them at my fire :
 I wish the sun should shine
 On all mens fruits and flow'rs, as well as mine.
 But under the disguise of love,
 Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove

What my affections were :
 Think'st thou that love is help'd by fear ?
 Go, get thee quickly forth
 Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth ;
 Seek doubting men to please :
 I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

Johnson's Underwoods.

O jealousy ! Daughter of envy and of love,
 Most wayward issue of a gentle sire ;
 Foster'd with fears, thy father's joys t'improve :
 Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar ;
 Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire ;
 Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee ;
 Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee.

Thou hast a thousand gates thou enter'st by,
 Condemning trembling passions to our heart :
 Hundred-ey'd *Argus*, ever waking spy,
 Pale-hagg, infernal fury, pleasure's smart ;
 Envious observer, prying in ev'ry part :
 Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee ;
 O would to God that love could be without thee.

Daniel's Rosamond.

Unnecessary jealousies, make more whores,
 Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.
 The devil gives this jealousy to man,
 As nature doth a tail unto a lion ;
 Which thinks in heat to beat away the flies,
 When he doth most enrage himself with it.

Cupid's Whirligig.

I would not wrong him for all the sea's drcwn'd
 Riches : For, if my heat of blood should do it,
 As he supposeth it doth, ev'n that blood
 Would like a traitor write my faults with blushing
 Red upon my cheeks : But because I, as
 All women and courtiers do, love good cloaths,
 Which his eyes wear ; yet he upbraids me, swearing

'Tis

'Tis to please the multitude ; and that I
 Spread gay rags about me, like a net, to
 Catch the hearts of strangers : If I go poor,
 Then he swears I am beastly, with a loath'd
 Sluttishness : If I be sad, then I grieve
 He is so near : If merry, and with a
 Modest wantonising kis, embrace his
 Love, then are my twistings more dang'rous than
 A snake's ; my lust more infatiate than was
Messalina's.

Yet this from jealousy doth always grow,
 What most they seek, they loath'st of all would know.

Cupid's Whirligig.

I pity all the fortunes of poor women
 In my own unhappiness ; when we've giv'n
 All that we have to men, what's our requital ?
 An ill-fac'd jealousy, that resembles much
 The mistrustfulness of an infatiate thief ;
 That scarce believes he has all, though he has stripp'd
 The true man naked, and left nothing on him
 But the hard cord that binds him : So are we
 First robb'd, and then left bound by jealousy.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

It seems you are jealous ; I'll shew you the
 Error of it, by a familiar example :
 I've seen a pair of spectacles fashion'd
 With such perspective art, that lay down but
 One twelve-pence at th' board, 'twill appear as
 If there were twenty ; now should you wear a
 Pair of these spectacles, and see your wife
 Tying her shoe, you'd imagine twenty
 Hands were taking up of your wife's cloaths ; and
 This would put you into a horrible
 Causeless fury.

Webster's White Devil.

They that have the yellow jaundice, think
 All objects they look on to be yellow :
 Jealousy is worse, her fits present a man,

Like so many bubbles in a bason of water,
Twenty several crabbed faces ; many times
Makes his own shadow his cuckold-maker.

Webster's White Devil.

1. Distrust from others springs, *Timagoras*,
From diffidence in ourselves. But I'll strive,
With th'assurance of my worth, and merits,
To kill this monster, jealousy.

2. 'Tis a guest,
In wisdom never to be entertain'd
On trivial probabilities ; but when
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not fashion'd
By idle doubts and fears, to be receiv'd.
They make their own horns, that are too secure ;
As well as such as give them growth, and being
From mere imagination.

Maffinger's Bondman.

O let their beds be chaste ; and banish thence
As well all jealousy, as all offence !
For some men I have known, whose wives have been
As chaste as ice ; such as were never seen
In wanton dalliance ; such as till death,
Never smelt any, but their husband's breath :
Yet the good man, still dream'd of horns, still fearing
His forehead would grow harder ; still appearing
To his own fancy, bull, or stag, or more ;
Ox at the least, that was an afs before.
If she would have new cloaths, he straight will fear
She loves a taylor ; if she sad appear,
He guesses soon it is 'cause he's at home ;
If jocund, sure she has some friend to come ;
If she be sick, he thinks no grief she felt,
But wishes all physicians had been gelt.
But ask her how she does, sets him a swearing ;
Feeling her pulse, is love tricks past the bearing :
Poor wretched wife ! she cannot look awry,
But without doubt 'tis flat adultery :

And

And jealous wives there be, that are afraid
To entertain a handsome chamber-maid.

Randolph.

Of all

Our passions, I wonder nature made
The worst, soul jealousy, her favourite ; —
And if it be not so, why took she care
That ev'ry thing should give the monster nourishment,
And left us nothing, to destroy it with.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

Thou wond'rous yellow fiend !
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious : Mix jealousy with marriage,
It poisons virtue : Let the child feel the sting,
He'll fly the honey-comb : Has she one action
That can dispose you to distrust ?

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

Oh jealousy,

Love's eclipse ! thou art in thy disease,
A wild mad patient ; wond'rous hard to please.

Ibid.

All jealousy

Must still be strangled in its birth ; or time
Will soon conspire, to make it strong enough,
To overcome the truth.

Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.

The foolish world does jealousy mistake ;
'Tis civil care, which kindness does improve :
Perhaps the jealous are too much awake ;
But others dully sleep o'er those they love.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

1. This cursed jealousy, what is't ?
2. 'Tis love, that hath lost itself in a mist.
3. 'Tis love, being frightened out of his wits.
4. 'Tis love, that has a fever got ;
Love, that is violently hot ;
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.

'Tis yet a more unnatural evil,
'Tis the god of love, 'tis the god of love, possest with
the devil.

1. Tis rich corrupted wine of love,
Which sharpest vinegar does prove.
2. From all the sweet flow'rs which might honey make,
It does a deadly poison bring.
3. Strange serpent, which itself doth sting !
4. It never can sleep, and dreams still awake :
It stuffs up the marriage bed with thorns ;
It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd horns.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

When this disease of jealousy can find
A way to seize upon a crazy mind ;
Most things, instead of help, or giving ease,
The humour feed, and turn to the disease.

Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.

But fate, thou art unjust, in making me
To quit the love, yet keep the jealousy ;
Which is of love's fair tree the foulest fruit :
A branch, whose nourishment offends the root.
Shall jealousy a pow'r o'er judgment gain,
Though it does only in the fancy reign ?
With knowledge thou art inconsistent still :
'The mind's foul Monster, whom fair truth does kill.
Thy tyranny subverts ev'n nature's laws ;
For oft thou hast effects, without a cause :
And, which thy strength, or weakness does detect,
Thou often hast a cause without effect :
In all thou dost, thou ever dost amiss ;
Seest what is not, or seest not that which is :
While thou dost live, sickness does thee pursue ;
And he who cures thee, needs must kill thee too.

E. of Orrery's Henry V.

Through a false optick, madam, still we look ;
When jealousy has once possession took.

E. of Orrery's Black Prince.

Hold ! he is innocent, and she may be :

Shall

Shall I skin o'er my wound, with that may be ;
 And probe no further ? no, 'twill fester then.
 Oh, better see her once in the foul act,
 And so conclude my torment, and her sin ;
 Than see her hourly sinning in my thoughts !

Crown's Darius.

I have said so much, to cure your jealousy,
 As would make an old *Italian* trust his
 Wife with a young painter, and leave her with
 Him to draw her naked.

Sir W. Davenant's The Man's the Master.

J E S T.

1. Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
2. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
 Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
 Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :
 A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
 Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
 Of him that makes it.

Shakespear's Love's Labour's Lost.

1. And, now and then, breaks a dry bisquet-jest,
 Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
 He steepes in his own laughter. 2. Why, will that
 Make it be sooner swallow'd ? 1. O, assure you ;
 Or if it did not, yet, as *Horace* sings,
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit ;
 Mean cates are welcome still to hungry guests.

Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
 Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need :
 Pick out of tales, the mirth ; but not the sin :
 He pares his apple, that would cleanly feed.

Herbert.

Laugh not too much ; the witty man laughs least :
 For wit is news only to ignorance :
 Less at thine own things laugh ; least in the jest
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick from thy mirth, like stones out of the ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness :
These, are the scum with which coarse wits abound :
The fine may spare this well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest : nothing that's plain,
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Herbert.

My trade is jesting now, or quibble speaking ;
Strange trade, you'll say, for it's set up with breaking !
Randolph's Pedlar.

The wit and courage of his talk, now rests,
In their impatient keeping, that steal jests :
His jests, who e'er shall father, and repeat,
Shall memory need.

Sir W. Davenant.

I G N O R A N C E.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gaite both to and fro ;
For his eye-sight him failed long ygo :
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow ;
Those were the keys of ev'ry inner door,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace :
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face :
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the giant dead ;
His name *Ignaro*, did his nature right aread.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.
—Ignorance

Ignorance

Thinks she doth herself advance,
If of problems clear, she make
Riddles, and the sense forfake ;
Which came gentle from the muses,
Till her uttering, it abuses.

Johnson's Masques.

Tis nought but shews that ignorance esteems :
The thing posseſ'd, is not the thing it seems.

Daniel's Civil War.

Ignorance, that sometimes makes the hypocrite,
Wants never mischief ; though it oft want fear :
For whilst we think faith made to answer wit,
Observe the justice that doth follow it.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Oh, to confess, we know not what we should,
Is half excuse ; we know not, what we would.

Dr. Donne.

Heaven pities ignorance ;
She's still the firſt, that has her pardon sign'd :
All ſins eſeſe their faults, ſhe's only blind.

Middleton's No Help like a Woman's.

Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,
It cannot wield it.

Webſter's Dutchess of Malfy.

Can unjust ignorance offer ſo much
Wrong to itſelf ? yet I have heard that ſuch,
For whom no language can be plain enough,
Praife nought, but intricate and clouded ſtuff ;
As if that conſcious to their own weak ſense,
Because they know not perfect eloquence,
And yet would ſeem ; they think that best muſt be,
That's farreſt off from their capacity.

May on Rutter's Shepherd's Holyday.

But 'tis ſome justice to aſcribe to chance
The wrongs you muſt expect from ignorance :
None can the moulds of their creation chufe,
We therefore ſhould mens ignorance excuse,

When

When born too low, to reach at things sublime ;
 'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime.

Sir W. Davenant on E. of Orrery.

I, alas, was ignorant of thee,
 As men have ever been of things most excellent ;
 Making such judgment on thy beauty, as
 Astronomers on stars ;
 Who, when their better use they could not know,
 Believ'd that they were only made for shew.

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

I M A G I N A T I O N.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
 Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends,
 The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact :
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
 The madman ; while the lover, all as frantick,
 See Helen's beauty in a brow of Ægypt.
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
 Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n ;
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That if he would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush, suppos'd a bear ?

Shakespear's Midsummer Night's Dream.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glaſs,
 Wherein m'imagination runs like sands,
 Filling up time ; but then are turn'd and turn'd :
 So that I know not what to stay upon,
 And leſs to put in act.

Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

Whilſt

Whilst yet mine eyes do surfeit with delight,
 My wofull heart imprison'd in my breast,
 Wisheth to be transformed to my sight ;
 That it, like those, by looking might be blest :
 But whilst mine eyes thus greedily do gaze,
 Finding their objects over-soon depart,
 These now the others happiness do praise,
 Wishing themselves that they had been my heart ;
 That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes ;
 As covetous the other's use to have :
 But finding nature their request denies ;
 This to each other mutually they crave ;
 That since the one cannot the other be,
 That eyes could think, or that my heart could see.

Drayton's Ideas.

Th' o'er-watch'd weakness of the sick conceit,
 Is that, which makes small beauty seem so great ;
 Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
 Which crook'd, seem straight ; if straight, the contrary :
 And thus our vain imagination shews it,
 As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.

Drayton's Matilda to King John.

— Subtile opinion,
 Working in man's decayed faculties,
 Cuts out and shapes illusive fantasies ;
 And our weak apprehensions, like wax
 Receive the form, and presently convey
 Unto our dull imagination :
 And hereupon we ground a thousand lies,
 As that we see devils rattling in their chains ;
 Ghosts of dead men, variety of spirits ;
 When our own guilty conscience is the hell,
 And our black thoughts, the caverns where they dwell.

Day's Law Tricks.

Imagination works ; how she can frame
 Things which are not ; methinks she stands afore me,
 And by the quick idea of my mind,
 Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.

Webster's White Devil.

Odds in conceit : Conceit, an instrument,
Which though phantaſtick, breeds realities.
The pregnant mother's strong imagination,
Hath giv'n her womb a real alteration.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

The little *Ethiop* Infant had not been
Black in his cradle, had he not been first
Black in the mother's strong imagination.
'Tis thought, the hairy child that's shewn about,
Came by the mother's thinking on the picture
Of Saint *John Baptist* in his camel's coat.
See we not beasts conceive, as they do fancy
The present colours plac'd before their eyes ?
We owe py'd colts unto the vary'd horſe-cloth ;
And the white partridge to the neighb'ring snow.
Fancy can fave or kill ; it hath clos'd up
Wounds when the balsam could not, and without
The aid of ſalves : to think hath been a cure.
For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force
Of mere imagination. That which can
Alter the course of nature, I presume
You'll grant, ſhall bear more rule in petty hazards.

Cartwright's Ordinary.

I M P R I S O N M E N T.

Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindness ;
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure ;
Ay, ſuch a pleasure, as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At laſt by notes of houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their losſ of liberty.

Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.

For as these tow'rs our bodies do incloſe,
So our ſouls priſons verily are thoſe ;
Our bodies ſtopping that celeſtial light,
As these do hinder our exterior ſight :
Whereon death feizing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And us at bleſſed liberty doth ſet.

Drayton's Jane Grey to Gildford Dudley.

— Captivity,

— Captivity,

That comes with honour, is true liberty.

Maffinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.

— How like

A prison's to a grave ! when dead, we are
 With solemn pomp brought thither ; and our heirs,
 Masking their joy in false dissembled tears,
 Weep o'er the hearse : but earth no sooner covers
 The earth brought thither, but they turn away
 With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd :
 So enter'd into a prison.

Maffinger's Maid of Honour.

O that I were no farther sensible
 Of my mis'ries than you are ! you like beasts
 Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not
 But when you're empty : But your narrow souls,
 If you have any, cannot comprehend
 How insupportable the torments are,
 Which a free and noble foul made captive, suffers :
 Most mis'rable men ! and what am I then,
 That envy you ? fetters though made of gold,
 Express base thraldom ; and all delicates
 Prepar'd by *Median cooks* for epicures,
 When not ~~our~~ own, are bitter quilts fill'd high
 With gossamire and roses ; cannot yield
 The body soft repose, the mind kept waking
 With anguish and affliction.

Maffinger, Ibid.

Why should we murmur to be circumscrib'd,
 As if it were a new thing to wear fetters ?
 When the whole world was meant but to confine us ;
 Wherein, who walks from one clime to another,
 Hath but a greater freedom of the prison :
 Our soul was the first captive, born to inherit
 But her own chains ; nor can it be discharg'd,
 Till nature tire with its own weight, and then
 We are but more undone, to be at liberty.

Shirley's Court Secret.

Sweet

Sweet fellow pris'ners, 'twas a cruel art
 'The first invention to restrain the wing ;
 To keep th' inhabitants o'th' air close captive
 That were created to sky-freedom : surely
 The merciless creditor took his first light,
 And prisons their first models from such bird-loops.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

Let them fear bondage, who are slaves to fear ;
 The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.

John Ford's Lady's Trial.

Death is the pledge of rest, and with one bail,
 Two prisons quits ; the body, and the jail.

Bishop King.

A prison is in all things like a grave,
 Where we no better privileges have
 Than dead men ; nor so good. The soul once fled
 Lives freer now, than when she was cloist'red
 In walls of flesh ; and though she organs want
 To act her swift designs, yet all will grant
 Her faculties more clear, now separate,
 Than if the same conjunction, which of late
 Did marry her to earth, had stood in force ;
 Uncapable of death, or of divorce :
 But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,
 And at one time, feels two captivities :
 A narrow dungeon which her body holds,
 But narrow'r body which herself enfolds.

Bishop King.

Nature, in spite of fortune, gave us minds,
 That cannot like our bodies be enthrall'd.

Sir Ralph Freeman's Imperiale.

Dost thou use me as fond children do
 Their birds, shew me my freedom in a string ;
 And when thou'st play'd with me a while, then pull
 Me back again, to languish in my cage ?

Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.

Her sweetness is imprison'd now,

Like

Like weeping roses in a still ; and is
Like them, ordain'd to last by dissolution.

Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour.*

But Oh,
This dismal place brings it again to thought !
This looks, methinks, much like the dark
And hidden dwelling of the winds,
Where storms ingender ; which with sudden blasts
Make nature tremble, and lay flat
The stiffest piles of art.

Ibid.

Captivity
Is th'inheritance of all things finite ;
Nor can we boast our liberty, though we
Are not restrained by strong holds ; when as
The neig'ring air confines us, and each man
Is thraldom's perfect emblem : For in all,
The soul is captive, and the body's thrall.

Marriage Broker.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

O fair *Cynthia*, why do others term thee
Inconstant, whom I've ever found unmoveable ?
Injurious time ; corrupt manners ; unkind
Men ! who finding a constancy not to
Be match'd in my sweet mistres, have christen'd
Her with the name of wav'ring, waxing, and waning.
Is she inconstant that keeps a settled
Course, which since her first creation alters
Not one minute in her moving ? There is
Nothing thought more admirable, or commendable
In the sea, than the ebbing and flowing ;
And shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh
This virtue, be accounted fickle for
Increasing and decreasing ? Flowers in
Their buds, are nothing worth till they be blown ;
Nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe
Fruit : And shall we say then they be changeable,
For that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves

To

To buds, from buds to their perfections ?
 Then, why be not twigs that become trees ;
 Children that become men ; and mornings that
 Grow to evenings ; term'd wav'ring : For that they
 Continue not at one stay ? Ay, but *Cynthia*,
 Being in her fulness, decayeth, as
 Not delighting in her greatest beauty ;
 Or with'ring when she should be most honour'd.
 When malice cannot object any thing,
 Folly will ; making that a vice, which is
 The greatest virtue. What thing, my mistress
 Excepted, being in the pride of her
 Beauty, and latter minute of her age,
 That waxeth young again ?

Lilly's Endimion.

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
 Or as one nail by strength drives out another ;
 So the remembrance of my former love,
 Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

1. It is the lesser blot, modesty finds ;
 Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
2. Than men their minds ?
 'Tis true : Oh heaven ! Were man
 But constant, he were perfect ; that one error
 Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :
 Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

Ibid.

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
 To-morrow, when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say ?
 Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow ?
 Or say, that now
 We are not just those persons, which we were ?
 Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
 Of love and his wrath, any may forswear ?
 Or, as true deaths true marriages unty,
 So lovers contract, images of those,
 Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose ?

Or

Or your own end to justify,
For having propos'd change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true ?

Dr. Donne.

Let us examine all the creatures, read
The book of nature through, and we shall find
Nothing doth still the same ; the stars do wander,
And have their divers influence ; the elements
Shuffle into innumerable changes ;
Our constitutions vary ; herbs, and trees
Admit their frosts, and summer : And why then
Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
More subtile than the spirits in our blood,
Be such staid things within us, and not share
Their nat'r al liberty ? Shall we admit a change
In smaller things, and not allow it in
What most of all concerns us ?

Shirley's Traytor.

There is no musick in a voice,
That is but one, and still the same ;
Inconstancy is but a name,
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.

Joseph Rutter's Shepherds Holiday.

Truth on mens tongues, she says, does seldom fit,
But what they rashly swear, they soon forget :
She says, they write in sand, when they take oaths,
And keep their vows, just as they wear their cloaths,
Whilst only they be new, and fresh i'th' fashion ;
But once grown old, like words they speak in passion,
They lay them by forgot ; and their words leave
With wat'ry eyes to wail the faith they gave
To their more wat'ry vows ; and then in pride,
In scorn's triumphal chariot will they ride
Over their spoils ; and tyrannously glory
How many female trophies deck their story :
So quick-heel'd *Theseus* of two conquests vapour,
Poor *Ariadne*, and the *Minotaure* ;

And

And leaves fame in the labyrinth, to tell
 Of that, or himself, which was beast most fell :
 So did false *Jason*, by his vow-breach prove,
 'Twas gain he fought for, not *Medea's* love.
 Thus flipp'ry streams the yielding banks do court,
 Then gliding thence, say they but lov'd in sport :
 Thus winds wooc flow'rs, but having of their smells
 Robb'd them, fly thence perfum'd to other cells.

Baron.

Oh men ! Oh manners ! What a medley's this
 When each man's mind more than face diff'rent is ?
 For by forms only we distinguish'd be
 One from another : But alas ! To see,
 We vary from ourselves each day in mind,
 Nor know we in ourselves, ourselves to find.

Heath.

In thy fair breast, and once-fair soul,
 I thought my vows were writ alone ;
 But others oaths so blurr'd the scroll,
 That I no more could read my own :
 And am I still oblig'd to pay,
 When you had thrown the bond away ?

Nor must we only part in joy ;
 Our tears as well must be unkind :
 Weep you, that could such truth destroy ;
 And I, that could such falseness find.
 Yet we may love, but on this diff'rent score,
 You what I am, I what you were before.

You are not, *Cynthia*, better pleas'd than I,
 That you first led the way
 Through this dark night of blind inconstancy,
 And first found break of day.

Perhaps so soon I could not disengage,
 Having a greater score ;
 Some birds will longer hover round the cage;
 Though 'twas their goal before.

Yet

Yet sure I meant not long to sit about
The ashes, when the fire was quite burnt out.

Since now my goaler has my chains unty'd,
I'll hold my hands no more
Up at love's barr ; he is condemn'd untry'd,
That has been burnt before.

Now that heart-sicknes which she gave, protects ;
'Tis seldom that the same plague twice infects.

Breasts that have known loves cruel slavery,
Are better fortify'd
By that experience, than they e'er can be
By reason, or by pride.

Then blush not, that you quench'd this am'rous flame,
But blush with me, if we two love again.

Sir Robert Howard.

For I'm a schismatrick in love ;
And what makes most abhor it,
In me does more affection move,
And I love the better for it.

I vow, I am so far from loving none,
That I love every one ;
If fair I must, if brown she be
She's lovely ; and for sympathy,
'Cause we're alike, I love her :
If tall, she's proper ; and if short
She's humble, and I love her for't :
Small's pretty, fat is pleasant, ev'ry fort
Some graceful good discover :
If young, she's pliant to the sport ;
And if her visage carry
Gray hairs and wrinkles, yet I'll court.
And so turn antiquary.

Alex. Brome.

I N C O N T I N E N C E.

The fight whereof, in his congealed flesh,
 Infix'd such secret sting of greedy lust,
 That the dry wither'd stock it 'gan refresh,
 And kindled heat that soon in flame forth burst :
 The driest wood is foonest burnt to dust.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdnes court it in a shape of heaven ;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage —.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Lust takes never joy in what is due,
 But still leaves known delights, to seek out new.

Daniel's Octavia to Antonius.

— Take this as firmeſt ſenſe,
 Incontinence will force a continence :
 Heat wasteth heat ; and light defaceth light ;
 Nothing is ſpoil'd but by his proper might.

Marſton's Courtezan.

Lust's voyage hath, if not this course, this croſs ;
 Buy ne'er ſo cheap, your ware comes home with loſs.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.

Lust is a ſprite, which whooe'er doth raise ;
 The next man that encounters boldly, lays.

Tourneur's Atheiſt's Tragedy.

Lust carries her sharp whip
 At her own girdle.

Webſter's White Devil.

Letchery ſcorns to be beholden too ;
 For I have known what it receiv'd in a
 Man's house, it hath ſent home again nine months
 After, and lain at his door ; and therefore
 The more gentleman-like ſin a great deal,
 Because it takes the longer time of re-payment.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Lust

Lust is like an o'er-swol'n river, that breaks
 Beyond all bounds ; it's a devil bred in
 The blood, nurs'd in desire, and like the
Salamander, lives in continual fire :
 It sprouteth larger than ivy, which embraceth,
 Twifeth and entangleth ev'ry one within
 It's reach ; and makes no choice between the goodliest
 Cedar, and the stinking'ſt elder : 'Tis a foul
 Usurper on the name of love, and reigns
 With greater dominion than an emp'ror :
 It is a very lep'rous itch ; it stains,
 And leaves a fouler spot upon the soul,
 Than tears can wash away.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Lust, is a vice
 Sooner condemn'd than banish'd : Eas'ly spoke against,
 But yet 'twill fawn as smoothly on our flesh,
 As *Circe* on the Græcian travellers,
 When she detain'd them in the shape of beasts.

Mason's Muleaffes.

An old man's ven'ry is very chargeable,
 There is much cookery belongs to it.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

Uncloath me
 Of sin's gay trappings, the proud livery
 Of wicked pleasure, which but worn, and heated
 With the fire of entertainment and consent,
 Like to *Alcides'* fatal shirt, tears off
 Our flesh, and reputation both together ;
 Leaving our ulc'rous follies bare and open
 To all malicious censure.

Maffinger's Renegado.

Learn from this example, there is no trust
 In a foundation that is built on lust.

Maffinger's Duke of Milan.

In some countries I hear whole lordships are
 Spent upon a fleshly device ; yet the
 Buyer in the end, had nothing but *French*

Repentance, and the curse of surgery
For his money.

Henry Shirley's Martyred Soldier.

Wenching ! why 'tis the top branch, the heart, the
Very soul of pleasure ; I'll not give a
Chip to be an emperor, and I may
Not curvet as often as my constitution
Requires : Letchery is the monarch of
Delight, whose throne is in the blood ; to which
All other sins do homage, and bow like
Serviceable vassals, petty subjects
In the dominion of the flesh.

James Shirley's Grateful Servant.

— Lust is a gilded pill,
Which sinful nature doth prescribe desire :
It mocks the sense with pleasure ; but at last,
The shining outside leaves a bitter taste.

Nabbs's Tottenham-Court.

My lord, bad custom is become
In men a second nature to deceive
Poor virgins by their flatteries ; look back
Into your princely honour, call that up
To assist the fortress of your mind, assail'd
By foul unlawful passion : Think how base 'tis,
To rob a silly orphan of her dowry ;
I have no other but my virgin whiteness,
Left to uphold my fame ; nought but my virtue
To my inheritance : Should you despoil me
Of that fair portion by your lust, my memory,
Would like an early rose-bud by that tempest
Die on its own stalk blasted.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

Note but the end of all your lustful pleasures ;
All breed diseases, griefs, reproaches foul,
Consumption of the body, and the soul ;
Ingenders sorrows and fottishnes ;
Forgets all prudence, grows most insolent ;
Breeds the epilepsy, that falling evil,
Begets murder, makes a man a devil ;

O'er-

O'erthrows whole families, confounds the just ;
 Foistereth in children illegitimate ;
 Corrupts all human sweet society :
 The various paths of lust are all uneven ;
 Her pleasures dreadful plagues, the scourge of heav'n.

Richards's Messallina.

Unlawful lust, immod'rate, often brings
 A loathing, in the use of lawful things.

Quarles.

Rip up the end of the intent, and see
 How shame and fear do lurk where you would walk,
 Like a pair of serpents in a flow'ry mead :
 Lust fees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

For lust in reading beauty solemn grows,
 As old physicians in anatomy.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

O traytor, lust ! that leads us with encouragement
 To sin, and when the storm is over, we're
 Besieg'd with thoughts that more perplex us
 Than the former : For then we did complain
 Of strength, but now of weakness. Away, away ;
 'Tis time that I were gone : The modest morn
 Doth blush in the east, as if ashamed to
 See so foul a ravisher.

Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.

Men that lust women once, no more endure them ;
 In health, they loath the physick that did cure them.

Anthony Brewer's Love-Sick King.

I N D U S T R Y.

The sweat of instrustry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
 Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky
 Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
 Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

Shakespear's All's well that ends well.

F 2

Shortly

Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher ;
True industry doth kindle honour's fire.

Shakepear's Cromwell.

Virtue, though chain'd to earth, will still live free ;
And hell itself must yield to industry.

Johnson's Masques.

— Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do ;
With faces, as you trusted to the gods,
That still fav'd you ; and they can do't : But
They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers,
Can draw their aids ; but vigilance, council, action :
Which they will be ashamed to forsake.
'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardice.

Johnson's Catiline.

Like clocks, one wheel another on must drive ;
Affairs by diligent labour only thrive.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

The chiefeſt action for a man of ſpirit,
Is never to be out of action ; we ſhould think
The foul was never put into the body,
Which has ſo many rare and curiouſ pieces,
Of mathematical motion, to ſtand ſtill.
Virtue is ever ſowing of her ſeeds,
In the trenches for the ſoldier ; in the wakeful ſtudy
For the ſcholar ; in the furrows of the ſea
For men of that profession ; of all which
Arife and ſpring up honour.

Webſter's Devil's Law Case.

See what theſe times are grown to ; before twenty
I rush'd into the world ; which is indeed
Much like the art of ſwimming : He that will attain to't
Muſt fall plump, and duck himſelf at firſt,
That will make him hardy and advent'rous ;
And not ſtand putting in one foot, and ſhiver,
And then draw th'other after, like a quake-buttock ;
Well, he may make a padler i'th' world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave ſwimmer,
Borne up by the chin, as I bore up myſelf,

With

With strong industry that never fail'd me ;
 For he that lies borne up with patrimonies,
 Looks like a long, great asl, that swims with bladders ;
 Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him,
 He sinks, because he never try'd to swim,
 When wit plays with the billows that choak'd him.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at several Weapons.

— We have not
 Receiv'd into our bosom, and our grace,
 A glorious lazy drone, grown fat with feeding
 On others toil ; but an industrious bee,
 That crops the sweet flow'rs of our enemies,
 And ev'ry happy evening home returns
 Loaden with wax, and honey to our hive.

Maffinger's Great Duke of Florence.

— Where the victory can reap
 A harvest crown'd with triumph ; toil is cheap.

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.

If little labour, little are our gains :
 Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

Herrick.

And to be rich, be diligent ; move on
 Like heav'n's great movers that inrich the earth ;
 Whose moments sloth would shew the world undone ;
 And make the spring strait bury all her birth.
 Rich are the diligent, who can command
 Time, nature's stock : And could his hour-glass fall,
 Would, as for seed of stars, stoop for the sand ;
 And by incessant labour gather all.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Industrious wisdom often does prevent
 What lazy folly thinks inevitable :
 Big swelling clouds are by the winds blown o'er ;
 And threatening storms may dwindle to a show'r.

Abdicated Prince.

I N F A M Y.

As when the moon hath comforted the night,
 And set the world in silver of her light,

The planets, asterisms, and whole state of heav'n,
 In beams of gold descending ; all the winds
 Bound up in caves, charg'd not to drive abroad
 Their cloudy heads ; an universal peace,
 Proclaim'd in silence of the quiet earth :
 Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
 Storms and clouds mixing, suddenly put out
 The eyes of all these glories : The creation
 Turn'd into chaos, and we then desire
 For all our joy of life, the death of sleep :
 So when the glories of our lives, men's loves,
 Clear consciences, our fames, and loyalties,
 That did us worthy comfort, are eclips'd ;
 Grief and disgrace invade us : and for all
 Our night of life besides, our mis'ry craves
 Dark earth would ope, and hide us in our graves.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.
 What grief can be, but time doth make it less ?
 But infamy, time never can suppress.

Drayton's Rosamund to Henry.

We're sorry
 His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
 And stain'd our honours,
 Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state,
 Which envious sp'rits will dip their pens into
 After our death ; and blot us in our tombs :
 For that which would seem treason in our lives,
 Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
 That dares not then speak out ; and ev'n proclaim,
 With loud words, and broad pens, our closest shame.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years
 Full of confirm'd gravity ; — for what is it to have
 A flatt'ring false inscription on a tomb ;
 And in mens hearts reproach ? the bowell'd corps
 May be fear'd in ; but with free tongue I speak,
 The faults of great men through their fear-cloths break.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.
 Shame

Shame ever sticks close to the ribs of honour ;
 Great men are never found men after it :
 It leaves some ach or other in their names still,
 Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

He breaths most accurst,
 Who lives so long, to see his name die first.

Middleton, Ibid.

I N G R A T I T U D E.

1. I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words !
2. Let it go naked, men may see't the better.

Shakespear's Timon.

'This is the world's soul ;
 Of the same piece is ev'ry flatt'rer's spirit :
 Who can call him his friend,
 That dips in the same dish ? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
 And kept his credit with his bounteous purse :
 Supported his estate ; nay, *Timon's* money
 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
 But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip ;
 And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !
 He does deny him, in respect of his,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.
 Religion groans at it !

Shakespear's Timon.

Merit, by ingratitude crack'd,
 Requires a firmer cementing than words ;
 And he shall find it a much harder work,
 To solder broken hearts, than shiver'd glafs.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Such the rewards of great employments are,
 Hate kills in peace, whom fortune spares in war ;
 And this is that high grace of kings we seek,
 Whose favour, and whose wrath consumes alike.

He that doth publick good for multitudes ;
Finds few are truly grateful.

Marston's Sophonisba.

There's ev'n the general thanks of all aspirers ;
When they have all a kingdom can impart :
They write above it still, their own desert.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

Good Service

To a malicious and ingrateful prince,
Are rather causes of suspect, than love ;
And when mens actions do transcend reward,
They then descend to punishment.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

For vicious natures, where they once begin
To take distaste, and purpose no requital ;
The greater debt they owe, the more they hate.

May's Agrippina.

None are ingrate, who have no favour found.

E. of Orrery's Mustapha.

I N J U R Y.

If light wrongs touch me not,
No more shall great ; if not a few, not many :
There's nought so sacred with us, but may find
A sacrilegious person ; yet the thing is
No less divine, 'cause the prophanes can reach it.

Johnson's New Inn.

They that do pull down churches, and deface
The holiest altars, cannot hurt the Godhead.
A calm wise man may shew as much true valour,
Amidst these popular provocations,
As can an able captain shew security,
By his brave conduct, through an enemy's country.
A wise man never goes the peoples way ;
But as the planets still move contrary
To the world's motion ; so doth he to opinion :
He will examine, if those accidents
Which common fame calls injuries, happen to him
Deservedly, or no ? come they deservedly ?

They

They are no wrongs then ; but his punishments :
If undeservedly, and he not guilty ?
The doer of them, first should blush, not he.

Johnson's New Inn.

The purpose of an injury ; 'tis to vex
And trouble me : now nothing can do that
To him that's truly valiant. He that is affected
With the least injury, is less than it.
It is but reasonable to conclude
That should be stronger still, which hurts, than that
Which is hurt : now, no wickedness is stronger
Than what opposeth it ; not fortune's self,
When she encounters virtue, but comes off
Both lame and less. Why should a wise man then
Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling
Of a fool's wrong ? There may an injury
Be meant me ; I may chuse, if I will take it :
But we are now come to that delicacy
And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence
Worse than an injury ; bare words worse than deeds :
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
As with the opinion of the wrong : Like children,
We are made afraid with vizards. Such poor sounds
As is the lie, or common words of spite,
Wise laws thought never worthy a revenge ;
And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
Our poverty, and beggary of spirit,
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd
at me !
He broke a jest ! a third took place of me !
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?
Notes of a queasy, and sick stomach, labouring
With want of a true injury ! the main part
Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it !

Johnson, Ibid.

Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster brothers ; I may leap

Like a hand-wolf into my natural wildnes,
And do an outrage

Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy.

1. ————— Men of your ranks

Must put up injuries, and render thanks.

2. He tells you true, it may be our case;

Shall we upon complaint of men so base

Be question'd? no, cedars, are cedars still;

The valley must not dare to climb the hill:

Poor men must suffer, rich do what they will.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.

For evils which are 'gainst another done,

Repentance makes no satisfaction

To him that feels the smart.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

I N N O C E N C E.

The lion licks the sores of silly wounded sheep;

The dead man's corps may cause the crocodile to weep;

The waves that waste the rocks refresh the rotten reeds:

Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruel creatures
breeds.

Mirror for Magistrates.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespear's Second Part of K. Hen. VI.

'Tis a knavish piece of work; but what of

That? your majesty, and we that have free

Souls, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade

Winch, our withers are unwrung.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

A just man cannot fear;

Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,

The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,

The senseless rigour of the wretched laws,

Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,

Should,

Should, in a point meet all, to take his life ;
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

Johnson's Poetaster.

O innocence the sacred amulet
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
Of all misfortunes, injury and death !
That makes a man in tune still in himself :
Free from the hell to be his own accuser,
Ever in quiet, endless joys enjoying ;
No strife, nor no sedition in his pow'rs :
No motion in his will against his reason ;
No thought 'gainst thought, nor as 'twere in the confines
Of wishing and repenting, doth possess
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace ;
But all parts in him friendly and secure :
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
He can with ev'ry wish, be in their plenty ;
When, the infectious guilt of one foul crime,
Destroys the free content of all our time.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

That innocence is not enough to save,
Where good, and greatness, fear, and envy have.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

I have no other hope ; who bears a spotless breast,
Doth want no comfort else, how e'er distrest.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.

— All your attempts
Shall fall on me, like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves ; or like waves against a rock
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury
But foam and splinters : My innocence like these
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet, to proclaim my conquest ;
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
How e'er condemn, affright an honest man.

Maffinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.

— Innocence unmov'd
 At a false accusation, doth the more
 Confirm itself; and guilt is best discover'd
 By its own fears.

Nabbs's Bride.

We must have doves and serpents in our heart ;
 But how they must be marshall'd, there's the art :
 They must agree, and not be far asunder ;
 The dove must hold the wily serpent under :
 Their natures teach what places they must keep ;
 The dove can fly, the serpent only creep.

Quarles.

Misfortune may benight the wicked ; she
 Who knows no guilt, can sink beneath no fear.

Habbington's Queen of Arragon.

'Tis modesty in sin to practice ev'ry
 Disguise to hide it from the world :
 But creatures free from guilt, affect the sun,
 And hate the dark ; because it hides their innocence.

Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
 With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart ;
 Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun ;
 For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

She never had in busy cities been ;
 Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor e'er allay'd with fears :
 Not seeing punishment, could guesl no sin ;
 And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

I'll rather to a punishment submit,
 Than to the guilt of what may merit it.

E. of Orrery's Tryphon.

Since still my duty did my actions steer,
 I'll not disgrace my innocence by fear ;
 Let I the saving of my life repent :
 I'll rather bear, than merit punishment.

E. of Orrery's Mustapha.

— Innocence

Innocence

Conceal'd, is the stol'n pleasure of the gods ;
 Which never ends in shame, as that of men
 Doth oft-times do : But like the sun breaks forth,
 When it hath gratify'd another world,
 And to our unexpecting eyes appears
 More glorious through its late obscurity.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

I N S T R U C T I O N.

Our wanton humour with best council fits ;
 The sage instructions of the wise man's mouth,
 Do sound harsh musick in the ears of youth.

Mirror for Magistrates.

If to do, were as easy as to know
 What were good to do, chapels had been churches ;
 And poor mens cottages, princes palaces.
 He is a good divine, that follows his
 Own instructions ; I can easier
 Teach twenty what were good to be done, than
 To be one of the twenty to follow
 My own teaching : The brain may devise laws
 For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
 A cold decree.

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

Your voice, our musick when you speak, we give
 To those who teach the mysteries above,
 That their persuasion we may soon believe ;
 For doctrines thrive, when we our teachers love.

Sir W. Davenant to the Queen.

J O Y.

Death, I fear me,
 Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetnes,
 For the capacity of my rude pow'rs ;
 I fear it much, and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The flying enemy.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

Indeed, true gladnes doth not always speak :
Joy bred, and born but in the tongue, is weak.

Johnson on the Coronation.

Swell, swell, my joys : and faint not to declare
Yourselves as ample, as your causes are.

Johnson's Sejanus.

True joy is only hope put out of fear ;
And honour hideth error ev'ry where.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Joys that are born unlook'd for ; are born dumb.

Dekker and Webster's Westward Hoe.
For danger's sauce gives joy a better taste.

True Trojans.

Gently my joys distil ;
Lest you should break the vessel, you shou'd fill.

Suckling's Goblins.

Joy never feasts so high,
As when the first course is of misery.

Suckling's Aglaura.

Joys are not joys, that always stay ;
And constant pleasures don't delight, but cloy.

Alex. Brome.

Oh there was a time
I could have heard such sounds with raging joys ;
But now it comes too late :
Give blind men beauty ; musick to the deaf ;
Give prosp'rous winds to ships that have no fails ;
Their joys will be like mine.

Eane's Sacrifice.

All shew'd as fresh, and fair, and innocent,
As virgins to their lovers first survey ;
Joy'd as the spring, when *March* his sighs has spent,
And *April*'s sweet rash tears are dry'd by *May*.

And this confed'rate joy so swell'd each breast,
That joy would turn to pain without a vent,
Therefore their voices heav'n's renown exprest ;
Though tongues ne'er reach what minds so nobly meant.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

My joys, like men in crowds, press out so fast ;
They stop by their own numbers, and their haite.

Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.

Wonder and joy so fast together flow,
Their haite to pass, has made their passage slow ;
Like struggling waters in a vessel pent,
Whose crowding drops choak up the narrow vent.

Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.

Wise Heaven doth see it as fit
In all our joys to give us some allays,
As in our sorrows comforts : When our fails
Are fill'd with happiest winds, then we most need
Some heaviness to ballast us.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

There is no state, in which the bounteous Gods
Have not plac'd joy, if men would seek it out.

Crown's Darius.

J U D G E.

So constantly the judges construe laws ;
That all agree still with the stronger cause.

Mirror for Magistrates.

————— I have seen,
When after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

He hath such a judge, a man so learned,
So full of equity, so noble, so notable ;
In the progress of his life, so innocent ;
In the manage of his office so incorrupt ;
In the passages of state so wise ; in
Affection to his country so religious ;
In all his services to the king so
Fortunate and exploring, as envy
It self cannot accuse, or malice vitiate :
Whom all lips will open to commend ; and
In their hearts will erect altars, and statues,
Columns, and obelisks, pillars, and pyramids,
To the perpetuity of his name and mem'ry.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

This one more lesson, out of the events
 Of these affairs now past, that whatsoever
 Charge or commission judges have from us,
 They ever make their aim ingenuous justice ;
 Not partial for reward, or swelling favour ;
 To which if your king steer you, spare to obey :
 For when his troubled blood is clear, and calm,
 He will repent that he pursu'd his rage,
 Before his pious law ; and hold that judge
 Unworthy of his place, that lets his censure
 Float in the waves of an imagin'd favour :
 This shipwracks in the haven ; and but wounds
 Their conscience, that smooth the soon ebb'd humours
 Of their incensed king.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

He was then a judge, and in *Cathedrâ*,
 In which he could not err ; it may be your
 Lordship's case : out of the chair and seat
 Of justice, he hath his frailties, is loos'd
 And expos'd to the conditions of other
 Human natures ; so ev'ry judge, your lordships
 Are not ign'rant hath a kind of priv'lege
 While he is in state, office and being ;
 And although he may *quoad se*, internally,
 And privately, be guilty of brib'ry of
 Justice ; yet *quoad nos*, and in publick,
 He is an upright and innocent judge :
 We are to take no notice, nay, we deserv'd
 To suffer, if we should detect or stain
 Him ; for in that, we disparage th' office,
 Which is the king's, and may be our own ; but
 Once remov'd from his place by just dishonour
 Of the king, he is no more a judge, but
 A common person, whom the law takes hold
 On ; and we are then to forget what he
 Hath been ; and without partiality,
 To strip and lay him open to the world,

A counterfeit and corrupt judge. As for Example, he may, and ought to flourish In his greatness, and break any man's neck, With as much facility as a jest ; But the case being alter'd, and he down, Ev'ry subject shall be heard : A wolf may Be apparell'd in a lamb-skin ; and if Ev'ry man should be afraid to speak truth, Nay and more than truth ; if the good of the Subject, which are clients, sometimes require It, there would be no remove of officers ; If no remove, no motions ; if no motion In court, no heat ; and by consequence but Cold terms : take away this moving, this removing Of judges, the law may bury itself In buckram, and the kingdom suffer for Want of a due execution.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

Fly, judges fly, corruption's in your court ;
The judge of truth, hath made your judgment short :
Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judg'd with those that wend astray ;
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,
He well may judge, he is adjug'd to pain.

T. Lodge and R. Green's Looking-glass for Lond. and Eng.
It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself, and lives.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

This is the court sure, whose eminence proclaims Fair justice' seat is here ; who sits on high That no man should suspect partiality : Here in rich purple clad, her follow'rs go ; Each man for his desert, and not for shew. Th'oppress'd poor man's advocate, whose unseed tongues Turn willing orators, retort the wrongs Upon the oppressor's head : Their brains are troubl'd About affairs of state, the kingdom's good ; While others sleep secure, these spend their blood :

Out-

Out-watch the tedious night, only to gain
Titles of honour, hardly worth the pain.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.

1. He speaks with others tongues, and hears mens fuits
With others ears : Will seem to sleep o'th'bench
Only to entrap offenders in their answers ;
Dooms men to death by information ;
Rewards by hear-say. 2. Then the law to him
Is like a foul black cob-web to a spider ;
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To intangle those shall feed him.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

What can innocence hope for,
When such as fit her judges are corrupted ?

Maffinger's Maid of Honour.

1. Men that are eminent in law, are wont
To be ambitious of honour.
2. Oh, sir ! 'tis a maxim in our politicks,
A judge destroys a mighty practiser :
When they grow rich and lazy, they are ripe
For honour.

Shirley's Honoria and Mammon.

— When superior justice
Makes us her instrument, should we be partial
I'th'execution ; 'twere to mock the pow'r
And call down justice ?

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

— For in a government
Th'offence is greatest in the instrument
That hath the pow'r to punish ; and in laws,
The author's trespass makes the souleit cause.

Nabbs's Microcosmus.

Who painted justice blind, did not declare
What magistrates should be, but what they are :
Not so much 'cause they rich and poor should weigh
In their just scales alike ; but because they
Now blind with bribes, are grown so weak of sight,
They'll sooner feel a cause, than see it right.

Heath's Clarastella.

J U D G M E N T.

Give ev'ry man thine ear ; but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Take our good meaning ; for our judgment fits
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Mens judgments sway, on that side fortune leans.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

Your reason and your will are much the same ;
You can desire nothing but what that does :
First, having weigh'd and ponder'd well each scruple
That may object itself, commend as good ;
For whatsoever bounds our affection,
Must first appear unto the judgment lovely ;
It standing centinel, questioning all
That pass unto the closet of the will.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

You bring a judgment deeper than the sea :
And as in deepest seas we safest be,
So in your judgment's depths we may endure
All empire's sudden storms, and sleep secure.

Sir W. Davenant on the Restoration.

How can your judgment, as profound as seas,
Be lik'd by those whom fears of depth displease ?
That so of deeper knowledge are afraid,
As women are with depths of seas dismay'd :
Who rather trust those rivers where they may
Still see the dreaded bottom of their way :
Whilst more experienc'd seamen shallows shun,
And hoist all sails, where deeper channels run.
But as the Spaniards, whom mere wind and chance
Did westward lead, and to wild thrones advance,
Thought to walk on with empire, till they came
Where the declining sun does quench his flame ;
Till they did reach the utmost bounds of light,
And saw him steal into the bed of night :

Then

Then thought, they could that spacious empire sway,
 Whilst lazily, they stretch'd in arbours lay.
 Yet soon, unable grown to manage more
 Than what with ease grew subject to their pow'r,
 They check'd each pilot that would further go,
 And seem'd suffic'd with what they first did know ;
 Lest yielding to know more, their knowledge might
 To others walks become a happy light.
 So when opinion, that outrageous wind,
 Which swells and drives the people's sailing mind ;
 And when fantastick chance which does it steer,
 Had brought these in, to rule wild empire here,
 They thought to fit at everlasting ease
 In clouds ; and there from airy palaces,
 Drop fruitful shew'rs of edicts over all,
 Softly as snow that does in feathers fall :
 But as cold snow, when it a while is felt,
 Does heat that hand that after does it melt ;
 So they, though cool at first, did quickly draw
 Forth heat, that did their pow'r as quickly thaw.
 Then finding they lack'd knowledge to discharge
 That sway, which first they promis'd to inlarge,
 They poorly meant this empire to contract,
 Lest'ning their stage where few were fit to act :
 Treating all those, as strangers and as spies,
 That boldly durst adventure to be wise :
 Proudly confirming others knowledge, by
 Bounds of their own confin'd capacity,

Sir W. Davenant on the Restauration.

Justice hath laid her sword within your reach :
 And you have pow'r to sheath it so ; that where
 You execute, you may a murder do, or sacrifice.

Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.

If judgment could in solemn dulness lie,
 Which weaker rulers wear for gravity,
 Then those must needs transcendent judgments have,
 That would instruct wise nature to be grave.

A well!

A well-establish'd judgment, such as yours,
 By perfect strength as certainly secures
 The aims of pow'r, as what she does possess ;
 And empire ever must intend increase :
 Empire, the tide of restless greatnesses,
 Shov'd on at land, as rivers are from seas ;
 Which at no mark can any moment stay,
 But when it cannot rise, must ebb away.
 And as your judgment can so greatly do,
 Preserve possession, and enlarge it too ;
 So can it boldly to great works proceed,
 Without those shifts which weaker judgments need :
 In its known forces safe, as armies are,
 Whose fame before the battle, ends the war.
 Not spreading files to cover spacious ground,
 Whilst many drums beat loud, and trumpets sound ;
 Whilst many feigned ensigns all the day
 Their glorious colours to the foe display ;
 Yet basely cautious, all at night lie close,
 Arm'd and intrench'd in a contracted grot.

Sir W. Davenant on the *Restauration*.

Let none direct thee what to do or say,
 Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway ;
 Let not the pleasing many thee delight,
 First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge right.

Denham.

J U S T I C E.

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,
 That gods and men do equally adore
 Than this same virtue, that doth right define ;
 For th'heavens themselves, whence mortal men im-
 plore

Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
 Of highest *Jove*, who doth true justice deal
 To his inferior gods ; and evermore
 Therewith contains his heav'nly commonweal :
 The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveal.

Well

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
 That justice was a god of sov'reign grace ;
 And altars unto him, and temples lent,
 And heav'ly honours in the highest place :
 Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
 Of th'old *Egyptian* kings, that whilome were ;
 With feign'd colours shading a true case :
 For that *Osyris* while he lived here,
 The justest man alive, and truest did appear.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

1. Yet some shew pity.
2. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice ;
 For then I pity those, I do not know ;
 Which a dismiss'd offence, would after gaul ;
 And do him right, that answ'ring one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law ; but 'tis not so above :
 There, is no shuffling ; there, the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

The gods
 Grow angry with your patience : 'Tis their care,
 And must be yours, that guilty men escape not :
 As crimes do grow, justice should rouze itself.

Johnson's Catiline.

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.

There's no needle

In a sun-dial, plac'd upon his steel,
 In such a tender posture that doth tremble,

The

The timely dial being held amiss,
And will shake ever, till you hold it right,
More tender than himself, in any thing,
That he concludes in justice for the state :
For as a fever held him, he will shake
When he is signing any thing of weight,
Lest human frailty should misguide his justice.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

Clear-ey'd Afrea next, with rev'rend brow]

Clad in cœlestial hue, which belt she likes,
Comes with her balance, and her sword, to shew
That first her judgment weighs, before it strikes.

Daniel's Goddesseſſ.

Offences urg'd in publick, are made worse ;
The shew of justice aggravates despight.
The multitude, that look not to the cause,
Rest satify'd, so it seem done by laws.

Daniel's Civil War.

If but one virtue did adorn a king,
It would be justice ; many great defects
Are veil'd thereby : Whereas each virtuous thing
In one who is not just, the world suspects.

E. of Sterline's Darius.

If what were best for them that do offend,
Laws did inquire, the answer must be grace ;
If mercy be so large, where's justice place ?

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

1. Justice that makes princes like the gods, draws
Us unto the senate,

Th: t with impartial balance we may poize
The crimes and innocence of all offenders.

Our prefence, can chace brib'ry from the laws ;
He best can judge, that hears himself the cause.

2. True, mighty duke, it best becomes our places,
To have our light from you, the son of virtue :
Subject authority, for gain, love or fear,
Oft quits the guilty, and condemns the clear.

Marston's Infatiate Countess.

Justice

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few mens ruin, but to all men's fear.

Swenam, the Woman-Hater.

With an equal scale

He weighs th'offences betwixt man and man ;
He is not so sooth'd with adulation,
Nor mov'd with tears, to wrest the course of justice
Into an unjust current, t' oppress th' innocent ;
Nor does he make the laws
Punish the man, but in the man the cause.

Ibid.

When just revenge hath a right level made,
Home to the head she may the arrow bring ;
And when provoked justice draws her blade,
Into the fire she will the scabbard fling.
Justice and sin should keep an equal race ;
If sins do gallop, justice must not pace.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

This noble youth, a stranger t' every thing
But gallantry ; ignorant in our laws and customs,
Has made perchance,
In strange severity, a forfeit of himself ;
But should you take it,
The gods when he is gone, will sure revenge it :
If from the stalk you pull this bud of virtue,
Before it has spread, and shewn itself abroad,
You do an injury to all mankind ;
And publick mischief, cannot be private justice.

Suckling's Goblins.

The miser's gold, the painted cloud
Of titles, that make vain men proud ;
The courtier's pomp, or glorious scar
Got by a soldier in the war ;
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
That studies to preserve mankind.

Sir W. Davenant's News from Plymouth.

Thou

Thou may'it not these condemn, and those absolve.
 Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind;
 Nor cruelty, nor mercy change her mind :
 When some escape for that which others die,
 Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
 A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
 Which little and slight animals receives ;
 And if she catch a common bee or fly,
 They with a piteous groan and murmur die ;
 But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
 They tear her cords, like Sampson, and escape :
 So like a fly, the poor offender dies ;
 But like the wasp, the rich escapes, and flies.

Denham

Justice must be from violence exempt ;
 But fraud's her only object of contempt :
 Fraud in the Fox, force in the lion dwells ;
 But justice both from human hearts expells ;
 But he's the greatest monster, without doubt,
 Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.

Denham.

K I N G S.

AND since the definition of a king,
 Is for to have of people governance,
 Address thee first, above all other thing,
 To put thy body to such ordinance,
 That thy virtue, thine honour may advance ;
 For how should princes govern their regions,
 That cannot duly guide their own persons ?

Sir David Lindsay.

Among all other pastime and pleasure,
 Now in thine adolescent yeares young,
 Wouldst thou each day study but half an hour
 The regiment of princely governing ;
 To thy people it were a pleasant thing :

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There

There might'st thou find thine own vocation,
How thou should'st use the scepter, sword, and crown.

Sir David Lindsay.

Let justice mix'd with mercy them amend ;
Have thou their hearts, thou hast enough to spend :
And by the contrair, thou'rt but king of bone,
From time that their heartes, are from thee gone.

Ibid.

Abuse of pow'r abaseth princes all.
In throne on earth, a prince as god doth sit ;
And as a god, no justice should omit.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Right is of itself most strong ;
No kingdom got by cunning, can stand long.

Marko's Lust's Dominion.

1. But who dares tell a prince he goes aside ?
2. His conscience best, if wisdom were his guide :
1. But they are great, and may do what they will :
2. Great, if much good ; not great, if they do ill.
1. But we must yield to what princes will have.
2. He is no prince, that is affection's slave.
1. Be what he will, his pow'r is over-strong.
2. Heav'ns will not suffer sin to flourish long.

Brandon's Octavia.

'Tis greater care, to keep, than get a crown.
Virtue doth raise by small degrees you see :
Where in a moment fortune casts us down.
And surely those that live in greatest place,
Must take great care, to be such as they seem :
They are not princes, whom sole titles grace ;
Our princely virtues, we should most esteem.

Brandon's Octavia.

The love of kings is like the blowing of
Winds, which whistle sometimes gently among
The leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by
The roots ; or fire, which warmeth afar off,
And burneth near hand ; or the sea, which makes
Men hoise their sails in a flattering calm,

And

And to cut their masts in a rough storm. They
 Place affection by times, by policy,
 By appointment; if they frown, who dares call
 Them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who
 Will term them untrue? if they fall to other
 Loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful?
 In kings there can be no love, but to queens:
 For as near must they meet in majesty,
 As they do in affection.
 It is requisite to stand aloof from
 King's love, *Jove*, and lightning.

Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe.

Kings are earth's gods: In vice their law's their will;
 And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill.

Shakespeare's Pericles.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
 To break into the bloody house of life;
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law, to know the meaning
 Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance it frowns
 More upon humour, than advis'd respect

Shakespeare's King John.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep't the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night: Sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty,
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
 That scalds with safety!

Shakespeare's Second Part of King Henry IV.

When the Romans first did yield themselves
 To one man's pow'r, they did not mean their lives,

Their fortunes and their liberties should be
His absolute spoil, as purchas'd by the sword.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Men are deceiv'd, who think there can be thrall
Beneath a virtuous prince. With'd liberty
Ne'er lovelier looks than under such a crown.
But, when his grace is merely but lip-good ;
And that, no longer than he airs himself
Abroad in publick ; there, to seem to shun
The strokes and stripes of flatt'lers, which within
Are letchery unto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound ;
As, dead to virtue, he permits himself
Be carry'd like a pitcher by the ears,
To ev'ry act of vice : this is a case,
Deserves our fear ; and doth preface the nigh
And close approach of blood, and tyranny.

Johnson's Sejanus.

She tells him first, that kings
Are here on earth the most conspicuous things :
That they, by heav'n, are plac'd upon his throne,
To rule like heav'n ; and have no more their own,
As they are men, than men : That all they do,
Though hid at home, abroad is search'd into :
And being once found out, discover'd lies
Unto as many envies there, as eyes :
That princes, since they know it is their fate,
Oft-times to have the secrets of their state
Betray'd to fame ; should take more care, and fear
In publick acts, what face and form they bear.

Johnson on King James.

For though by right, and benefit of times,
He own'd their crowns, he would not so their crimes :
He knew, that princes who had sold their fame
To their voluptuous lusts, had lost their name :
And that no wretch was more unblest than he,
Whose necessary good 'twas now to be

An

An evil king : And so must such be still,
Who once hath got the habit to do ill.

Johnson on King James.

He knew, that those, who would with love command,
Must with a tender, yet a stedfast hand
Sustain the reins ; and in the check forbear
To offer cause of injury, or fear :
That kings, by their example, more do sway,
Than by their pow'r ; and men do more obey,
When they are led, than when they are compell'd.

Ibid.

Good princes soar above their fame ;
And in their worth
Come greater forth,
Than in their name,

Johnson's Masques.

Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head ;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws :
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

That prince doth high in virtue's reck'ning stand ;
That will intreat a vice, and not command.

Chapman's Buffey D'ambois.

What monstrous humours feed a prince's blood ;
Being bad to good men, and to bad men good.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Tell your king, that he neglects
Old friends for new ; and sets his soothed ease
Above his honour ; marshals his policy
In rank before his justice ; and his profit
Before his royalty : His humanity gone,
To make me no repayment of mine own.

Ibid.

When sovereign princes dare
Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity, and their pray'rs ; and 'tis

G 3

In

In the free pow'r of those whom they oppres
 'To pardon 'em : Each soul has a prerogative,
 And privilege royal, that was sign'd by heav'n.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

For great men over grac'd, much rigour use ;
 Presuming fav'rites discontentment bring ;
 And disproportions harmony do break :
 Minions too great, argue a king too weak.

Daniel's Civil War.

For tho' this bounty, and this lib'ralness,
 A glorious virtue be ; it better fits
 Great men than kings : Who giving in excess,
 Give not their own, but others benefits :
 Which calls up many's hopes, but pleasures less ;
 Destroying far more love, than it begets.
 For justice is their virtue.—That alone
 Makes them fit sure, and glorifies the throne.

Ibid.

We see, although the king be head,
 The state will be the heart : This sov'reignty
 Is but in place, not pow'r ; and governed
 By th' equal sceptre of necessity :
 And we have seen more princes ruined
 By their immod'rate fav'ring privately,
 Than by severity in general :
 For best he's lik'd, that is alike to all.

Ibid.

Which, to himself, made him with grief inveigh
 Against distemper'd kings ; who often are
 Ill warrants for their own affairs ; and weigh
 Their lusts more than their dignity by far :
 And what a misery they have, that sway
 Their great designs ; what danger, and what care :
 And often must be forc'd, b'ing at their becks,
 To crack their reputation, or their necks ?

How

How their high favours like as fig-trees are,
 That grow upon the sides of rocks ; where they
 Who reach their fruit, adventure must so far,
 As t' hazard their deep downfal and decay :
 Their grace not fix'd ; but as a blazing star,
 Burns out the present matter, and away :
 And how the world could too well witness bear,
 That both their loves and hates like dang'rous were.

Daniel's Civil War:

And while they live, we see their glorious actions
 Oft wrested to the worst ; and all their life,
 Is but a stage of endless toil and strife,
 Of tumults, uproars, mutinies, and factions ;
 They rise with fear, and lie with danger down :
 Huge are the cares, that wait upon a crown.

E. of Sterline's Darius.

O stormy state of kings, vain mortals choice,
 The glorious height, whence greatness groans to fall !
 Ah ! we, who courting fame, do hunt each voice,
 To seem but sov'reign, must be slaves to all :
 Yet blown like bladders, with ambition's wind,
 On envy'd scepters weakly we rely ;
 And whilst swoln fancies do betray the mind,
 Not only th' earth, but heav'ns themselves defy.
 Whilst lofty thoughts tumultuous minds do toss,
 Which are puff'd up with popular applause ;
 A state extended by our neighbour's loss,
 For further trouble, but procures a cause.
 If fortune's dark eclipse cloud glory's light,
 Then what avails that pomp, which pride doth
 claim ?

A mère illusion, made to mock the fight,
 Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.
 Of glassy scepters, let frail greatness vaunt ;
 Not scepters, no, but reeds, which rais'd up, break ;
 And let eye-flatt'ring shews our wits enchant,
 All perish'd are, ere of their pomp men speak.

Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
 With furniture superfluously fair ;
 Those stately courts, those skie-encountring walls,
 Do vanish all like vapours in the air.
 O what affliction jealous greatness bears,
 Which still must travel to hold others down ;
 Whilst all our guards not guard us from our fears,
 Such toil attends the glory of a crown !
 Our painted pleasures but apparel pain :
 We spend our nights in fear, our days in dangers ;
 Sparks shot by stars, slaves bound to fortune's reign :
 Though known to all, yet to ourselves but strangers.
 A Golden crown doth cover leaden cares ;
 The scepter cannot lull their thoughts asleep,
 Whose souls are drown'd with floods of cold despairs ;
 Of which, base vulgars cannot sound the deep.
 The bramble grows, altho' it be obscure,
 Whilst losty cedars feel the blust'ring winds ;
 And mild plebeian souls may live secure,
 Whilst mighty tempests toss imperial minds.
 What are our days but dreams ? our reign a glance ?
 Whilst fortune's fever makes us rage and rave,
 Which with strange fits doth to a height advance ;
 'Till, e're pain us, we first our life must leave.
 For glist'ring greatness by ambition lov'd,
 I was the wonder of all gazing eyes ;
 But free from shadows, real essence, 'prov'd,
 States just proportion ruin only tries.

E. of *Sterline's Darius*

Kings, govern people ; over-rack them not :
 Fleece us, but do not clip us to the quick ;
 Think not with good, and ill, to write, and blot :
 The good doth vanish, where the ill doth stick :
 Hope not with trifles to grow popular ;
 Wounds that are heal'd, for ever leave a scar.

Lord *Brooke's Alabam.*

Kings for their safety, must not blame mistrust ;
 Nor for surmises, sacrifice the just.

Lord *Brooke's Muslapba.*

Ah hum'rous kings ! how are you toss'd, like waves,
 With breaths, that from the earth beneath you move ;
 Observed, and betray'd; known, and undone ;
 By being nothing, unto all things won.
 Frail man ! that woo'st misfortune in thy wit ;
 By giving thy made idol leave to fashion
 Thy ends to his. For mark, what comes of it :
 Nature is lost, our being only chance,
 Where grace alone, not merit, must advance.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Like as strong winds do work upon the sea,
 Stirring, and tossing waves to war each other ;
 So princes do with peoples humours play :
 As if confusion were the scepter's mother.
 But crowns, take heed ; when humble things mount high,
 The winds oft calm, before those billows lie.

Lord Brooke's Alabam.

Oh happy men ! that know not, or else fear
 This second flipp'ry place of honours steep ;
 Which we with envy get, and danger keep.
 Unhappy state of ours, wherein we live ;
 Where doubts give laws, which never can forgive :
 Where rage of kings not only ruins be,
 But where their very love works misery.
 For princes humours, are not like the glas,
 Which in it shews what shapes without remain,
 And with the body go, and come again :
 But like the wax, which first bears but his own,
 Till it the seal in easy mould receive,
 And by th' impression then, is only known.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Let him account his bondage from that day,

That he is with a diadem invested ;
 A glitt'ring crown hath made this hair so gray,
 Within whose circle he is but arrested :
 To true content, this is no certain way ;
 With sweeter cates the mean estate is feasted :

For when his proud feet scorn to touch the mold,
His head's a pris'ner in a gaol of gold.

In numb'ring subjects, he but numbers care ;
And when with shouts the people do begin,
Let him suppose, th' applause but prayers are,
That he may 'scape the danger he is in ;
Wherein t' adventure he so boldly dares :
The multitude hath multitudes of sin ;
And he that first doth cry, God save the king,
Is the first man, him evil news doth bring.

Lost in his own, misled in others ways ;
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries ;
Himself displeasing, wicked men to please ;
Obey'd no more than he shall tyrannize ;
The least in safety, being most at ease ;
With one friend winning many enemies :
And when he fitteth in his greatest state,
They that behold him most, bear him most hate.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

One crown is guarded with a thousand swords :
To mean estates, mean sorrows are but shewn ;
But crowns have cares, whose workings be unknown.

Drayton's Dudley to Jane Grey.

While kings are strong,
What they'll but think, and not what is, is wrong :
Passion is reason, when it speaks from might.
I tell thee, man ; nor kings, nor gods exempt,
They both grow pale, if once they find contempt.

Marston's Sophonisba.

Why man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tip-staves, *Tyrian* purple, chairs of state,
Troops of py'd butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness summer, that confirm a prince :
'Tis not th' unsav'ry breath of multitudes,
Shouting, and clapping, with confused din,
That makes a prince : No, *Lucio*, he's a king,

A true, right king, that dares do ought, save wrong ;
 Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust ;
 Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring puffs
 Of spungy sycophants ; who stands unmov'd,
 Despight the jutting of opinion :
 Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng,
 That strive to pres his quiet out of him ;
 Who sits upon *Jove's* foot-stool, as I do,
 Adorning, not affecting majesty :
 Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
 Of clear content : This, *Lucio*, is a king.—
 And of this empire, ev'ry man's posses'd,
 That's worth his soul.

Marston's First Part of Antonio and Mellida.

Wretched state of kings ! that standing high ;
 Their faults are marks, shot at by ev'ry eye.

Dekker's Match me in London.

Alas ! what are we kings ?
 Why do you gods place us above the rest,
 To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd ; till we
 Believe we hold within our hands your thunder :
 And when we come to try the pow'r we have,
 There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings ?

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.

That king stands surest, who by's virtue rises
 More than by birth or blood. That prince is rare,
 Who strives in youth, to save his age from care.

Middleton's Phoenix.

— Misery of princes,
 That must of force be censur'd by their slaves !
 Not only blam'd, for doing things are ill ;
 But, for not doing all, that all men will.

Webster's White Devil.

The lives of princes, should like dials move ;
 Whose regular example is so strong,
 They make the times by them go right, or wrong.

Webster, Ibid.

And what is't makes this blessed government,
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times ?
Though some of th' court hold it presumption,
To instruct princes what they ought to do ;
It is a noble duty to inform them,
What they ought to foresee.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

Some would think the souls
Of princes were brought forth by some more weighty
Cause, than those of meaner persons : They are
Deceiv'd, there's the same hand to them ; the like
Passions sway them ; the same reason that makes
A vicar go to law for a tythe-pig,
And undo his neighbours, makes them spoil
A whole province, and batter down goodly
Cities with the cannon.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

— Kings do often grant
That happiness to others, which themselves do want.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort

— That's an unhappy state,
When kings must fear to love, lest subjects hate.

Goffe's Courageous Turk.

Happy's that prince, that ere he rules, shall know,
Where the chief errors of his state do grow.

Swetnam, the Woman Hater.

— For a king
Not to be forced, is a glorious state ;
But not persuaded, is a dang'rous fate.

For tho' the faults of private men, may be
Stay'd in themselves : A prince's may redound,
And be reflex'd on thousands : Thus at sea,
Men by a ship-boy's fault are rarely drown'd ;
But if the pilot shall a fault commit,
They're cast upon the ground, or sunk, or split.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

Oh

Oh ! why do princes love to be deceiv'd ?
 And ev'n do force abuses on themselves ?
 Their ears are so with pleasing speech beguil'd ;
 That truth they malice, flatt'ry truth account :
 And their own soul and understanding lost ;
 Go, what they are, to seek in other mens.

Nero:

— Oh the miserable
 Condition of a prince ! who though he vary
 More shapes than *Proteus*, in his mind and manners ;
 He cannot win an universal suffrage,
 From the many-headed monster, multitude :
 Like *Aesop's* foolish frogs, they trample on him,
 As on a senseless block, if his government be easy ;
 And if he prove a stork, they croke, and rail
 Against him as a tyrant.

Maffinger's Emperor of the East.

— Wherefore pay you
 This adoration to a sinful creature ?
 I'm flesh and blood, as you are ; sensible
 Of heat, and cold ; as much a slave unto
 The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest
 Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes
 By oil'd-tongue flatt'ry impos'd upon us,
 As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,
 The deputy of heaven, and in that
 Omnipotent ; with all false titles else,
 Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,
 And by the breath of sycophants apply'd,
 Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.
 We may give poor men riches ; confer honours
 On undeservers ; raise, or ruin such
 As are beneath us ; and with this puff'd up,
 Ambition would persuade us to forget
 That we are men : But he that sits above us,
 And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are
 But pageant properties ; derides our weakness :
 In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent :

Can

Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
 That bow unto my scepter ? or restore
 My mind to that tranquillity, and peace
 It then enjoy'd ? can I make *Eudoxia* chaste ?
 Or vile *Paulinus* honest ?

Maffinger's Emperor of the East.

— I bow, and give
 My crown, pray take it ; and with it, give me leave
 To tell you, what it brings the hapless wearer,
 Beside the out-side glory : For I am
 Read in the miserable fate of kings.
 You think it glorious to command, but are
 More subject than the poorest pays you duty ;
 And must obey your fears, your want of sleep,
 Rebellion from your vassals, wounds ev'n from
 Their very tongues, whose quietness you sweat for ;
 For whose dear health you waste and fright your
 Strength to paleness, and your blood into a frost.
 You are not certain of a friend or servant,
 'To build your faith upon ; your life is but
 Your subject's murmur, and your death their sacrifice.

Shirley's Politician.

— When kings leave
 Their justice, and throw shame upon despisers ;
 Patience so wounded, turns a fury.

Shirley's Young Admiral.

A king that fosters men so dipt in blood ;
 May be call'd merciful, but never good.

Sam. Rowley's Noble Spanish Soldier.

— Oh happy kings
 Whose thrones are raised in their subjects hearts !

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.

O 'tis our folly, folly, my dear friend,
 Because we see th' activity of states,
 To flatter them with false eternity !
 Why longer than the dweller lasts the house ?
 Why shoud the world be always, and not man ?

Sure

Sure Kingdoms are as mortal as their kings,
And stay but longer for their period.

Gomersall's Lodovick Sforza.

'Tis true, indulgency, and flattery,
Take away the benefit of experience
From princes ; which ennobles the fortunes
Of private men.

Marmyon's Antiquary.

A prince governs now, which has the name of
Mercy, as well as pow'r ; which he truly knows,
And in his first deeds desires to shew on
You. He does not think he is then like *Jove*
When he can thunder, but when he can hold
It in ; not when he is the voice of death,
But when he sits harmless, with the power
Of death about him. Revenge, and Torments,
Executions, are not expressions of a king ;
But a destruction : He rivals not
Th' immortal pow'rs, in temples, statues,
Adoration, but transcendent virtues,
Divine performances : these are th' additions,
By which he climbs to heaven, and appears
A God on earth.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

— 'Tis not enough to be
But born a prince ; our greatest royalty
Lies in our acts : If we have greatest parts
In reverence, let's have so in deserts.

Baron's Mirza.

Oh the state of princes !
How far are we from that security,
We dream't of, in th' expectance of our crown ?
Were foreign dangers nothing, yet we nourish
Our ruin in our bosom : *Vallenzo* is a traitor,
So is *Piero* too ; and who is not in this age ?
It is unsafe not to suspect ourself.

Sicily and Naples.

Reason

Reason sit still, enthron'd in thine own state ;
 'Tis passion only ruins kings, not fate.

Sicily and Naples.

— — — — — The faults kings do,
 Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,
 For all to see, and seeing tremble at :
 It's not a single ill, which you commit ;
 What in the subject is a petty fault,
 Monsters your actions, and's a foul offence ;
 You give your subjects licence to offend,
 When you do teach them how.

Hemmings's Fatal Contract.

Kings aim their subjects, when they break their laws.

Hemmings, Ibid.

'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings,
 For to delight in wounds and murderings.
 As some plants prosper best, by cuts and blows ;
 So kings by killing, do encrease their foes.

Herrick.

That prince must govern with a gentle hand,
 That will have love comply with his command.

Ibid.

Thou art deceiv'd ; 'twas not his hand,
 But the just hand of heav'n that whips my sins,
 And through my veins pours out the innocent blood
 Which I had spilt before ; the hand that holds
 The equal balance to discern the weight
 'Twixt princes justice and their tyranny,
 Measures their blessings and their plagues alike,
 To their fair virtues or black infamies ;
 And makes the horrid acts of murd'rous minds
 But instruments of plague to punish guilt ;
 And pay us in the coin with which we hop'd
 To buy our glutt'rous surfeits. Such is the state
 Of prince's privilege, that we may run
 Into the depth of sin, and uncontrol'd
 Pull vengeance on our heads ; while the smooth hand
 Of pest'lent flatt'ry clasps us on the back,

And

And gives us edge to villany, till they see
 Mis'ry and desolation close us round ;
 Then they fly back, and gaze, as on a place
 Stricken with furious thunder in a storm :
 When ev'ry vulgar hand has laws, and fear
 Of prying authority to hold him back,
 And friendly enemies to upbraid him with
 His faults, and keep him in the bounds of mercy ;
 Only our heights bereave us of these helps ;
 And we are footh'd in vices, till we run
 Beyond the reach of grace, and stand within
 The shot of heaviest vengeance, which seldom comes
 Short of our merits.

Jones's Adraſſa.

Kings rais'd to heav'n, by an unskilful pen ;
 Scarce look, when made ill gods, so well as men.

Sir W. Davenant to the King.

For from the monarch's virtue, subjects take
 Th' ingredient which does publick virtue make :
 At his bright beam they all their tapers light,
 And by his dial set their motion right.

Sir W. Davenant on the Restauration.

1. O, you are wife,
 And constant to yourselves ; had you but any share
 Of love for me, you would unking me straight,
 And then teach me a sudden way to be no monster.

2. A monster, sir ! we understand you not.

1. What am I else, that still beneath
 Two bodies groan, the nat'r al and the politick
 By force compounded of most diff'rent things.

How wearisome, and how unlucky is
 The essence of a king ; gentle, yet by
 Constraint severe ; just in our nature, yet
 We must dissemble ; our very virtues are
 Taken from us, only t'augment our sway ?

2. Your judgment is too cruel of yourself.

1. In what's our pity, or our kindness more
 Express'd, than when we father other's crimes ?

As if it were a great prerogative
 To make the guilty safe. Our wealth serves but
 'To keep mens hopes in pay ; only happy
 When we can purchase friends, because they share
 And ease the glorious torment of our power.

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

Kings are but royal slaves, and pris'ners too ;
 'They always toil, and always guarded go.

Alexander Brome.

Henceforth, sir, be every body's king ;
 And then you are yourself : Lend equal ears
 'To what all say ; and like a skilful chymist
 Draw the quick spirit off from ev'ry council,
 And from your wife breast breath it as your own.

Sir R. Howard's Great Favourite.

The gods that in my fortunes were unkind ;
 Gave me not scepters, nor such gilded things ;
 But whilst I wanted crowns, inlarg'd my mind,
 To despise scepters, and dispose of kings.

Sir R. Howard's Indian Queen.

And when the crown's once gain'd, there needs no fears :
 Crimes change their natures then, or men change theirs.

Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.

For nothing can old monarchs more offend ;
 Than when their successors we much commend.

E. of Orrery's Mustapha.

What poor things are kings !
 What poorer things are nations to obey
 Him, whom a petty passion does command ?
 Fate, why was man made so ridiculous ?
 Oh I am mortal. Men but flatter me.
 Oh fate ! Why were not kings made more than men ?
 Or why will people have us to be more ?
 Alas ! we govern others, but ourselves
 We cannot rule ; as our eyes that do see
 All other things, but cannot see themselves.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

You hate a prince, unless he'll tamely bear
 Partners in pow'r ; let senates have a share.
 Where laws, and domineering senates reign,
 Princes are slaves in purple, knaves in grain ;
 Sword-bearers to a many-headed lord,
 I mean the crowd, and weak upon record :
 For ev'ry law made by the state, implies,
 That princes are defective, senates wise.

Crown's Caligula

K I S S . E S.

If I prophane with my unworthy hand
 This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this ;
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
 To smooth the rough touch with a tender kiss.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

— Then kiss'd me hard,
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
 That grew upon my lips.

Shakespear's Othello.

The kiss,

Which at the face began, transplanted is
 Since to the hand, since to th'imperial knee,
 Now at the papal foot delights to be.
 If kings think that the nearer way, and do
 Rise from the foot ; lovers may do so too.

Dr. Donne.

— We'll point our speech
 With am'rous kissing, kissing-commas, and ev'n suck
 The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Marston's First Part of Antonio and Mellida.

He kiss'd her with that greediness of affection,
 As if his lips had been as red as yours.
 I look'd still when he would be black in th'mouth,
 Like boys with eating hedge-berries.

Middleton's More Diffembleres besides Women.

Kiss the tear from her lip, you'll find the rose
 The sweeter for the dew.

Webster's Devil's Law Case.

Kiss

Kiss you at first, my lord ! 'tis no fair fashion;
 Our lips are like rose-buds, blown with mens breaths,
 They lose both sap and favour.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover.

— May I taste
 'The nectar of her lip ? I do not give it
 'The praise it merits : Antiquity is too poor
 To help me with a simile t'express her :
 Let me drink often from this living spring,
 'To nourish new invention.

Maffinger's Emperor of the East.

— Never man before
 More blest ; nor like this kiss hath been another,
 But when two dangling cherries kiss'd each other :
 Nor, ever beauties like, met at such closes,
 But in the kisses of two damask roses.
 Oh, how the flow'rs prest with their treadings on them,
 Strove to cast up their heads to look upon them !
 How jealously the buds that so had seen them,
 Sent forth the sweetest smells to step between them ;
 As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their pow'rs,
 Once known of them, they might neglect the flow'rs.
 How often wish'd Amyntas with his heart,
 His ruddy lips from hers might never part ;
 And that the heav'ns this gift were then bequeathing,
 To feed on nothing, but each others breathing.

Brown's Pastorals.

Whose kisses raise between them such a fire,
 That should the *Phoenix* see, he to expire
 Would shun the spicy mountain ; and so take
 Himself between their lips, a grave to make.

Randolph.

Now you that taste of *Hymen's cheer*,
 See that your lips do meet so near,
 That cockles may be tutor'd there.

Randolph.

Now

Now let us kiss ; would you be gone ?
 Manners at least allows me one :
 Blush you at this ? Pretty one stay,
 And I will take that kiss away,
 Thus with a second ; and that too
 A third wipes off ; so will we go
 To numbers that the stars out-run,
 And all the atoms in the sun :
 For though we kiss till *Phæbus'* ray
 Sink in the seas, and kissing stay
 Till his bright beams return again ;
 There can of all but one remain :
 And if for one, good manners call,
 In one, good manners, grant me all.
 Are kisses all ? They but fore-run
 Another duty to be done :
 What would you of that minstrel say
 That tunes his pipes, and will not play ?
 Say what are blossoms in their prime,
 That ripen not in harvest time ?
 Or what are buds that ne'er disclose
 The long'd-for sweetnes of the rose ?
 So kisses to a lover's guest
 Are invitations, not the feast.

Randolph.

Thus while she sleeps, gods do descend, and kiss ;
 They lend all others breath, but borrow this.

Cartwright's Siege.

What, for practice sake
 Kissing your woman ? Lord, how lady's lips
 Hate idleness, and will be busy'd, when
 The rest lies fallow ; and rather than want action,
 Be kind within themselves, an't be t'enjoy
 But the poor pleasure of contemplation !

Main's City Match.

Kiss

Kiss me, tremble not.
 Fie, what a *January* lip thou hast !
 A pair of icicles ! sure, thou hast bought
 A pair of cast lips of the chaste *Diana's* ;
 Thy blood's mere snow-broth, kis me again. —

Hemings's Fatal Contract.

Kissing, and buffing, differ both in this ;
 We buses out wantons, but our wives we kiss.

Herrick.

Thus spake she ; and with fix'd continu'd fight,
 The duke did all her bashful beauties view ;
 Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight ;
 Like flow'rs still sweeter as they thicker grew.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Her kisses faster, though unknown before,
 Than blossoms fall on parting spring, she strew'd ;
 Than blossoms sweeter, and in number more.

Ibid.

1. What's to do ? 2. I must blush a while.
 1. Blushes are for the morning of love ; we
 Have travell'd many tedious hours since that,
 And without any refreshment, except
 Baiting now and then a kiss : Those lips are
 Delightful places, but not the end of the journey.

Crown's City Politicks.

K N O W L E D G E.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation ;
 How in his cradle first he fostred was ;
 And judge of nature's cunning operation,
 How things she formed of a formless mass :
 By knowledge we do learn our selves to know ;
 And what to man, and what to God we owe.

Spenser.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
 That I with knowledge might enrich my mind ;
 Since the desire to know, first made men fools,
 And did corrupt the root of all mankind ?

For when God's hand, had written in the hearts

Of our first parents, all the rules of good ;

So that their skill infus'd, surpas'd all arts

That ever were before, or since the flood :

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,

And as an eagle's can behold the sun,

Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near

As th' intellectual angels could have done ;

Ev'n then to them the sp'rit of lies suggests,

That they were blind, because they saw not ill ;

And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts

A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

From that same ill, they straight desir'd to know ;

Which ill being nought, but a defect of good,

In all God's works the devil could not show,

While man, their lord, in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,

Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain ;

Like him, that knew not poison's pow'r to kill,

Until by tasting it, himself was slain.

Ev'n so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,

Where they sought knowledge, they did error find ;

Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did ;

And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see

Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,

Of nakednes, of shame, of poverty ;

Which then their own experience made 'em know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more

Could the fair forms of good and truth discern ;

Bats they became, who eagles were before,

And this they got by their desire to learn.

But

K N O

But we, their wretched off-spring, what do we ?

Do not we still taste of the truth forbid ;
While with fond fruitless curiosity,

In books profane, we seek for knowledge hid ?

What is this knowledge, but the sky-stoll'n fire,
For which the thief still chain'd in ice doth sit ;
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it ?

What is it, but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when Jove's guest embrac'd, he monsters got ?
Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd with pain,
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not ?

In fine, what is it, but the fiery coach,
Which the youth sought, and sought his death withal ?
Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall ?

And yet, alas ! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent ;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
Which yields mens wit both help and ornament ;

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When error clouds the windows of the mind ?
The divers forms of things how can we learn ;
That have been ever from our birth-day blind ?

Sir John Davies.

— Another's knowledge

Apply'd to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge, how to inform acts ;
The sun's rich radiance shot through waves most fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i'th' air ;
His beams that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flaming fire ;
In fire his fervor but as vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarifies :

And

And the almighty wisdom, having given
 Each man within himself an apter light
 To guide his acts, than any light without him ;
 Creating nothing, not in all things equal :
 It seems a fault in any that depend
 On others knowledge, and exile their own.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

Oh how the soul, with all her might,
 Doth her celestial forces strain,
 That so she may attain the light
 Of natures wonders ; which remain
 Hid from our eyes ! we strive in vain
 To seek out things that are unsure :
 In sciences to seem profound,
 We dive so deep, we find no ground ;
 And the more knowledge we procure,
 The more it doth our minds allure,
 Of mysterys the depth to sound :
 Thus our desires we never bound ;
 Which by degrees, thus drawn on still,
 The memory may not endure ;
 But like the tubs which *Danaus'* daughters fill,
 Doth drink no oftner, than constrain'd to spill.

E. of Sterline's Cræsus.

The mind of man, is this world's true dimension ;
 And knowledge is the measure of the mind :
 And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,
 Contains more worlds than all the world can find :
 So knowledge doth itself far more extend,
 Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

Lord Brooke on Human Learning.

For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
 And is to others icy opium.
 As brave, as true, is that profession then,
 Which you do use to make ; that you know man.

Dr. Donne.

There's nothing makes man feel his miseries,
But knowledge only ; reason, that is plac'd
For man's director, is his chief afflictor.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

Those only may be truly said to know,
Whose knowledge, pays their country what they owe.

Lady Alimony.

Before by death, you never knowledge gain ;
For to encrease your knowledge you must dye :
Tell me, if all the learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this life rely ?

Is not the learning which we knowledge call,
Our own but by opinion, and in part ?
Not made intirely certain, nor to all ;
And is not knowledge but disputed art ?

And tho' a bad, yet 'tis a forward guide ;
Who, vexing at the shortness of the day,
Doth, to o'ertake swift time, still onward ride ;
Whilst we still follow, and still doubt our way.

A guide, who ev'ry step proceeds with doubt ;
Who guessingly her progress doth begin ;
And brings us back where first she led us out,
To meet dark midnight at our restless inn.

It is a plummet to so short a line,
As sounds no deeper than the founder's eyes ;
The people's meteor, which not long can shine,
Nor far above the middle region rise.

This spy from schools gets ill intelligence,
Where art imposing rules, oft gravely errs ;
She steals to nature's closet, and from thence
Brings nought but undecypher'd characters.

She doth, like *India's* last discov'r's, boast
Of adding to old Maps ; tho' she has been
But sailing by some clear and open coast ;
Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

False learning wanders upward more and more;

Knowledge, for such there is in some degree,
Still vainly, like the eagle, loves to soar,
Though it can never to the highest see.

For error's mist doth bound the spirit's sight;

As clouds, which make earth's arched roof seem low,
Restrain the body's eyes: and still when light
Grows clearer upward, heav'n must higher shew.

And as good men, whose minds tow'rds Godhead rise,

Take heaven's height high'r than they can express;
So from that height they lower things despise,
And oft contract earth's littleness to less.

Of this forbidden fruit, since we but gain

A taste, by which we only hungry grow;
We merely toil to find our study's vain,
And trust to schools, for what they cannot know.

If knowledge be the coin of souls, 'tis set

Above the standard of each common reign;
And, like a medal of God's cabinet,
Is seldom shewn, and soon put up again.

For though in one blest age much sway it bears,

Yet to the next, it oft becomes unknown;
Unless, like long hid medals, it appears
In counterfeits, and for deceit be shewn.

If heav'n with knowledge did some one endue

With more than the experience of the dead;
To teach the living more than life e'er knew
In schools, where all succession may be bred:

Then, as in courts, mere strangers bashfully

At first their walk tow'rds private doors begin;
But bolder grow, when those they open spy,
And, being enter'd, beckon others in:

So to each studious cell, which would appear,
 Like nature's privy lodgings, my address
 I first by stealth would make ; but ent'ring there,
 I should grow bold, and give to all access.

Sir W. Davenant's *Philosopher to the Christian.*

We, for their knowledge, men inspir'd adore ;
 • Not for those truths they hide, but those they show ;
 And vulgar reason finds, that none knows more
 Than that which he can make another know.

Sir W. Davenant, *Ibid.*

If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
 Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
 When, like a bridegroom, from the *East*, the sun
 Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run :
 Into earth's spungy veins the ocean sinks,
 Those rivers to replenish, which he drinks :
 So learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
 Back to the source, some secret channel brings.
 'Tis happy, when our streams of knowledge flow
 To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

Denham.

Though knowledge does beget both joy and love,
 Yet vice and sorrow too her issue prove ;
 Press'd with the last, the greatest numbers show ;
 And the world's seeming mischief is, to know.

Sir R. Howard's *Vestal Virgin.*

For in much wisdom lies much grief; and those
 That increase knowledge, but increase their woes.

Alex. Brome.

L A W.

L A W.

WE have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep ;
Ev'n like an oe'r grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use ; in time the rod's
More mock'd than fear'd : So our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Shakespear's Measure for Masure.

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

Shakespear's, Ibid.

Since I am free,
Offending no just law ; let no law make
By any wrong it does, my life her slave :
When I am wrong'd, and that law fails to right me,
Let me be king myself, as man was made,
And do a justice that exceeds the law :
If my wrong pass the pow'r of single valour
To right and expiate ; then be you my king,
And do a right, exceeding law and nature :
Who to himself is law, no law doth need ;
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

Chapman's Buffy D'ambois.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
 Unto a like infinity arise ;
 As b'ing a science that by nature breeds
 Contention, strife, and ambiguities :
 For altercation controversy feeds,
 And in her agitation multiplies :
 The field of cavil lying all like wide,
 Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave *Castilian* king devise
 A prohibition, that no advocate
 Should be convey'd to th' *Indian* colonies ;
 Lest their new settling, shaken with debate,
 Might take but slender root ; and so not rise
 To any perfect growth of firm estate :
 For having not this skill how to contend,
 Th' unquarish'd strife would quickly make an end.

Daniel on Lord Keeper Egerton.

Laws, the next pillars be, with which we deal,
 As sod tifries of ev'ry common-weal ;
 Or rather nets, which people do ask leave,
 That they to catch their freedoms in, may weave ;
 And still add more unto the sultan's pow'r,
 By making their own frames themselves devour.
 These *Lesbian* rules, with shew of real grounds,
 Giving right, narrow ; will, transcendent bounds.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Since multitude of laws are signs either of
 Much tyranny in the prince, or much
 Rebellious disobedience in the subject ;
 We rather think it fit to study, how
 To have our old laws thoroughly executed ;
 Than to have new statutes cumbrously invented.

Marston's Farwn.

You oft call parliaments, and there enact
 Laws good and wholesome, such as who so break
 Are hung by the purse or neck : But as the weak

And

And smaller flies i'the spider's web are ta'en,
 When great ones tear the web, and free remain ;
 So may that moral tale of you be told,
 Which once the wolf related : In the fold
 The shepherds kill'd a sheep, and eat him there ;
 The wolf look'd in, and see'ng them at such cheer,
 Alas ! quoth he, should I touch the least part
 Of what you tear, you would pluck out my heart.
 Great men make laws, that whosoe'er draws blood
 Shall dye; but if they murder flocks, 'tis good :
 I'll go eat my lamb at home, sir.

Dekker's Match me in London.

- 1. Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy ?
- 2. Why, going to law.
- 1. Why will that make a man melancholy ?
- 2. Yes, to look long upon ink and black

Buckram—I went to law *in anno*

Quadragesimo secundo; and I

Waded out of it, *in anno sexagesimo tertio*.

- 1. What ! three and twenty years in law ?
- 2. I have known those that have been five and fifty,
 And all about pullets and pigs.
- 1. May it be possible such men should breathe,
 To vex the terms so much ?
- 2. 'Tis food to some,

My lord. There are old men at the present,
 That are so poison'd with th' affectation
 Of law-words, having had many suits canvass'd ;
 That their common talk is nothing but barb'rous
Latin : They cannot so much as pray, but
 In law, that their sins may be remov'd, with
 A *writ of error*, and their souls fetch'd up
 To heaven with a *certiorari*.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

This wretch, that lov'd, before his food, his strife,
 This punishment falls even with his life ;
 His pleasure was vexation, all his bliss.

The torment of another :
 Their hurt his health, their starved hope his store ;
 Who so loves law, dies either mad or poor.

Middleton's Phoenix.

1. Still in law ?
 2. I had not breath'd else now ; 'tis very marrow,
 Very marrow to me, to be in law :
 I had been dead ere this else. I have found
 Such sweet pleasure in the vexations of others,
 That I could wish my years over and over again,
 To see that fellow a beggar ; that bawling knave a
 gentleman :

A matter brought ev'n t'a judgment to day,
 As far as e'er it was, to begin again to-morrow.
 Oh raptures ! here a writ of *demur*,
 There a *procedendo* ; here a *certiorari*,
 There a *capiendo* ; tricks, delays, money-laws !
 I have been a term-trotter myself these five
 And forty years ; a goodly time, and a gracious !
 In which space, I have been at least sixteen times
 Beggar'd, and got up again ; and in the mire again,
 That I have funk again, and yet got up again.
 Nay more, (*in felici horâ* be it spoken)
 You see I am old, yet have at this present,
 Nine and twenty suits in law, and all not worth forty
 shillings.

The pleasure of man is all :
 A stake pull'd out of my hedge, there's one :
 I was weil beaten, I remember, that's two :
 I took one a-bed with my wife, against her will ; that's
 three ;

Was call'd cuckold for my labour, that's four ;
 I took another a-bed with her, that's five :
 And then one call'd me wittal, that's the sixth ;
 He kill'd my dog for barking, that's seven ;
 My maid-servant was kiis'd at that time, eight ;
 My wife miscarry'd with a push, nine ;

Et

Et sic de cæteris.

I have so vex'd and beggar'd the whole parish
 With *processes*, *subpæna's*, and such like molestations,
 They are not able to spare so much ready money
 From a term, as would set up a new weather cock :
 The church-wardens are fain to go law
 With the poor's money : And I so fetch up all the men
 Ev'ry term-time, that 'tis impossible
 To be at civil cuckoldry within ourselves,
 Unless the whole country rise upon our wives.

2. O' my faith a pretty policy.

3. Nay, an excellent stratagem :

But of all I most wonder at the continual
 Substance of thy wit, that having had so
 Many suits in law from time to time, thou
 Hast still money to relieve them.

1. Why do you so much wonder at that ? Why this is
 my course.

My mare and I come up some five days 'fore the term,,
 Here I lodge, as you see, among inns and places
 Of most receipt ; by which advantage I
 Dive into the countrymens causes, furnish them
 With knavish council, little to their profit ;
 Buzzing into their ears, this course, that writ,
 This office, that *ultimum refugium* ;
 As you know I have words enough for the purpose.

2. Enough a conscience in faith.

1. Enough in law, no matter for conscience ;
 For which busy laborious sweating courtesy,
 They cannot chuse but feed me with money,
 By which I maintain mine own suits.

Another special trick I have, which is
 To prefer most of those men to one attorney
 Whom I affect best ; to answer which kindness of mine,
 He'll sweat the better in my cause, and do them
 'The less good ; take it of my word, I help'd
 My attorney to more clients the last term,

Than he will dispatch all his life-time: I did it.

Middleton's Phoenix.

The good needs fear no law;

It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

Maffinger, Middleton, and Rowley's Old Law.

We are of the condition of some great

Men in office; that desire execution

Of the laws, not so much to correct offences

And reform the commonwealth; as to thrive

By their punishment, and grow rich and fat

With a clear conscience.

Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.

If we offend the law,

The law may punish us; which only strives

To take away excess, not the necessity

Or use of what's indiff'rent: And is made

Or good or bad by 't's use.

Nabbs's Covent-Garden.

We see

Thieves daily hang'd for robberies; yet some

Go on still in the practice! What a fine

Is set upon the head of foul adultery,

And yet our neighbours wives can hardly 'scape us!

There are laws against extortion, and fad

Penalties set upon bribes;

Yet great mens hands have their forefathers itch!

Prisons are fill'd with bankrupts; yet we see

How crafty merchants often wrong their creditors,

And Londoners fly to live at Amsterdam!

Richard Brome's English Moor.

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;

But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

Herrick.

Your clemency has taught us to believe

It wise, as well as virtuous, to forgive.

And now the most offended shall proceed

In great forgiving, till no laws we need:

For

For laws slow progresses would quickly end,
 Could we forgive, as fast as men offend.
 Revenge of past offences is the cause
 Why peaceful minds consented to have laws :
 Yet plaintiffs and defendants much mistake
 Their cure, and their diseases lasting make ;
 For to be reconcil'd, and to comply,
 Would prove their cheap and shortest remedy.
 The length and charge of law vex all that sue ;
 Laws punish many, reconcile but few.
 Intire forgiveness, thus deriv'd from you,
 Does clients reconcile and factions too.

Sir W. Davenant on the Restoration.

Yet since on all war never needful was,
 Wise Aribert did keep the people sure
 By laws from little dangers ; for the laws
 Them from themselves, and not from pow'r secure.

Else conquerors, by making laws, o'ercome
 Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens fury free :
 Who growing deaf to pow'r, the laws grow dumb ;
 Since none can plead, where all may judges be.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Strict laws, are like steel bodice, good for growing
 Limbs ;
 But when the joints are knit, they are not helps,
 But burdens.

Fane's Love in the dark.

For that is made a righteous law by time,
 Which law at first did judge the highest crime.

E. of Orrery's Mustapha.

L E A R N I N G.

Why, all delights are vain ; but that most vain,
 Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain ;
 As painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth ; while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eye-sight of his look :

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile ;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies ;
Your light grows dark, by losing of your eyes.

Study is like the heav'ns glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with sawcy looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to ev'ry fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame ;
And ev'ry godfather can give a name.

Shakespeare's Love's Labour's lost.

His learning favours not the school-like glo's,
That most consists in echoing words and terms ;
And soonest wins a man an empty name :
Nor only long or far-fetch'd circumstance,
Wrapp'd in the curious gen'ralties of arts :
But a direct and analytick sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.

Johnson's Poetaster.

Man must not therefore rashly science scorn,
But chuse, and read with care ; since learning is
A bunch of grapes sprung up among the thorns ;
Where, but by caution, none the harm can miss :
Nor arts true riches read to understand,
But shall, to please his taste, offend his hand.

Lord Brooke on Human Learning.

Learning was first made pilot to the world,
And in the chair of contemplation,
Many degrees above the burning clouds
He'd in his hand the nine-leaf'd marble book,
Drawn full of silver lines and golden stars.
But farther, it was learning's place,
Till empty outsides, shadows dawb'd with gold
Pluck'd him down headlong, then he lost his wits,

And

And ever since lives zany to the world ;
 Turns pageant-poet, toiler to the press ;
 Makes himself cheap, detested, his'd, and stale
 To every bubble and dull groom :
 Who, for his outsides gawdy, will presume
 To make poor wit a hackney to his pride :
 And with blunt rowell'd jests spur-gall his side,
 Till his soul bleed. O, I am more than mad,
 To see mere shadows, censure and controul
 The substance, worthier both in sense and soul.

Day's Law Tricks.

Learning and arts are theories, no practicks :
 To understand is all they study to ;
 Men strive to know too much, too little do.

Middleton and Rowley's World toss'd at Tennis.

Learning is an addition beyond
 Nobility of birth ; honour of blood,
 Without the ornament of knowledge, is
 But a glorious ignorance.

Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.

What fab'lous errors learning is attended with ?
 Plato's five worlds, their sempiternity,
 Pythagoras' transmigration, and opinions,
 Judgment would blush to father.

Nabbs's Covent-Garden.

1. How does learning flourish now
In Athens ?
2. Just as virtue at the court ;
For with the times affecting ignorance,
It has banish'd true industrious labour thence ;
And vicious looseness finding none resist,
Has so engross'd the most refined wits,
And by the terrors of her sensual threats,
Bred such deluding crocodiles in their brains,
That like the thrifty swift Egyptian dogs,
They scarcely taste of those fair seven-fold streams,

Into

Into whose depth their industry should dive :
 And having only got a seeming face
 Of superficial knowledge, 'mongst the gross,
 And beast-like sense-conceiving multitude ;
 They most ambitiously seek and pursue
 Vulgar applause for their poor outside skill ;
 And by such mud-wall stairs, do often rise
 Up to the top of abus'd dignities.

Jones's Adraſta.

Whoe'er, said he, in thy first story looks,
 Shall praise thy wise conversing with the dead :
 For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
 And in the camp, death's moving palace, bred.

Wise youth, in books and battles early finds
 What thoughtless lazy men perceive too late ;
 Books shew the utmost conquests of our minds ;
 Battles, the best of our lov'd bodies fate.

Yet this great breeding, join'd with king's high blood,
 Whose blood ambition's fever over-heats
 May spoil digestion, which would else be good :
 As stomachs are deprav'd with highest meats.

For though books serve as diet to the mind ;
 If knowledge early got, self value breeds,
 By false digestion it is turn'd to wind :
 And what should nourish, on the eater feeds.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

The learned teach, but what they teach, not do ;
 And standing still themselves, make others go.

Denham.

L E G A C Y.

Think upon the deed ;
 Think on your own decrepid age ; and know
 That day, by nature's possibility,
 Cannot be far from hence, when you must leave
 Those wealthy hoards that you so basely lov'd,

And

And carry nothing with thee, but the guilt
 Of impious getting : Then, if you would give
 To pious uses, what you cannot keep,
 Think what a wretched charity it is ?
 And know this act shall leave a greater stain
 On your detested memory, than all
 Those seeming deeds of charity can have
 A pow'r to wash away ; when men shall say,
 In the next age, this goodly hospital,
 This house of alms, this school, though seeming fair,
 Was the foul issue of a cursed murder,
 And took foundation in a kinsman's blood.
 The privilege that rich men have in evil,
 Is, that they go unpunish'd to the devil.

May's Old Couple.

I gave, when last I was about to die,
 The poets of this isle a legacy ;
 Each so much wealth, as a long union brings
 T'industrious states, or victory to kings :
 So much as hope's clos'd eyes, could wish to see,
 Or tall ambition reach ; I gave them thee :
 But as rich men, who in their sickness mourn
 That they must go, and never more return
 To be glad heirs unto themselves, to take
 Again, what they unwillingly forsake ;
 As those bequeath their treasure when they die,
 Not out of love, but sad necessity ;
 So I, they thought, did cunningly resign
 Rather than give, what could no more be mine :
 And they receiv'd thee not, from bounteous chance,
 Or me, but as their own inheritance.

Sir W. Davenant to Endimion Porter.

L I B E L.

Since they dare not speak ; the pillars now,
 And pasquils will by a more dang'rous way
 Traduce his name, and defamations throw,
 Which wound him worse : Which made *Severus* say,
 That

That he less fear'd a hundred launces, than
Th'impetuous charges of a single pen.

Aelyn's Henry VII.

Interpret counter what is cross rehears'd ;
Libels are commendations when revers'd :
Just as an optick glas contracts the sight
At one end, but when turn'd, doth multiply't.

Cleveland.

You are the only man, whose wealthy muse
Doth furnish all the fiddlers in the state
With desp'rate ballads, and invective songs :
Libels, of such weak fancy and composure,
That we do all esteem it greater wrong
To have our names extant in such paltry
Rhime, than in the slanderous sense.

Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.

L I B E R T Y.

1. Whence comes this restraint ?
2. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty ;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So ev'ry scope by the immod'rate use
Turns to restraint : Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink, we die.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

For like a lion that escapes his bound,
Having been long restrain'd his use to stray,
Ranges the restles woods, stays on no ground,
Riots with blood-shed, wantons on his prey ;
Seeks not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may :
So this unbridl'd king, freed of his fears,
In liberty, himself thus wildy bears.

For standing now alone, he sees his might
Out of the compass of respective awe ;
And now begins to violate all right,
Whilst no restraining fear at hand he saw :
Now he exacts of all, waites in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law : He

He thinks his crown is licens'd to do ill :
That less should lift, that may do what it will.

Daniel's Civil War.

But reason sworn in general to sense,
Makes honour, bondage ; justice an offence :
Till liberty, that fair deceiving light,
Turns mischief to an humour popular ;
Where good men catch'd in nets of duty are.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Our falcon's kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure ;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.

Drayton's Duke of Suffolk to Queen Margaret.

O happy men born under good stars,
Where what is honest you may freely think ;
Speak what you think, and write what you do speak ;
Not bound to servile soothings !

Marston's Fawn.

Liberty is devolved to the son,
Which doth enhance its price ; as you have seen
Something preserv'd with great religion,
Only for this ; It had his grandf're's been :
'Tis priz'd but by conjectural conceit ;
Like an old piece, for which there is no weight.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

A shew of liberty,
When we have lost the substance ; is best kept,
By seeming not to understand those faults,
Which we want power to mend.

May's Cleopatra.

1. What's the quarrel ?
2. Liberty, they say.
1. 'Sfoot, let the king make an act,
That any man may be unmarried again ;
There's liberty for them. A race
Of half-witted fellows quarrel about freedom ;
And all that while, allow the bonds of matrimony !

Suckling's Benvoralt.

Let all go on still in the publick name,
But keep an ear open to particular offers.
Liberty, and publick good, are like great olio's,
Must have the upper end still of our tables,
Though they are but for shew.

Suckling's Brennoral.

If we retain the glory of our ancestors,
Whose ashes will rise up against our dullness ;
Shake off our tameness, and give way to courage ;
We need not doubt, inspir'd with a just rage,
To break the necks of those, that would yoke ours.

Tatham's Distracted State.

For subjects, getting liberty,
Get but a licence to be mad.

Birds that are long in cages aw'd,
If they get out, a while will roam ;
But strait want skill to live abroad,
Then pine and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run
From being pent in banks of flow'rs,
Not knowing that th' exhaling sun
Will send them back in weeping show'rs.

Soon thus for pride of liberty,
I low desires of bondage found ;
And vanity of being free,
Bred the discretion to be bound.
But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchal reign,
Finding their freedom in a state,
Is but proud strutting in a chain.

Sir W. Davenant to George Porter.

This a more innocent, and happy chace
Than when of old, but in the self same place,
Fair liberty purfu'd *, and meant a prey
To lawleſs pow'r here turn'd, and stood at bay.

* Runny Mead, where that great Charter was first seal'd.

When

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that charter * seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down.
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier stile of king and subject bear :
 Happy when both to the same centre move ;
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood ;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took, the more to crave :
 Till kings by giving, give themselves away,
 And ev'n that pow'r, that should deny, betray :
 Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
 Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts, but spoils.
 Thus, 'kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects, by oppression, bold :
 And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,
 Ran to the same extremes : and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, lets.

Denham's Cooper's Hill.

Those ills that mortal men endure,
 So long are capable of cure,
 As they of freedom may be sure :
 But that deny'd ; a grief, though small,
 Shakes the whole roof, or ruins all.

Herrick.

I love my freedom : yet strong prisons can
 Vex but the bad, and not the virtuous man.

Watkins.

* *Magna Charta.*

L I F E.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
 The greater sin, the greater punishment ;
 All those great battles which thou boasts to win
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
 Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent :
 For life must life, and blood must blood repay.

Is not enough thy evil life forespent ?
 For he, that once hath miss'd the right way,
 The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
 But here lie down, and to thy rest betake ;
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may :
 For, what hath life, that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
 Fear, fickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
 And ever-fickle fortune raging rife ;
 All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

The web of our life is of a mingled
 Yarn, good and ill together : Our virtues
 Would be proud, if our faults whipt them not ; and
 Our crimes would despair, if they were not
 Cherish'd by our virtues.

Shakespear's All's Well that ends Well.

Be absolute for death ; or death, or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life ;
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but fools would reck : a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyie influences ;
 That doth this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool,
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun ;
 And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble ;
 For all th' accomodations, that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by basenels : thour't by no means valiant ;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of

Of a poor worm. . Thy best of rest, is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'it ; yet grostly fear'it
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy self ;
 For thou exists on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'it to get ;
 And what thou hast, forget'it. Thou art not certain ;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'it thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none ;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;
 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsy'd eld ; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou'lt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths ; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even !

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Life doth her great actions spell,
 By what was done and wrought
 In season, and so brought
 To light her ; her measures are, how well
 Each syllable answer'd, and was form'd ; how fair
 These make the lines of life, and that's her air.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year
 To fall a log, at last, dry, old, and sear :
 A lily of a day,
 Is fairer far, in *May*,

Although

Although it fall, and die that night ;
 It was the plant, and flow'r of light :
 In small proportions, we just beauties see :
 And in short measures, life may perfect be.

Johnson's Underwoods.

— He makes a state

In life, that can employ it ; and takes hold
 On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
 Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst :
 Each best day of our life escapes us first.
 Then since we, more than many, these truths know ;
 Though life be short, let us not make it so.

Johnson's Epigrams.

But men at once life seem to love, and loath ;
 Running to lose it, and to save it both.

Daniel's Civil War.

Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath ;
 True life, that knows not what's to die, till death.

Daniel's Rosamund.

1. Men by all means this blast of breath prolong.
2. Men should strive to live well, not to live long.

And I would spend this momentary breath,
 To live by fame, for ever after death.

E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.

Then let us live, since all things change below ;

When rais'd most high, as those who once may fall,
 And hold, when by disafters brought more low,

The mind still free, whatever else be thrall :
 These lords of fortune, sweeten ev'ry state ;
 Who can command themselves, tho' not their fate.

Ibid.

Count not how many years he is bereav'd ;
 But those which he possess'd, and had receiv'd :
 If I may tread no longer on this stage,
 Though others think me young ; it is mine age :
 For who so hath his fates full period told,
 He full of years departs, and dieth old.

Brown's Pastorals.

— 'Tis

'Tis a sport to live
 When life is irksome ; if we will not hug
 Prosperity in others, and contemn
 Affliction in our selves.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

Our life is nothing, but a winter's day ;
 Some only break their fast, and so away :
 Others stay dinner, and depart full-fed ;
 The deepest age but sups and goes to bed :
 He's most in debt, that lingers out the day ;
 Who dies betimes, has less, and less to pay.

Quarles.

You'll tell me, man ne'er dies, but changeth life ;
 And happ'ly for a better. He's happiest
 That goes the right way soonest : Nature sent us
 All naked hither ; and all the goods we had
 We only took on credit with the world :
 And that the best of men are but mere borrowers ;
 Though some take longer day.

Richard Brome's Damoiselle.

As clouds of incense 'bove the altars come,
 Yet all those clouds lay treasur'd up i'th' gum ;
 And massy gold rack'd into threads and wire,
 Gains no more weight than when it kept intire ;
 So was thy life : it might gain breadth, and rise,
 And purchase more extent, but not more price.

Llewellyn.

Whose life with care is overcast,
 That man's not said to live, but last :
 Nor is't a life, seven years to tell ;
 But for to live that half seven well.

Herrick.

Life ill preserv'd, is worse than basely lost.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

O trivial property of life ! some do
 Attend the mighty war, and make divinity
 Their yoke ; till for the sport of kings they but
 Augment the number of the dead. Some walk
 In slippery paths of court, and feed on

Silent

Silent smiles ; some travel in the search of
 Human arts, but knowledge is reserv'd ; she
 Sits so high in clouds, we cannot reach her
 With our eye : or if with patient steps we
 To her climb, death says, we cannot reach her
 With our time. For wither'd age arrives, when
 Numb'ring on our griefs, not years, the tedious
 Space of life we straight accuse ; for life is
 Like the span
 Forc'd from a gouty hand ; which, as it gains
 Extent, and active length, the more it pains.

Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.

Our date, how short so e'er, must us content :
 When a good actor doth his part present,
 In ev'ry act he our attention draws,
 That at the last he may find just applause :
 So, though but short, yet we must learn the art
 Of virtue, on this stage to act our part ;
 True wisdom must our actions so direct,
 Not only the least plaudite to expect ;
 But grieve no more, how long that part should last,
 Than husbandmen, because the spring is past :
 The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce ;
 But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for use.

Denham.

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh spring's gawdy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like a wind that chases the flood ;
 Or bubbles which on water stood ;
 Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.
 The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up ; the star is shot ;
 The flight is past ; and man forgot.

*Bishop King.
Then*

L O V E.

Then hark, ye gentle knights, and ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learn to shun ;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious be ;
Yet is the pain thereof, much greater than the fee.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Yet first he cast by treaty and by trains,
Her to persuade, that stubborn fort to yield :
For greater conquest of hard love he gains,
That works it to his will, than he that it constrains.

Spenser, Ibid.

For love I must, and love I will,
Though all the world say no.
The gods I hope will not be mov'd,
Such sharp revenge to take,
On those which err, but in such faults,
As they themselves did make.
Were it dishonour to be kind,
To those we best esteem ;
Great *Jove* himself could not be free,
From such disgrace I deem.

Brandon's Antony to Octavia.

The eagle's feathers consume the feathers
Of all others; and love's desire corrupts
All other virtues.

Lilly's Gallathea.

A heart full of coldness, a sweet full of
Bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness,
Which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts ears; bred
By desire, nurs'd by delight, wean'd by jealousy,
Kill'd by dissembling, buried by
Ingratitude; and this is love.

Lilly, Ibid.

They say, base men, being in love; have then
A nobility in their natures, more
Than is native to them.

Shakespear's Othello.

1. We'll speak of love no more.
2. Nay, if you will, you may,
'Tis but in jest ; and yet so children play
With fiery flames, and covet what is bright ;
But feeling his effects, abhor the light

Shakespear and Rowley's Birth of Merlin.

Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time ;
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it :
There lives within the very flame of love,
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it ;
And nothing is at a like goodnes still :
For goodnes growing to a pleurifie,
Dies in his own too much.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity :
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste :
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd ev'ry where.

Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's Dream.

She never told her love ;
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed ? —
We men may say more, swear more ; but, indeed,
Our shews are more than will : for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Shakespear's Twelfth Night.

I know, I love in vain ; strive against hope ;
 Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
 I still pour in the water of my love,
 And lack not to lose still : thus Indian-like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
 But knows of him no more.

Shakespear's All's Well that ends Well.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
 Th' uncertain glory of an April day ;
 Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
 And, by and by, a cloud takes all away !

Shakespear's two Gentlemen of Verona.

1. Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
2. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreamer rage ;
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
1. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns :
 The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
 But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet musick with th' enamell'd stones ;
 Giving a gentle kis to ev'ry fedge,
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
 And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Ibid.

Come, my *Celia*, let us prove,
 While we can, the sports of love ;
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He, at length, our good will sever :
 Spend not then his gifts in vain ;
 Suns that set, may rise again :
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us, perpetual night.

Johnson's Volpone.
Cupid

Cupid conquers, ere he doth invade.
His victories of lightest trouble prove ;
For there's no labour, where is love.

Johnson's Masques.

If I freely may discover,
What would please me in my lover :
I would have her fair and witty,
Sav'ring more of court, than city ;
A little proud, but full of pity :
Light and humorous in her toying ;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying ;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying :
Neither too easy, nor too hard ;
All extremes I would have barr'd.

Johnson's Poetaaster.

Angry *Cupid*, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame ;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat ;
As in a furnace, some ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me ;
I cannot live, except thou help me, *Mosca* ;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heap of cynders.

Johnson's Volpone.

The body's love is frail ; subject to change,
And alter still with it : The mind is firm,
One and the same ; proceedeth first from weighing,
And well examining what is fair and good :
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners ;
That breeds good will ; good will desire of union :
So knowledge first begets benevolence ;
Benevolence breeds friendship ; friendship love :
And where it starts, or steps aside from this,
It is a meer degenerous appetite,
A lost, oblique, deprav'd affection ;
And bears no mark, or character of love.

Johnson's New Inn.
I could

I could renew those times, when first I saw,
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law,
 To like what you lik'd ; and at masques and plays
 Commend the self-same actors, the same ways ;
 Ask how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, be impertinent :
 All which were such soft pastimes, as in these,
 Love was as subtly catch'd, as a disease ;
 But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
 Which to defend, is harder than to get :
 And ought not be prophan'd, on either part ;
 For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

Johnson's Underwoods.

Love's wars are harmless, for whoe'er does yield ;
 Gains as much honour, as who wins the field.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Love's service, is much like our hum'rous lords,
 Where minions carry more than servitors ;
 The bold and careless servant still obtains :
 The modest and respective nothing gains.

Chapman's All Fools.

1. In love of women, my affection first
 Takes fire out of the frail parts of my blood ;
 Which till I have enjoy'd, is passionate
 Like other lovers ; but fruition past,
 I then love out of judgment ; the desert
 Of her I love, still sticking in my heart,
 Though the desire, and the delight be gone :
 Which must chance still, since the comparison
 Made upon trial 'twixt what reason loves,
 And what affection, makes in me the best
 Ever preferr'd : What most love, valuing least.
2. Thy love being judgment then, and of the mind,
 Marry thy worthiest mistress now being blind.
1. If there were love in marriage, so I would ;
 But I deny that any man doth love,
 Affecting wives, maids, widows, any women ;
 For neither flies love milk, although they drown

In greedy search thereof ; nor doth the bee
 Love honey, though the labour of her life
 Is spent in gath'ring it ; nor those that fat
 Or beasts, or fowls, do any thing therein
 For any love : For, as when only nature
 Moves men to meat, as far as her pow'r rules,
 She doth it with a temp'rate appetite,
 The too much men devour, abhorring nature ;
 And in our most health, is our most disease :
 So, when humanity rules men and women,
 'Tis for society confin'd in reason.
 But what excites the bed's desire in blood,
 By no means justly can be constru'd love ;
 For, when love kindles any knowing spirit,
 It ends in virtue and effects divine ;
 And is in friendship chaste, and masculine.

Chapman's Revenge of Bussy D'ambois.

For love is still

In haste ; and, as a lord that rules alone,
 Admits no counsellor in good nor ill !
 For he and kings gladly give ear to none,
 But such as smooth their ways, and sooth their will.

Daniel's Civil War.

Read it, sweet maid, tho' it be done but lightly :
 Who can shew all his love ; doth love but lightly,

Daniel's Sonnets.

How oft do they miscarry in their love,
 And how disloyal these fine herdsmen prove ;
 You shall perceive how their abundant store
 Pays not their expectation nor desires :
 Witnes these groves, wherein, they oft deplore
 The miserable passions they sustain ;
 And how perfidious, wayward, and unkind
 They find their loves to be ; which we, who are
 The eyes and ears of woods, oft see and hear :
 For hither to these groves they must resort ;
 And here one wails a-part the usage hard

Of

Of her disorder'd, wild, and wilful mate :
 There mourns another her unhappy state,
 Held ever in restraint, and in suspect :
 Another to her trusty confidant,
 Laments how she is match'd to such a one
 As cannot give a woman her content :
 Another grieves how she hath got a fool,
 Whose bed, altho' she loath, she must endure :
 And thus they all, unhappy by that means
 Which they account would bring all happiness ;
 Most wealthily are plagu'd with rich distres.

Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
 All remedies refusing ;
 A plant that with most cutting grows,
 Most barren with best using :
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoy'd it sighing cries,
 Hey, ho. ——————

Love, is a torment of the mind,
 A tempest everlasting ;
 And *Love* hath made it of a kind
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting :
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
 If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
 Hey, ho ——————

Ibid.

Ah, I remember well, and how can I
 But evermore remember well, when first
 Our flame begun ; when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt : When as we sat and sigh'd,
 And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
 Not what we ail'd ; yet something we did ail ;
 And yet were well ; and yet we were not well :
 And what was our disease, we could not tell :
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look : And thus
 In that first garden of our simplenels

I 4

We

We spent our Childhood : But when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge ; ah how then
 Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
 Check my presumption, and my forwardness,
 Yet still would give me flow'rs ; still would me shew
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.

Love is a joy which upon pain depends ;
 A drop of sweet, drown'd in a sea of fours ;
 What folly doth begin, oft fury ends ;
 They hate for ever, who have lov'd for hours.

E. of Sterline's Cræsus.

Love spreads the wit to play, but not to arm ;
 Hath many feet to walk an easy pace,
 Slow to mistrust, and never apt to harm.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Reason must judge of love, not love of it ;
 Else shall love ground of ev'ry mischief be :
 For murther, theft, adultery, and spight,
 Are but love of revenge, and others right.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Art thou offended that thou art belov'd ?
 Remove the cause, the effect is soon remov'd :
 Indent with beauty how far to extend,
 Set down desire a limit where to end ;
 Then charm thine eyes, that they no more may wound,
 And limit love to keep within a bound :
 If thou do this ; nay, then thou shalt do more ;
 And bring to pass, what never was before :
 Make anguish sportive, craving all delight :
 Mirth solemn, fullen, and inclin'd to night ;
 Ambition lowly ; envy speaking well ;
 Love his relief for niggardise to sell.

Drayton's Black Prince to the Countess of Salisbury.

Love's but a card-play, all is lost
 Unless you cog ; he that packs best, wins most.

Dekker's Wonder of a Kingdom.

Soul,

Soul, I must love her ; destiny is weak to my affection,
 A common love : Blush not saint breast,
 That which is ever lov'd of most, is best ;
 Let colder eld the strong'st objections move ;
 No love's without some lust, no life without some love.

Marston's Dutch Courtezan.

Still I'm thy captive, yet thy thoughts are free :
 To be love's bond-man, is true liberty.

Marston's Infatiate Countess.

He that loveth many, if once known ;
 Is justly plagu'd to be belov'd of none.

Marston's Fawn.

Triumphant Cupid that sleeps on the soft cheek
 Of rarest beauty ; whose throne's in ladies eyes ;
 Whose force writh'd lightning from Jove's shaking hand,
 Forc'd strong Alcides to resign his club ;
 Pluck'd Neptune's trident from his mighty arm ;
 Unhelmed Mars ; he, (with these trophies born,
 Led in but sloth, pride, plenty, drunkenness,
 Follow'd by folly, war, slaughter, beggary)
 Takes his fair throne.

Ibid.

I'll tell you just how long love's bred in the blood ;
 Prospers as long as beauty's in the bud :
 When beauty withers, lustful love grows cold ;
 And ere it be half ripe, 'tis rotten old.

Day's Law Tricks.

Ah what a triflē is a heart,
 If once into love's hands it come !
 All other griefs allow a part
 To others griefs, and ask themselves but some.

They come to us, but us love draws ;
 He swallows us, and never chaws :
 By him, as by chain'd-shot, whole ranks do die ;
 He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

Dr. Donne.

Perfection is in unity. Prefer
 One woman first, and then one thing in her.
 I, when I value gold, may think upon
 The ductileness, the application,
 The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,
 From rust, from soil, from fire, ever free:
 But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
 By our new nature, use, the soul of trade.

Dr. Donne.

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
 The right true end of love; he's one that goes
 To see for nothing but to make him sick.
 Love, is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er lick
 Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
 We err, and of a lump a monster make.

Dr. Donne.

Equality is no rule in love's grammar:
 That sole unhappiness is left to princes
 To marry blood: We are free disposers,
 And have the pow'r to equalize their bloods
 Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
 'Tis a due debt from us.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid in the Mill.

O hapless love, which being answer'd, ends!
 And as a little infant cries and bends
 His tender brows, when rowling of his eye
 He hath espy'd something that glisters nigh
 Which he would have; yet give it him, away
 He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
 With someting else: Such my affection, set
 On that, which I should leath, if I could get.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

I have forgot all vain desires,
 All looser thoughts, ill temp'red fires;
 True love I find a pleasant fume,
 Whose mod'rate heat can ne'er consume,

Ibid.

Young

Young wenches loves
 Are like the course of quartans ; they may shift
 And seem to cease sometimes ; and yet we see
 The least distemper pulls them back again,
 And seats them in their old course.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas.

Hear, ye ladies that despise
 What almighty love has done ;
 Fear examples, and be wise ;
 Fair *Calisto* was a nun :
Læda sailing on the stream,
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan :
Danae in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
 What almighty love can do ;
 Fear the fiercenes of the boy,
 The chaste moon he makes to wooe :
Vesta kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies ;
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies.
Ilion, in a short hour higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
 When only that which makes her so, has left her ?

Middleton's Women beware Women.

Hear me exemplify love's Latin word.
 As thus ; hearts join'd *amore* : Take *a* from thence,
 Then *more* is the perfect moral sense :
 Plural in manners, which in thee do shine
 Saint-like, immortal, spotless and divine :
 Take *m* away, *ore* in beauty's name,
 Craves an eternal trophy to thy fame :

Lastly, take o, in re stands all my rest :
Which I in Chaucer's stile do term a jest.

Middleton's Family of Love.

Young mens love is like ivy, it must have
Somewhat to cleave to ; or it never prospers.
Love is like fasting days, but the body
Is like flesh days ; and it is our English
Gallants fashion, to preferr a morsel
Of flesh, before all the fasting days in the year.

Ibid.

1. In mine eye, he's a most delicate youth ;
But in my heart, a thing that it would bleed for.
2. Either your eye is blinded, or your rememb'rance
Broken : Call to mind wherefore you came hither.
1. I do my lord, for love, and I am in profoundly.
2. You trifle sure ; do you long for unripe
Fruit ? 'Twill breed diseases in you.
1. Nothing but worms in my belly, and there's
A seed to expel them ; in mellow falling
Fruit I find no relish :
2. 'Tis true, the youngest vines
Yields the most clusters ; but the old ever
The sweetest grapes.
1. I can taste of both, but with the old I
Am the soonest cloy'd : The green keep still an
Edge on appetite.

Middleton's Any thing for a quiet Life.

Love is a god,
Strong, free, unbounded ; and as some define,
Fears nothing, pittieth none : Such love is mine.

Mason's Muleasses.

For this is held a principle in schools ;
Love makes not fools wise men, but wise men fools.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Who most doth love, must seem most to neglect it ;
For those that shew most love, are least respected.

John Cook's Green's Tu quoque.

For

For love, good mistress, is much like to wax,
The more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster to ;
Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
The more he labours, still the deeper in.

Barrey's Ram-Alley.

Love that is often crost'd, at length obtain'd ;
Is sweeter far than pleasure eas'ly gain'd.

Webster and Rowley's Thracian Wonder.

Love is a law, a discord of such force,
That, 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce :
Love's a desire that to obtain betime,
We lose an age of years, pluck'd from our prime :
Love is a thing, to which we soon consent ;
As soon refuse, and sooner far repent.
Then what must women be, that are the cause
That love hath life ? that lovers feel such laws ?
They're like the winds upon *Lapanthaes* shore,
That still are changing. Oh then love no more !
A woman's love, is like the *Syrian* flow'r,
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

Webster and Rowley's Thracian Wonder.

Such is the posie, love composes ;
A stinging nettle mix'd with roses.

Brown's Pastorals.

Loves fire is of a nature, which by turns,
Consumes in presence, and in absence burns.

Ibid.

But where's the fortress that can love debar ?
The forces to oppose when he makes war ?
The watch which he shall never find asleep ?
The spy that shall disclose his councils deep ?
That fort, that force, that watch, that spy would be
A lasting stop to a fifth emperie :
But we as well may keep the heat from fire,
As fever hearts, whom love hath made entire.

Ibid.

Love is a region full of fires ;
And burning with extreme desires :

A

An object seeks, of which possest,
The wheels are fix'd, the motions rest ;
The flames in ashes lie supprest.
This meteor striving high to rise,
The fowel spent, falls down and dies.

Sir John Beaumont.

1. Do not too much aggravate the crime,
Rather impute it to their childish love ?
2. To love, my lords ? if that were 'lowable,
What act so vile, but might be so excus'd ?
The murd'rer that sheddeth innocent blood,
Might plead it was for love of his revenge :
The felon likewise, might excuse his theft,
With love of money ; and the traytor too
Might say, it was for love of sov'reignty :
And indeed all offenders so might plead.

Swetnam the Woman Hater.

They swell with love, that are with Valour fill'd;
And Venus' doves may in a head-piece build.

Aleyn's Crescye.

Let us love temp'rately, things violent last not ;
And too much dotage rather argues folly,
Than true affection.

Massingr's Duke of Milan.

All men that are in love deal with the devil ;
Only with this difference, he that dotes
Upon a woman, is absolutely possest ;
And he that loves the least, is haunted
With a familiar.

Shirleys Sisters.

Thus can the flame of heav'n with subtle art,
Leave the skin whole, yet quite consume the heart,

Ibid.

Love is above all law of nature, blood ;
Not what men call, but what that bids, is good.

Shirley's Maid's Revenge.

Love, is, but a straggling from our reason.

Shirley's Witty Fair One.

Love

Love like to sin, inveterate, is strong ;
He prevents danger, that destroys it young.

Shirley's Witty Fair One.

Panthers may hide their heads, not change the skin :
And love pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

Love's measure is extreme ; the comfort, pain :
The life unrest ; and the reward disdain.

John Ford's 'Tis pity she's a Whore.

Loves measure is the mean ; sweet his annoys ;
His pleasures life ; and his reward all joys.

Ibid.

— Love, I see you will not entertain
Those that desire to live amidst your train :
For death and you have got a trick, to fly
From such poor wretches, as do wish you nigh :
You scorn a yielding slave, and plainly shew it ;
Those that contemn your power you make to know it.

Randolph.

For they may say, that say thou blind can't be,
Eagles want eyes, and only moles can see.

Ibid.

Mark, how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold,
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain ;
Yet she refuses to unfold :
But, when the planet of the day,
Approacheth with his pow'rifull ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin-leaves :
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy :
If thy sighs and tears discover
Thy grief ; thou never shal't enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover :
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith, and service vow ;
Thy *Celia* shall receive those charms,
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Carew.

Young men fly, when beauty darts
 Amorous glances at your hearts ;
 The fix'd mark gives the shooter aim ;
 And ladies looks have pow'r to maim ;
 Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
 Wrapt in a smile, or kif, love lies :
 Then fly betimes, for only they
 Conquer love, that run away.

Carew.

— Love is such a wealth,
 As must be gain'd by free consent ; not stealth.

Glapthorne's *Albertus Wallenstein.*

For though we care not for the lover, yet
 We love the passion : Though we scorn the off'ring,
 We grieve to see it thrown away ; and envy
 If consecrated to another. Woman
 Hath no revenge 'gainst th' injury of custom,
 Which gives man superiority, but thus,—
 To fool him to subjection.

Habbington's *Queen of Arragon.*

— 'Tis a pure love,
 Unmix'd as is the soul. The world perhaps
 May judge a kingdom hath enamour'd me ;
 And that your titles dress you forth, to raise
 My appetite up higher, Pardon, love,
 If I grow envious ev'n of your fortune ;
 And that I'm forc'd to wish, you had been daughter
 Of some poor mountain cottager, without
 All dow'r but your own beauty : Then I might
 Have shew'd a flame untainted with ambition,
 And courted you. But now the circumstance
 Of greatness, seems to challenge more, than I
 Have pow'r to give : and working up my love,
 I serve my fortune.

Habbington's *Queen of Arragon.*

— Love's kingdom is founded
 Upon a parity ; lord, and subject,

Master

Master, and servant, are names banish'd thence :
They wear one fetter all, or all one freedom.

Cartwright's Lady Errant.

The vine, that climbs
By conjugal embracements 'bout the elm,
May with a ring or two perhaps encircle
Some neighb'ring bough ; and yet this twining prove,
Not the offence, but charity of love.

Cartwright's Royal Slave.

Wisdom and love at once, were never yet
Permitted to a god ; I must not then
Presume they meet in me. If love admits
Discretion ; if it ponder, and confider,
Search, and compare, and judge, and then resolve ;
'Tis policy, not affection : give it eyes,
Council and order, and it ceaseth. What
Though it first brake from out the chaos ? 'twas
To make another in the creature. Distance,
Figure, and lineament, are things that come
From something more advis'd ; love never leads,
It still transports. The motions which it feels,
Are fury, rapture, extasy, and such-
As thrust it out full of instinct, and deity,
To meet what it desires.

2. Alas ! it self
Hath eyes ; but 'tis our blindness that doth veil them :
If love could not consist with wisdom, then
The world were govern'd by one gen'ral madness.
1. 'Tis not deny'd but that we may have wisdom
Before we love ; as men may have good eyes
Before they fix them on the sun : but dwell they
A while upon it, and they strait grow blind
From those admired beauties,

Cartwright's Lady Errant.

Give me a lover bold and free,
Not eunuch'd with formality ;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen,
With the nice caution of a sword between.

Cleveland.

Love's like a landskip, which doth stand,
Smooth at a distance ; rough at hand.

Cleveland.

1. Tell me what you think on earth
The greatest bliss ?

2. Riches, honour, and high birth.

1. Ah, what is this ?
If love be banished the heart,
The joy of nature, not of art ?

What's honour, worth, or high descent ?

Or ample wealth,
If cares do breed us discontent,

Or want of health ?

2. It is the order of the fates,
That these should wait on highest states.

Love only does our souls refine,
And by his skill

Turns human things into divine,
And guides our will.

Then let us of his praises sing,
Of love, that sweetens ev'ry thing.

Rutter's Shepherd's Holyday.

For oft we find that storms and sorrows prove,
The best forerunners of a happy love.

Machen's Dumb Knight.

Love can't be master'd, Sir :

As soon as mastr'y comes, sweet love anon
'Taketh his nimble wings, and soon is gone.

Nevile's Poor Scholar.

Such gentle rape thou act'st upon my soul,
And with such pleasing violence dost force it still,
That when it should resist, it tamely yields,
Making a kind of haste to be undone ;
As if the way to victory were loss,
And conquest came by overthrow.

Suckling's Aglaura.
Lovers

Lovers in favour, are gamesters in good
Fortune ; the more you set them, they more they get.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

Love that can flow, and can admit increase ;
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

Suckling.

How weak is lovers laws !

The bonds made there, like gypsy's knots, with ease
Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please.

Suckling.

Love's a Camelion, that lives on meer air ;
And surfeits, when it comes to grosser fare.

Suckling.

There never yet was honest man

That ever drove the trade of love ;

It is impossible ; nor can

Integrity our ends promote :

For kings and lovers are alike in this,

That their chief art in reign, dissembling is.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love ;

Good nature now and passion strive

Which of the two should be above,

And laws unto the other give :

So we false fire with art sometimes discover,

And the true fire with the same art do cover.

What rack can fancy find so high ?

Here we must court, and here ingage,

Though in the other place we die :

O 'tis torture all, and cozenage !

And which the harder is, I cannot tell,

To hide to true love, or make false love look well.

Since it is thus, god of desire,

Give me my honesty again ;

And take thy brands back, and thy fire ;

I'm weary of the state I'm in :

Since, if the very best should now befall,

Love's triumph, must be honour's funeral.

Suckling.

He that is content with lasses, cloathed in plain woollen,
 May cool his heart in ev'ry place, he need not to be fulien,
 Nor sigh for love of lady fair ; for this each wise man
 knows,

As good stuff under flannel lies, as under silken cloaths.

Suckling.

1. It is ill done, *Semanthe*, to plead bankrupt,
 When with such ease you may be out of debt.

In love's dominions, native commodity
 Is current payment ; change is all the trade,
 And heart for heart, the richest merchandize.

2. 'Twould here be mean, my lord ; since mine would
 prove

In your hands but a counterfeit ; and yours in mine
 Worth nothing : sympathy, not greatness,
 Makes those jewels rise in value.

1. Sympathy ! O teach but yours to love then,
 And two so rich no mortal ever knew.

2. That heart would love but ill, that must be taught :
 Such fires as these, still kindle of themselves.

1. In such a cold and frozen place as is
 Thy breast, how should they kindle of themselves ?
 2. Ask how the flint can carry fire within ?

'Tis the least miracle that love can do.

Suckling's Aglaura.

She quite o'ercame
 My dallying thoughts, and turn'd them at length
 To a true dotage. O she would often sit
 And breath a cloud of sighs ; tell me how much
 I should abuse a credul'ous virgin, if
 I did but personate that love I made :
 How if I did enjoy another mistress,
 Her ghost, for sure she could not well out live it,
 Would fright my soul from this my body to her :
 O she would cast such pow'rful glances on me ;
 Such charming spirits danc'd in the bright rays
 Of ev'ry view, they did draw up my soul,
 And chain'd it fast to hers : Thus the fond lark

Playing

Playing about the glitt'ring snare does tempt
The nets, and dares it's prison ; till at length
He finds his liberty betray'd, and all
That pomp of brightness but a glorious bait.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

So rich a bondage is *Poppaea's* love,
That I were base, if I should wish for freedom ;
Nay more, ingrate ; should I desire to change
So sweet a care for quietnes itself :
Should I suppose that state, which some dull souls
Call calm content, were half so rich, so free,
As are these pinings, this captivity ?
Were there in love no cares, no sighs, no fears ;
There were in love, no happiness at all.

May's Agrippina.

For cupid's scholars are more exquisite
In giving council, than in using it.

Richard Brome's Love-Sick Court.

Love, thou art well compar'd to fire ; which, where
It doth obey and serve, being commanded
By higher powers of the soul ; it fares
Like to the stone or jewel of a ring,
Which joins the orb, and gives it price and life :
So glorious is that love, so necessary ;
But, where it rules, and is predominant,
It tyrannizeth ; reason is imprison'd ;
The will confined ; and the memory
The treasury of notions, clean exhausted ;
And all the senses slavishly chain'd up
To act th' injunctions of insulting love
Pearch'd on the beauty of a Woman. Thou
Masculine love, known by the name of friendship,
Art peaceful, and morigerous ; but that
Of Woman, is imperious and cruel.

Ibid.

Ev'n he, that knows not to possess
True happiness,

But

But has some strong desires to try
 What's misery ;
 And longs for tears, oh he will prove
 One fit for love.

Hall.

How pow'rfull's love ! which like a flame
 That sever'd, re-unites more close :
 Or like a broken limb, in frame
 That ever after firmer grows.

Hall.

'Tis a child of fancy's getting ;
 Brought up between hope and fear ;
 Fed with smiles, grown by uniting
 Strong, and so kept by desire :
 'Tis a perpetual vestal fire
 Never dying ;
 Whose smoak like incense doth aspire ;
 Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetick stone,
 Attracting hearts by sympathy ;
 Binding up close, two souls in one ;
 Both discoursing secretly :
 'Tis the true gordian knot, that ties
 Yet ne'er unbinds ;
 Fixing thus two lovers eyes
 As well as minds.

'Tis the sphere's heav'nly harmony,
 Where two skillful hands do strike ;
 And ev'ry sound expressively
 Marrys sweetly with the like ;
 'Tis the world's e'erlasting chain,
 That all things ty'd,
 And bid them like the fixed wain,
 Unmov'd to 'bide.

'Tis nature's law inviolate,
 Confirm'd by mutual consent,
 Where two dislike, like, love, and hate ;
 Each to the other's full content :

'Tis

'Tis the careſs of ev'ry thing ;
 The turtle dove ;
 Both birds and beasts do off'rings bring
 To mighty love :
 'Tis th' angels joy ; the God's delight ; man's blifs ;
 'Tis all in all : without love, nothing is.

Heath's Clarafella.

Fond men, that blame the love that ever ranges,
 To foul and fluttish love, that never changes :
 The muses love by course to change their meter ;
 Love is like linnen, often chang'd, the sweeter.

Sicelides.

How are you ſure conſtancy
 Is answer'd, Sir, with conſtancy ? our hearts
 Are changeable ; nor do I fee, why princes
 Should be leſs frail than others, who confine
 Affection to the fight ; ſince love's a fire,
 Which doth only languiſh, and go out,
 Where fuel is diſtracted ; but is kept burning,
 Only in the preſence of another fire.

Main's Amorous War.

A lover's like a hunter ;
 If the game be got with too much eaſe, he cares not for't.

Peter Haufed's Rival Friends.

— Love's a cement,
 Admits no other allay but itſelf,
 To work upon the affections.

Lady Alimony.

Love asks no dull probation ; but like light,
 Conveys his nimble influence at firſt fight.

Bijop King.

Hear ye virgins, and I'll teach,
 What the times of old did preach :
Rosamond, was in a bower
 Kept, as *Danae* in a tower :
 But yet love, who ſubtle is,
 Crept to that, and came to this :

Be

Be ye lock'd up like to those,
Or the rich *Hesperides* ;
Or those Babies in your eyes,
In their chritsal nunnaries ;
Notwithstanding love will win
Or else force a passage in ;
And as coy be, as you can ;
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

Herrick.

She the payment he of love would make
Less understood, than yet the debt she knew ;
But coins unknown suspiciously we take ;
And debts, till manifest, are never due.

Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert*.

And our uncertain love,
Perhaps not bred above,
But in low regions, like the wand'ring winds,
Shews diff'rent sexes more than equal minds.

Sir W. Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*.

Why, in these ladies do you lengthen pain,
By giving them grief's common med'cine, doubt ?
Ease those with death, whose lovers now are slain ;
Life's fire a fever is, when love is out.

Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert*.

When love's afraid, do not that fear despise ;
Flame trembles most, when it doth highest rise :
And yet my love may justly be disdain'd ;
Since you believe it from a lover feign'd.

Sir W. Davenant's *The Man's the Master*.

Ah, Golbo ! Who love's fever can asswage ?

For though familiar seem that old disease ;
Yet like religion's fit, when people rage,
Few cure those evils which the patient please.

Nature's religion, love, is still perverse ;
And no commerce with cold discretion hath :
For if discretion speak, when love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by love, as reason is by faith.

Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert*.

But

But mighty *Julius*, who had thoughts so high
 They humble seem'd, when th'aim'd at victory ;
 And own'd a soul so learn'd, truth fear'd that she
 Too naked were, near his philosophy :
 In anger valiant ; gently calm in love ;
 He soar'd an eagle, but he stoop'd a dove !

Sir W. Davenant to the *Queen.*

1. Since you have spoke so humbly of yourself,
 You must, and shall be comforted : Perhaps
 Like conscience, love when satisfy'd within,
 May oft offend the law, and yet not sin.

2. I find the greatest love, is an offence ;
 For greatest love is greatest confidence :
 When, trusting those who for our credence wooe ;
 We trust them with our love and honour too.

Sir W. Davenant's *Law against Lovers.*

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before ;

But finds him now a bold unquiet guest :
 Who climbs to windows when we shut the door ;

And enter'd, never lets the master rest.
 So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
 Makes him conceal this reveller with shame ;
 She not the robber knows, yet feels the stealth ;
 And never but in songs, had heard his name.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts,
 Which country lovers wear in bleeding seals ;
 Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such darts,
 As make those wounds, that only *Hymen* heals.

And this, her ancient maid, with sharp complaints
 Heard, and rebuk'd ; shook her experienc'd head ;
 With tears besought her not to jest at saints,
 Nor mock those martyrs, love had captive led :

Nor think the pious poets e'er would waste
 So many tears in ink, to make maids mourn ;
 If injur'd lovers had in ages paft
 The lucky mirtle, more than willow worn.

Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert.*

If love's just pow'r he did not early see,
Some small excuse we may his error give ;
Since few, though learn'd, know yet, blest love to be
That secret vital heat, by which we live ;

But such it is : And though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know ;
Yet life is useles, till by reason taught,
And love and reason up together grow.

Nor more the old shew they outlive their love,
If when their love's decay'd, some signs they give
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,
Than snakes long cut, by torment shew they live :

If we call living life, when love is gone ;
We then to souls, god's coin, vain rever'nce pay ;
Since reason, which is love, and his best known
And current image, age has worn away.

And I that love and reason thus unite,
May, if I old philosophers controul,
Confirm the new, by some new poet's light ;
Who finding love, thinks he has found the soul.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Love, in what poison is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart ?
None know, but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou, but we are blind ;
And our corporeal eyes we find,
Dazzle the opticks of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts,
Through those deceitful fally-ports :
Our centinels betray our forts.

Denham.

He that would hide love kindled once within,
Rakes but his fire up, to keep it in.

Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.
There's nothing but a lover pleas'd with suff'rings :
All other rigours of this world,

Our

Our wishes and endeavours still oppose ;
 The pris'ner hates his bolts, whilst he remains,
 Pleas'd not so much with freedom, as his chains.

Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.

Love, like a shadow, while youth shines, is shewn ;
 But in old age's darkness, there is none.

Sir R. Howard's Great Favourite.

1. Can you, my heart, for want of friendship blame ;
 That for your safety have expos'd my fame ?
 Love to your glories, should his flames resign ;
 As fires their light, when the bright sun does shine.
2. If thrones be seats for cares, in a king's breast,
 Love has a title sure, amongst the rest.

Ibid.

Late love, like late repentance, seldom's true.

Alexander Brome.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
 My free-born soul can hold ;
 For chains are chains though gold :
 Nor do I court her for my pleasure,
 Nor for that old morality,
 Do I love her, 'cause she loves me ?
 For that's no love but gratitude : and all
 Loves that from fortunes rise, with fortunes fall.

If friends, or birth, created love within me,
 Then princes I'll adore,
 And only scorn the poor :
 If virtue, or good parts could win me,
 I'll turn platonick, and ne'er vex
 My soul with difference of sex :
 And he that loves his lady cause she's fair,
 Delights his eye ; so loves himself, not her.

Reason and wisdom are to love high treason ;
 Nor can he truly love,
 Whose flame's not far above,
 And far beyond his wit, or reason :

Then ask no reason for my fires,
 For infinite are my desires :
 Something there is, moves me to love ; and I
 Do know I love ; but know not how, nor why.

Alexander Brome.

There is no failing of women at their
 Critical minutes, if you do, they'll hate
 You ever after ; and think you want vigour,
 Or apprehension. Counsels in love, like
 Stratagems in war, are to be taken
 On the sudden ; when you find the enemy
 In disorder, or your own men fittest
 For action.

Fane's Love in the Dark.

Lovers will wind themselves by words to passion ;
 Their airy talk turns fire by agitation :
 Thus, sometimes yielding, sometimes aggravating,
 Twixt hope and fear, like ships betray'd by calms
 To greater storms.

Fane's Sacrifice.

Cupid, I scorn to beg the art
 From thy imaginary throne ;
 To learn to wound another's heart,
 Or how to heal my own.

If she be coy, my airy mind
 Brooks not a siege : If she be kind,
 She proves my scorn, that was my wonder :
 For towns that yield, I hate to plunder.

Love is a game, hearts are the prize ;
 Pride keeps the stakes, art throws the dice :
 When either's won,
 The game is done.

Love is a coward, hunts the flying prey ;
 But when it once stands still, love runs away.

Fane's Love in the dark.

Blushes

Blushes a woman's passion may reveal ;
But men their passion, by their words should tell.

E. of Orrery's *Tryphon*.

Love is a fate which ev'ry one must taste ;
Some soon, some late, but all must burn at last.

Ibid.

Ah 'twas not love, if ought could conquer it ;
You lov'd not well, or knew his pow'r but ill,
That say you were in love, and are not still :
The name of love, for love itself you took ;
Since real love can never be forsook :
Had your's been true, you might as well have swore,
You do not live, as that you love no more.

Ibid.

Love is a god, and cannot be withheld ;
Yet he's a god alone to flesh and blood :
For those whose souls are active and sublime,
Resist his pow'r ; and so prove gods to him.

E. of Orrery's *Muslapba*.

— He who to love aspires,
To nothing less can limit his desires :
Love's pow'r must always friendship's pow'r out do ;
For love at once is love and friendship too.

E. of Orrery's *Black Prince*.

Love never was to reason's rules confin'd ;
For 'tis a passion, sir, which only knows
Such laws, as on itself it will impose.
The greatest men that e'er the world did grace,
Have still allow'd to love the highest place.

Ibid

Oh why is love call'd nature's highest law !
When title man's invention, does it awe ?
But 'tis the strength which reason does impart,
That makes my blood give rules thus to my heart.
If nature reason on us did bestow ;
Love, nature's dictate, 'twould not overthrow :
But reason is a bright resistless fire,
Which heav'n, not nature does in us inspire :

It is not nature's child, but nature's king ;
 And o'er love's heights does us to glory bring ;
 As bodies are below, and souls above ;
 So much should reason be preferr'd to love.

E. of Orrery's *Henry V.*

The fire of love, like to the common fire,
 The fuel being gone, does straight expire ;
 Or like fight, which philosophers do say,
 Would cease to be, were objects took away.

Dover's Roman Generals.

1. Love's a foundation that will ne'er decay :
2. Yet oft in ruin, doth the builder lay.

Ibid.

"I'was not allow'd to *Jove*,
 To hold at once his reason, and his love.

Tuke's Adventures of five Hours.

Mod'rare delight is but a waking dream ;
 And of all pleasures love is the supreme :
 And therefore love immod'rare love deserves :
 Excess o'ercomes, but moderation starves.

Crown's Caligula.

Were worlds betwixt you, bigger than all this,
 Love o'er them all would mount, to fly to bliss :
 Millions of leagues that hawk his airy spies,
 And wherefoe'er you pearch him, home he flies.

Crown's First Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

What do the wounded and the dying do ?
 Love joins in one, what are in nature two :
 The breasts of lovers but one soul contain ;
 Which equally imparts delight or pain.

Ibid.

A most harmonious friendship this must prove !
 The fates design'd 'em for each others love :
 For none love them, and they have love for none ;
 Their kindness centers on themselves alone.

Crown's Calista.

S E L F.

L O V E L O Y 199

S E L F - L O V E .

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Shakespear's King Henry V.

Self-love never yet could look on truth
But with blear'd beams ; sleek flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

Who govern men, if they will stay above ;
Must see and scorn the downfalls of self-love.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

To think well of ourselves, if we deserve
It, it is a lustre in us ; and ev'ry good
We have, strives to shew gracious : What use is
It else ? Old age, like sear-trees, is seldom
Seen affected, stirs sometimes at rehearsal
Of such acts as his daring youth endeavour'd.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money.

Who live but for themselves, are but for shew ;
And stand like barren trees, where good might grow.

Richard Brome's Queen and Concubine.

Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write ;
Virgil and Titian, self-admiring, flight :
Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears ;
And others actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that so highly think themselves above
All other men, themselves can only love ;
Reason and virtue, all that man can boast
O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost.

Denham.

L O Y A L T Y .

Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly : Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place in the story.

Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.

K 4

The

The bounds of loyalty are made of glass,
Soon broke, but can in no date be repair'd.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

To wear your loyal habit still,
When it is cut of fashion, and hath done
Service enough, were rustick misery :
The habit of a servile loyalty,
Is reckon'd now amongst privations ;
With blindnes, dumbnes, deafnes, silence, death :
All which, are neither natures by themselves,
Nor substances, but mere decays of form,
And absolute decessions of nature,
And nothing else.

Ibid.

Think you it not as strong a point of faith,
To rectify your loyalties to me,
As to be trusty in each others wrong ?
Trust that deceives our selves is treachery,
And truth that truth conceals, an open lye.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

God gives to kings the honour to command ;
To subiects all their glory to obey :
Who ought in time of war, as rampiers stand ;
In peace, as ornaments of state array.

Daniel's Phioetas.

On foreign foes,
We are our own revengers ; but at home,
On princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the gods should judge us.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

Consider
We're but shadows, motions others give us ;
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our pow'rs cannot : Make me worthy
To be your friend ever in fair allegiance,
But not in force : for durst mine own soul urge me,
And by that soul, I speak my just affections,

To

To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
 And give the helm my virtue holds, to anger ;
 Though I had both the blessings of the *Bruti*,
 And both their instigations ; though my cause
 Carry'd a face of justice beyond theirs ;
 And as I am a servant to my fortunes,
 That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
 Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
 As I may well believe it, seems vicious ;
 Who justly knows, tis not to try our honours ?
 Or say he be an ill prince ; are we therefore
 Fit fires to purge him ? no, my dearest friend ;
 The elephant is never won with anger,
 Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,
 Take him by the teeth.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

No more, my worthy friend ; though these be truths,
 And though these truths would ask a reformation,
 At least a little squaring : yet remember,
 We are but subjects, *Maximus* ; obedience
 To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
 Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
 Are like the temples of the gods ; pure incense,
 Untill unhallow'd hands defile those off'rings,
 Burns ever there ; we must not put them out,
 Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked.

Ibid.

Allegiance

Tempted too far, is like the trial of
 A good sword on an anvil : as that often
 Flies in pieces without service to the owner ;
 So trust enforc'd too far, proves treachery,
 And is too late repented.

Maffinger's Great Duke of Florence.

Love with bounty levied,
 Is a sure guard ; obedience forc'd from fear,
 Paper fortification : which in danger

Will yield to the impression of a reed,
Or of it self fall off.

Maffinger's Emperor of the East.

— You are guarded
With such a general loyalty in subjects,
That if you slept among the multitude,
Even when some rage posses'd them, undefended
With any arms, but that, th' imperfect slumber
Need not to be broken with a fear.

Nabbs's Unfortunate Mother.

Allegiance in me, like the string of a watch,
Wound up too high, and forc'd above the nick,
Run back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Suckling's Aglaura.

L U X U R Y.

We will eat such at a meal :
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks and of estriches
Shall be our food ; and could we get the phœnix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.

Johnson's Volpone.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff'd ;
Down is too hard : and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine*,
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses,
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my *Succubæ* ; my mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose our selves in ; and my baths, like pits
To fall into ; from whence we will come forth,
And rowl us dry in goffamore and roses :
And my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My meet fools,
Eloquent burgesses ; and then my poet
The same that writ so subtilly of the fart :
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.

The

The few that would give out themselves, to be
 Court and town stallions, and each where bely
 Ladies, who are known most innocent; for them,
 Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
 And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
 A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.
 My meat shall all come in in *Indian* shells,
 Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
 With em'ralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies:
 With tongues of carps, dormice, and camels heels,
 Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl;
Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy:
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamond, and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 Knots, godwits, lampreys: I my self will have
 The beards of barbels serv'd instead of fallads;
 Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Drest with an exquisite and poignant fauce;
 For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold;
 Go forth, and be a knight. My shirts
 I'll have of taffata sarsnet, soft and light
 As cob-webs; and for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the *Perfian*
 Were he to teach the world riot anew.
 My gloves of fishes, and birds skins, perfum'd
 With gums of paradise, and eastern air.

Johnson's Alchemist

We'll therefore go withal, and live
 In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
 Sous'd in high country wines; sup pheasants eggs,
 And have our cockles, boil'd in silver shells;
 Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd.
 In a rare butter made of dolphins milk,
 Whose cream does look like opals: and with these
 Delicate meats set our selves high for pleasure,
 And take us down again; and then renew

Our youth and strength with drinking th' Elixir ;
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust.

Johnson's Alchemist.

Who yieldeth unto pleasures and to lust,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters,
And pretious as he thinks, but holding gyves,
Frets out his life.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of Malta.

Men may talk of contry christmasses, and
Court gluttony ; their thirty pound butter'd eggs ;
Their pies of carps tonguës, their pheasants drench'd
with

Ambergreese, the carcasses of three fat
Weathers bruis'd for gravy to make sauce for
A single peacock ; yet their feasts were farts
Compar'd with the city's.

There were three sucking pigs serv'd up in a dish,
Took from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muscadine ;
That stoo'd my master in twenty marks a piece,
Befides the puddings in their bellies made
Of I know not what : But here's the mischief, though
The dishes were rais'd one on another,
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course ; and most of the shops
Of the best confectioners in *London* ransack'd
To furnish out a banquet ; yet my lady
Call'd me penurious rascal ; and cry'd out
There was nothing worth the eating.

Maffinger's City Madam.

— Gather all the flowers

Tempe is painted with, and strew his way :
Translate my bow'r's to *Turia's* rosy banks,
There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales
Make it continual spring : If the sun's rays
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with filken wings of mildest air,

Breath'd

Breath'd by *Etesian* winds : 'The briskest nectar
Shall be his drink ; and all th' ambrosian cates
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet : As his fenses tire,
Vary the object : Let delight be link'd
So in a circled chain, no end may see ;
Pleasure is only my eternity.

Nabbs's Microcosmus.

Thy life hath hitherto been, my dear husband
But a disease to thee ; thou hast indeed
Mov'd on the earth, like other creeping worms
Who take delight in worldly surfeits, heat
Their blood with lusts, their limbs with proud attires ;
Fed on their change of sins ; that do not use
Their pleasure, but enjoy them ; enjoy them fully,
In streams that are most sensual, and persevere
To live so till they die, and to die never.

Henry Shirley's Martyr'd Soldier.

There, in her den, lay pompous luxury,
Stretch'd out at length ; no vice could boast such high
And gen'ral victories as she had won :
Of which, proud trophies there at large were shewn.
Besides small states and kingdoms ruined,
Those mighty monarchys, that had o'erspread
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conq'ring arms
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms
Were quite consum'd : There lay imperial *Rome*,
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome :
Fetter'd was th' old *Affyrian* lion there ;
The *Græcian* leopard, and the *Persian* bear ;
With others numberless, lamenting by :
Examples of the power of luxury.

May's Henry II.

It is a shame, that man, that has the seeds
Of virtue in him, springing unto glory,
Should make his soul degenerous with sin,
And slave to luxury ; to drown his spirits
In lees of sloth ; to yield up the weak day

To

To wine, to lust, and banquets.
 I would have you proceed, and seek for fame
 In brave exploits ; like those, that snatch their honour
 Out of the talons of the *Roman eagle*,
 And pull her golden feathers in the field :
 Those are brave men ; not you, that stay at home,
 And dress yourself up, like a pageant,
 With thousand antick and exotick shapes ;
 That make an idol of a looking-glass,
 Sprucing yourselves two hours by it, with such
 Gestures, and postures, that a waiting wench
 Would be ashamed of you ; and then come forth,
 To adorn your mistress fan, or tell your dream ;
 Ravish a kiss from her white glove, and then
 Compare it with her hand ; to praise her gown,
 Her tire, and discourse of the fashion ;
 Make discov'ry, which lady paints, which not ;
 Which lord plays best at glee, which best at Racket :
 These are fine elements !

Marmyon's Holland's Leaguer.

Tilting the day, masquing the night chas'd thence ;
 Perfumes did raise sweet mists in ev'ry room,
 To keep the air in awe of the n.^e sene :
 Attalick garments cloath'd each swagg'ring groom ;
 Rich Tyrian arras ev'ry wall hung round,
 With medals in old Gaul or Carthage found.

Scorning there ord'nary Corinthian plate,
 Men quast in stone, at dearer prices sold,
 At Iv'ry tables, or wood of high'r rate ;
 They eat on quilted beds of silk and gold :
 Their wanton tastes had only in request,
 Newest and rarest things, though not the best.

The feather'd river Phasis, could not yield
 Them fowl enough ; nor Oysters Lucrine lake ;
 They spring each thicket, fowl each bush and field,
 All seas they draw, all ponds in nets they take :
 Circe's too nature's larder do they seek,
 To please the witty glutton of a week.

La-

Lachrymæ christi flow'd down, and the blood
 Of *Tuscan* grapes swell'd high each jovial mind :
 Had nature lost her species ; air her brood ;
 Water her spawn ; here might they seek, and find.
Apicus, a *Carthusian* was to these,
 And *Aesop's* platter a poor scholar's mess.

Baron.

War destroys men, but luxury mankind
 At once corrupts ; the body and the mind.

Crown's Caligula.

L Y I N G.

Two Beggars told me,
 I could not mis my way. Will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial ? yes, no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
 Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings, than beggars :

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

He will lie like a lapwing ; when she flies
 Far from her sought nest ; still, here 'tis, she cries.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffey D'ambois.

Lies hide our sins like nets ; like perspectives,
 They draw offences nearer, still and greater.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Lover's Progress.

Take heed of lies : truth, though it trouble some minds,
 Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
 Yet it preserves itself ; comes off pure, and innocent :
 And like the sun, though never so eclips'd,
 Must break in glory.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage.

That ord'nary commotioner the lie
 Is father of most quarrels in this climate.

Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.

Dare to be true ; nothing can need a lie :
 A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Herbert.

When

When *Mendacio* hath invention on the
One hand, and remembrance on the other,
As he'll be sure never to be found with
Truth in his mouth ; so he scorns to be
Taken in a lie.

Lingua.

1. In the city I'm honour'd like a god ;
None so well acquainted with your tradesmen :
Your lawyers, all the term time hire me of
My lady : your gallants, if they hear my
Name abus'd, they stab for my sake : your trav'lers
So dote upon me as they pafs——O ! they have good
Reason ; for I have carry'd them to many
A good meal under the countenance of
My familiarity : nay, your statesmen have
Oftentimes closely convey'd me under
Their tongues, to make their policies more current :
As for old men, they challenge my company
By authority. When I am dispos'd, I can
Philosophy it in the university,
With the subtleſt of them all.

2. I cannot be persuaded that thou art
Acquainted with scholars, ever ſince thou wert
Pref'd to death in a printing-house.

1. No, I was the firſt founder of the three
Sects of philosophy, except one of the
Peripateticks, who acknowledge *Aristotle*
I confefs their great grandfather.

2. Thou boy ! how is this poſſible ? thou art
But a child, and there were ſects of
Philosophy before thou wert born.

1. *Appetitus*, thou miſtak'ſt me ; I tell thee
Three thouſand years ago was *Mendacio*
Born in *Greece*, nurſt in *Creet*, and ever ſince
Honour'd ev'ry where : I'll be ſworn I held
Old *Homer*'s pen, when he writ his *Iliads*,
And his *Odyſſes*.

2. Thou hadſt need, for I hear ſay he was blind.

1. I help'd *Herodotus* to pen some part of
His Muses ; lent *Pliny* ink to write his
Hist'ry ; rounded *Rabalais* in the ear
When he historify'd *Pantagruel* :

As for *Lucian*, I was his genius ; O those
Those two books *De verâ historia*,
Howsoever they go under his name,
I'll be sworn I writ them ev'ry tittle !

2. Sure as I am hungry, thou'l have it for
Lying. But hast thou rusted this latter
Time for want of exercise ?

1. Nothing less ; I must confess, I would fain have
Jogg'd *Stow* and great *Hollingshed* on their
Elbows, when they were about their Chronicles ;
And as I remember, Sir *John Mandevil*'s
Travels, and a great many of the decades
Were of my doing : But for the mirrorr
Of knighthood, *Bevis of Southampton*,
Palmerin of England, *Amadis of Gaul*, *Huen*
De Burdeaux, Sir *Guy of Warwick*, *Martin*
Marprellate, *Robinhood*, *Garragantua*,
Gerillion, and a thousand such exquisite
Monuments as these, no doubt but they breath
On my breath up and down.

2. Downwards I swear, for there's stinking lies in them.
1. But why should I light a candle to the
Bright sunshine of my glorious renown ;
The whole world is full of *Mendacio*'s fame !

Lingua.

Man is a foolish pamphlet, full of lies ;
Lies are his hopes, and lies are all his joys :
Some promise him to come, and some to stay ;
Those never come, and these fly fast away.

Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

M A D N E S S.

BUT if a phrensy do possess the brain,
 It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
 As fantasy proves altogether vain
 And to the wit no true relation brings :
 Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
 Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds ;
 Then doth it flie the good, and ill pursue ;
 Believing all, that this false spy propounds :
 But purge the humours, and the rage appease,
 Which this distemper in the fancy wrought ;
 Then shall the wit, which never had disease,
 Discourse, and judge discreetly as it ought :
 So, though the clouds eclipse the sun's fair light,
 Yet from his face they do not take one beam ;
 So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,
 Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.
 Then these defects in sensē organs be,
 Not in the soul, or in her working might :
 She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see,
 Tho' mists and clouds do choke her window-light.
 These imperfections then we must impute
 Not to the agent, but the instrument ;
 We must not blame *Apollo*, but his lute,
 If false accords from her false strings be sent.

Sir John Davies.

1. O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience.
2. 'Tis not madness
 That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word, which madness
 Would gambol from.

Shakespear's Hamlet.
 See

See that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells, jangled out of tune, and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with exftasy.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

The king is mad ; how stiff is my vile fense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows ! better I were distract,
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs ;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Shakespear's King Lear.

Surely we are all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not ; we mistake those :
'Tis we are mad in fense, they but in cloaths.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Why, sir, madness is not such a discredit,
As the age goes ; you know there are many
Mad fashions ; and what man but sometimes may
Be mad ? are not your great men mad, that when
They have enough, will pawn their soul for a
Monopoly ? besides mad Lords, what do
You think of ladies at some time of the moon ?
You may spell 'em in their names, madam : you
Have mad courtiers, that run madding after
Citizen's wives : The citizens are mad
Too, to trust them with their wares, who have been
So deep in their wives books before : your justice
Of peace is sometimes mad too ; for when he
May see well enough, he will suffer any
Man to put out his eyes with a bribe : Some
Lawyers are often stark mad, and talk wildly,
No man is able to endure their terms.

Shirley's School of Compliments.

Madmen sometimes on sudden flashes hit
Of sense, which seem remote, and found like wit.

Sir W. Davenant On one that prophesy'd.

'Twas

'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew
 Her pedigree from those, who too much knew ;
 Who in deep mines, for hidden knowledge toils,
 Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils :
 When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
 'Tis weak and fragile like *Arachne's* line.

Denham.

M A N.

As budding branch rent from the native tree,
 And thrown forth, till it be withered ;
 Such is the state of man : thus enter we
 Into this life with woe, and end with misery.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Oh what is man, great maker of mankind !
 That thou to him so great respect dost bear !
 That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
 Mak'st him a king, and ev'n an angel's peer !

Oh what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
 What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r,
 Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire !

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
 But thy whole image thou in man hast writ :
 There cannot be a creature more divine ;
 Except like thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
 God had rais'd man, since god a man became :
 The angels do admire this mystery,
 And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
 Nor made them on the body's life depend :
 The soul, though made in time, survives for ay ;
 And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Sir John Davies.

1. We are men, my liege.

2. Ay,

2. Ay, in the catalogue, ye go for men ;
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
 Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
 All by the name of dogs ; the valu'd file
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter ; ev'ry one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes all alike : And so of men.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again !

Shakespear's Hamlet.

They say best men are moulded out of faults ;
 And for the most, become much more the better,
 For being a little bad.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Oh my soul ! here's something tells me that these
 Best of creatures, these models of the world,
 Weak man and woman, should have their souls, their
 Making, life, and being, to some more excellent
 Use ! if what the sense calls pleasure, were our
 Ends, we might justly blame great nature's wisdom,
 Who rear'd a building of so much art and
 Beauty to entertain a guest so far
 Incertain, so imperfect ; if only
 Speech distinguish us from beasts, who know no
 Inequality of birth or place, but
 Still to fly from goodness : Oh, how base were
 Life at such a rate ! no, no, that power
 That gave to man his being, speech, and wisdom,
 Gave it for thankfulness : to him alone, that
 Made me thus, may I whence truly know,
 I'll pay to him, not man, the love I owe.

Shakespear and Rowley's Birth of Merlin.

Lo, here, the man
 Like a circle bounded in it self,

Con-

Contains as much as man in fullness may :
 Lo, here, the man, who not of usual earth,
 But of that nobler and more precious mold,
 Which *Phœbus* self doth temper, is compos'd ;
 And, who, though all were wanting to reward,
 Yet, to himself he would not wanting be.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

I. These our times

Are not the same, *Aruntius*—2. Times ! the men,
 The men are not the same—'Tis we are base,
 Poor, and degen'rate, from th' exalted strain
 Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
 Of god-like *Cato*? he, that durst be good,
 When *Cæsar* durst be evil ; and had pow'r
 As not to live his slave, to die his master ?
 Or where's the constant *Brutus*, that being proof
 Against all charm of benefits, did strike
 So brave a blow into the monster's heart,
 That sought unkindly to captive his country ?
 O, they are fled the light ! those mighty sp'rits
 Lie rak'd up with their ashes in their urns,
 And not a spark of their eternal fire
 Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
 Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so ;
 There's nothing *Roman* in us : nothing good,
 Gallant, or great : 'Tis true that *Cordus* says,
 Brave *Cassius* was the last of all the Race.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Man is a tree, that hath no top in cares,
 No root in comforts ; all his pow'r to live
 Is giv'n to no end, but t' have pow'r to grieve.

Chapman's Buffe D'ambois.

Men are not good, but for necessity ;
 Nor orderly are ever born, but bred.
 Sad want and poverty make men industrious ;
 But law must make them good, and fear obsequious.

Daniel's Civil War.
 This

This mass of thought, this animated slime,
 This dying substance, and this living shadow,
 The sport of fortune, and the prey of time,
 Soon rais'd, soon raz'd, as flow'rs in a Meadow.

E. of Sterline's *Cræsus*.

Man is a crafty creature, hard to know ;
 Who can a face for ev'ry fortune frame :
 No trust in mortals, no, nor faith below,
 As our particulars do sometime move :
 We what we wish for most, seem to mislike ;
 And oft of others do the course disprove ;
 Whilst we want only means to do the like.

E. of Sterline's *Alexandrian Tragedy*.

For our defects in nature who sees not ?

We enter first things present, not conceiving,
 Not knowing future ; what is past forgot :
 All other creatures instant power receiving,
 To help themselves ; man only bringeth sense
 To feel, and wail his native impotence.

Lord Brooke of *Human Learning*.

Oh wretched men, which under shame are lay'd,
 For faults, which we, and which our parents made !

Lord Brooke's *Mustapha*.

Oh wearisome condition of humanity !

Born under one law, to another bound !
 Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity !
 Created sick, commanded to be sound !
 What meaneth nature by these divers laws ?
 Passion and reason self-division cause.

Lord Brooke's *Mustapha*.

All other creatures follow after kind,
 But man alone doth not beget the mind.

Drayton's *Queen Margaret to Duke of Suffolk*.

First seeds of ev'ry creature are in us,
 What ere the world hath bad, or precious,
 Man's body can produce : hence hath it been,
 That stones, worms, frogs and snakes in men are seen :

But

But who e'er saw, though nature can work so,
That pearl or gold, or corn in man did grow ?

Dr. Donne.

As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book,
Of creatures ; and men need no farther look.

Ibid.

'Tis the deepest art to study man :
I know this, which I never learn'd in schools ;
The world's divided into knaves and fools.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Man's curse is, things forbid still to pursue ;
What's freely offer'd, not to hold worth view.

Dauborne's Christian turned Turk.

Nature, and all those universal pow'rs,
Which shew'd such admirable God-like skill,
In framing this true model of ourselves,
This man, this thing call'd man ! why do you thus
Make him a spectacle of such laughter for you,
When in each man we see a monarchy ?
For, as in states, all fortunes still attend ;
So with a kingdom ; with a compleat state
Well govern'd, and well manag'd, in himself
Both each man bears, when that best part of man,
Reason, doth sway, and rule each passion.

Goffe's Courageous Turk.

To be man,
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In sev'ral shapes ; as miseries do grow,
They alter, as mens forms ; but how, none know.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

As there is by nature
In ev'ry thing created contrariety ;
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind : But man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heav'n hath modell'd; in himself contains
Passions of several qualities : The musick

Of .

Of man's fair composition best accords,
When 'tis in confort, not in single strains.
My heart has been untun'd thele many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted. Living here,
We are heav'n's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

How poor a thing is man, whom death itself
Cannot protect from injuries? O ye gods!
Is't not enough our wretched lives are toss'd
On dang'rous seas, but we must stand in fear
Of pyrates in the haven too? heav'n made us
So many butts of clay, at which the gods
In cruel sport shoot miseries.

Randolph's Jealous Lovers.

1. From outward actions, man should not derive
The knowledge of himself; for so, he's made
The creature of beginnings; over which
His virtue may command fortune and chance.
When he by speculation hath inform'd
His divine part, he is perfect; and till then
But a rough matter, only capable
Of better fortune. It oft begets my wonder,
That thou, a rude *Barbarian*, ignorant
Of all art, but of wars, which custom only
Hath, being join'd to thy first nature, taught thee,
Should'st know so much of man! 2 I study man
Better from practice, than thou canst by books;
Thy learning's but opinion, mine known truth,
Subject to no gros errors, such as cannot
Be reconciled, but by production
Of new and greater.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

Man is an actor, and the world the stage;
Where some do laugh, some weep, some sing, some rage:
All in their parts during the scene of breath,
Act follies, scourg'd by the tragedian death.

Richards's Messalina.

Man is to man, a monster-hearted stone ;
With heav'n there's mercy, but with man there's none.

Richards's Messalina.

Horses get their livings by their backs ;
Oxen by their necks ; swine and women by
Their flesh ; only man by his brain.

Richard Brome's City Wit.

Much of man's sand through time's wide glass does run,

Many of his freshest years do periods know :
A long part of his life's short web is spun,
Ere he considers, what he's born to do.

Baron.

Nor is this lower world but a huge inn,
And men the rambling passengers ; wherein
Some warm lodgings find, and that as soon
As out of nature's closets they see noon,
And find the table ready laid ; but some
Must for their commons trot, and trudge for room :
With easy pace some climb promotion's hill ;
Some in the dale, do what they can, stick still :
Some through false glasses fortune smiling spy ;
Who still keeps off, though she appears hard by.
Some like the ostrich with their wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or soar above the gutter :
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hope's Cape* ;
Some ne'er can do't, though the same courſe they shape :
So that poor mortals are so many balls
Toss'd some o'er line, some under fortune's walls :
And it is heav'n's high pleasure man should lie
Obnoxious to this partiality ;
That by industrious ways he should contend,
Nature's short pittance to improve and mend :
Now industry ne'er fail'd at last t'advance
Her patient sons above the reach of chance.

Howell.

To study God, God's student, man was made ;
To read him as in nature's text convey'd

Not

Not as in heav'n ; but as he did descend
 To earth, his easier book : Where, to suspend
 And save his miracles, each little flow'r,
 And lesser fly, shews his familiar pow'r.

Sir W. Davenant to Ogilby.

Mankind upon each other's ruins rise ;
 Cowards maintain the brave, and fools the wise :
 Honour and all religion bears a price,
 But as the rates are set by death and vice.

Sir R. Howard's *Vestal Virgin.*

1. What is a man ? A congregation
 Of disagreeing things ; his place of birth,
 A confus'd crowd of fighting elements ;
 To nothing fix'd, but to eternal change :
 They would all lose their natures should they fix.
 2. Why, say they did, were they not better lost
 Than kept at such expence ? What does poor man
 Pay for vain life ?

1. What's matter what he pays ?
 Gods did not make this world only for man ;
 He's but a parcel o'th'universe,
 A fellow-servant with the meanest thing,
 To carry on the service of the whole,
 And pleasure o'the gods, the lords of all.

Crown's Darius.

M A R R I A G E.

We wordly folk account him very wise
 That hath the wit most wealthily to wed :
 By all means therefore always we devise,
 To see our issue rich in spousals sped.

We buy and sell rich orphans : Babes scant bread
 Must marry, ere they know what marriage means :
 Boys marry old trotts, old fools wed young queans.

We call this wedding ; which in any wise
 Can be no marriage, but pollution plain :
 A new-found trade of human merchandize ;
 The devil's net, a filthy fleshly gain :
 Of kind and nature an unnat'ral stain ;

A foul abuse of God's most holy order,
And yet allow'd almost in ev'ry border.

Mirror for Magistrates.

It is a sign that nothing shall asswage
Your love but marriage : For such is
The tying of two in wedlock, as is
The tuning of two lutes in one key : For
Striking the strings of the one, straws will stir
Upon the strings of the other ; and in
Two minds linked in love, one cannot be
Delighted, but the other rejoiceth.

Lilly's Sappho and Phao.

'Tis strange to see th'impiey of parents,
Both priviledg'd by custom, and profess'd
The holy institution of heaven ;
Ordaining marriage for proportion'd minds,
For our chief humane comforts ; and t'encrease
The loved images of God in men :
'Tis now perverted to th'increafe of wealth ;
We must bring riches forth, and like the cuckoe
Hatch others eggs ; join house to house ; in choices
Fit timber-logs and stone, not men and women.

Chapman's May-Day.

For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring, or our parents pride,
Have caus'd ; whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth, and not love ; honour, and nought beside :
Whilst marry'd but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have ;
When shadows cannot give us, what we crave.

Daniel's Rosamund.

O fortunate poor maids, that are not forc'd,
To wed for state, nor are for state divorc'd !
Whom policy of kingdoms, doth not marry ;
But pure affection makes to love, or vary :
You feel no love, which you dare not to shew ;
Nor shew a love, which doth not truly grow :

O, you

O you are surely blessed of the sky ;
You live, that know not death before you die !

Marston's Sophonisba.

Some man unworthy to be possessor

Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser,

If on womankind he might his anger wreak ;

And thence a law did grow,

One might but one man know ;

But are other creatures so ?

Are sun, moon, or stars by law forbidden

To smile where they lift, or lend away their light ?

Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden

If they leave their mates, or lie abroad all night ?

Beasts do no jointures lose,

Though they new lovers chuse,

But we are made worse than those.

Who e'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours ;

And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all ?

Or build fair houses, set trees and arbours,

Only to lock up, or else to let them fall ?

Good is not good, unless

A thousand it possels ;

But doth waste with greediness.

Dr. Donne.

Reverend and honourable matrimony !

Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings ;

Dangerles pleasures ; thou that mak'lt the bed,

Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful : Without thee

All the whole world were soiled bastardy.

Thou art the only, and the greatest form,

That put'lt a diff'rence 'tween our desires,

And the disorder'd appetites of beasts ;

Making their mates those that stand next their lusts.

Then—with what base injury is thy goodness paid ?

First, rare to have a bride commence a maid,

But does beguile of joy the purity !

L 3

And

And is made strict by pow'r of drugs and art,
 An artificial maid, a doctor'd virgin ;
 And so deceives the glory of his bed :
 A foul contempt, against the spotless pow'r
 Of sacred wedlock : but if chaste and honest,
 There's another devil haunteth marriage,
 None fondly loves but knows it ; jealousy,
 That wedlock's yellow sickness, that whisp'ring
 Separation every minute.

Middleton's Phænix.

Is it enough to use adult'rous thefts,
 And then take sanctuary in marriage ?
 I grant, so long as an offender keeps
 Close in a privileg'd temple, his life's safe ;
 But if he ever venture to come out,
 And so be ta'n, then he surely dies for't :
 So now you are safe ; but when you leave this body,
 Man's only privileg'd temple upon earth ;
 In which the guilty soul takes sanctuary :
 Then you'll perceive, what wrongs chaste vows endure ;
 When lust usurps the bed, that should be pure.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

Holy ceremonies

Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful.
 Are these the fruits of your repentance, brother ?
 Better it had been you had never sorrow'd ;
 Than t'abuse the benefit, and return
 To worse than where sin left you.
 Vow'd you then never to keep strumpet more,
 And are you now so swift in your desires,
 To knit your honours, and your life fast to her ?
 Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
 But he must bind himself in chains to it ? worse !
 Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,
 That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
 To her great master, be now made the garment
 Of leprosy and foulness ? Is this penitence
 To sanctify hot lust ? What is it otherways

Than

Than worship done to devils ? Is this the best
 Amends that sin can make after her riots ?
 As if a drunkard, to appease heav'n's wrath,
 Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice :
 If that be comely, then lust's off'rings are
 On wedlock's sacred altar.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

How near am I now to a happiness
 That earth exceeds not ? Not another like it.
 The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
 As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
 Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
 Of blessings, when I come but near the house ;
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth !
 The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
 Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
 On which the spring's chaste flow'rs take delight
 To cast their modest odors ; when base lust
 With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
 Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.

Ibid.

Who for his wife his harlot doth prefer ;
 Good reason 'tis, that he should marry her.

Middleton's Michaelmas-Term.

It is the marry'd woman, if you mark it,
 And not the maid that longs ; the appetite
 Follows the first taste, which when we have relish'd
 We wish to cloying : the taste once pleas'd before,
 Then our desire is whetted on to more.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at several Weapons.

For womens resolutions in such deeds,
 Like bees, light oft on flow'rs, and oft on weeds.

Webster's Devil's Law Case.

— Fie upon these
 Unsanctify'd matches ! they make us loath
 The most nat'r'al desire our grandam *Eve* e'er left us :
 Force one to marry against her will ? Why 'tis
 A more ungodly work, than enclosing the commons.

1. What do you think of marriage ?
2. I take't, as those that deny purgatory :
It locally contains or heaven or hell ;
There's no third place in it.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

Take thus much of my council. Marry not
In haste ; for she that takes the best of husbands,
Puts but on a golden fetter : For husbands
Are like to painted fruit, which promise much,
But still deceives us, when we come to touch.
If you match with a courtier, he'll have a
Dozen mistresses at least, and repent
His marriage within four and twenty hours
At most ; swearing a wife, is fit for none
But an old justice, or a country gentleman :
If you marry a citizen, though you
Live never so honest, yet you shall be sure
To have a cuckold to your husband : If
A lawyer, the neatnes of his clerk will
Draw in question the good carriage of his
Wife : If a merchant, he'll be venturing
Abroad, when he might deal a great deal more
Safe at home. And this take of me, that 'mongst
The best, there is none good, all ill :
She's marry'd best, that's wedded to her will.

Cupid's Whirligig.

How many shepherds daughters, who in duty
To griping fathers have enthrall'd their beauty,
To wait upon the gout, to walk when pleases
Old January halt ! O that diseases
Should link with youth ! She that hath such a mate,
Is like two twins, born both incorporate :
Th'one living, th'other dead : The living twin
Must needs be slain through noisomness of him
He carries with him : Such are their estates,
Who merely marry wealth, and not their mates.

Brown's Pastorals.

— 'Tis

— 'Tis a fault,
 That men not guided by the tract of reason
 But heat and wantonnes of blood, run giddy
 To seal such weighty covenants : Better 'twere
 The world should end in our virginities,
 Than spin itself more length by inconsiderate
 And hasty marriages.

Shirley's Constant Maid.

The joys of marriage are the heav'n on earth,
 Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
 Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
 Eternity of pleasures ; no restoratives
 Like to a constant woman ——— But where is she ?
 'Twould puzzle all the gods but to create
 Such a new monster.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

Who weds as I have, to enforced sheets ;
 His care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Wilkin's Miseries of Inforced Marriage.

The wiving vine that 'bout the friendly elm
 'Twines her soft limbs, and weaves a leafy mantle
 For her supporting lover ; durst not venture
 To mix her humble boughs with the embraces
 Of the more lofty cedar.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

Fie ! this ingrossment, is but mere conceit :
 Does the sweet spring less cool, less fair appear,
 When many thirsts are quench'd in her, than when
 But one has drank ? Find you not the same sweets,
 When more besides yourself, have smelt your rose ?

Baron's Mirza.

1. Wedlock to his age, will bring him home
 To choicer pleasures, and abandon such.
2. His age, is fit for nothing, but to rock
 Another's child ; and to rejoice through spectacles,
 At the strong guess he has, it is his own.

Richard Brome's Damoiselle.

Faith 'tis no age to be put off
 With empty education ; few will make jointures
 To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
 When some old widow which at ev'ry cough
 Resigns some of her teeth ; and ev'ry night
 Puts off her leg as duly as *French* hood ;
 Scarce wears her own nose ; hath no eyes but such
 As she first bought in *Broad-street* ; and ev'ry morning
 Is put together like some instrument ;
 Having full coffers shall be woo'd, and thought
 A youthful bride.

Main's City Match.

Men shall abandon pride and jealousy,
 Ere I'll be bound to their captivity ;
 They shall live continent, and leave to range ;
 But men, like to the moon, each month must change :
 Yet must we seek that naught their fight displeases,
 And mix our wedlock sweets with loath'd diseases :
 When we consume ourselves and our best beauty,
 All our reward is, why, 'twas but our duty.

Machen's Dumb Knight.

'True matrimony's nothing else indeed
 But fornication licens'd ; lawful adultery.
 O heav'ns ! How all my senses are wide sluices
 To let in discontent and miseries.

Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.

But you will say, the comfort of a life
 Is in the partner of your joys, a wife.
 You have made choice of brides ; you need not wooe
 The rich, the fair ; they both are proferr'd you.
 But what fond virgin will my love prefer,
 That only in *Parnassus* jointures her ?
 Yet thy base match I scorn ; and honest pride
 I harbour here, that scorns a market-bride.
 Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold ;
 And sacred love is basely bought and sold :
 Wives are grown traffick, marriage is a trade ;
 And when a nuptial of two hearts is made,

Ther.

There must of moneys too a wedding be,
That coin, as well as men, may multiply.

Randolph.

— Our gallant friend,
Is gone to church, as martyrs to the fire :
 Who marry, differ but i'th' end,
 Since both do take
The hardest way to what they most desire.
Nor staid he till the formal priest had done,
But ere that part was finish'd, his begun :
 Which did reveal
The haste and eagerness men have to feal,
 That long to tell the money.

Suckling.

— I esteem it
No marriage, but a well-nam'd rape, where friends
Force love upon their children ; where the virgin
Is not so truly given, as betray'd.
I would not have betrothed people (for
I can by no means call them lovers) do
Such penance in their marriage sheets ; and make
The rites no wedlock, but a sacrifice :
Where, like an innocent lamb, the passive virgin's
Heart is torn from her entrails, not entic'd :
Being condemn'd, not wedded to her husband.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

Why is marriage legal ?
It gives authority to lust, for chaste
Would soon conclude the world. Oh virtuous
Prejudice, when error prevents folly !

Sir W. Davenant's cruel Brother.

For wealth has marry'd wealth ; with youth age joins
His feeble heat, and melts his wither'd loins ;
Not to engender men, but sev'ral coins.

Sir W. Davenant To one marry'd to an old Usurer.

And wisely ancients by this needful snare
 Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness
 As most in marriage swallow with that care,
 Which bashfully the wife will ne'er confess.

'Tis statesmen's musick, who state-fowlers be,
 And singing birds, to catch the wilder, set ;
 So bring in more to tame society ;
 For wedlock, to the wild, is the state's net.

And this loud joy, before the marriage rites,
 Like battle's musick which to fights prepare,
 Many to strife and sad success invites ;
 For marriage is too oft but civil war.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Marriage is but a church device, that would
 Prefer sobriety amongst the virtues.
 A stale unsav'ry thing, when as variety
 Gives life to ev'ry sense ; and doth beget
 An appetite, when th' other smothers it.

John Tatham's Distraeted State.

These marriages in earnest, come time enough,
 And spoil the others : The oaths and promises
 Of batchelors, pass current, and are not
 Disproveable ; but a marry'd man that swears
 Virtuous love to others, is perjur'd
 In a court of record.

Fane's Love in the Dark.

1. Sir, this is the great market of matrimony :
 Here 'tis begun, made up, and broken too.

2. Matrimony ! for heav'n's sake name it not ;
 I do not love to hear the sound of fetters.

1. Oh, pray let's humour him a little ; I
 Think indeed the strictnes of it was but
 A kind of joggle, betwixt the women
 And the fryars.

2. True, such a devilish thing could never
 Have been found out else : 'Twas worse than the
 Invention of gun-powder ; and it has

Alter'd

Alter'd the course of love, more than th' other
Has done of war.

1. Imparity of minds, is worse than bodies ;
And which two are of the same mind for ever ?
- 2, Ay, or at any time. If people love
Well, there needs no marriage to confine them ;
If not, 'tis cruelty to couple two
Churlish disagreeing curs, and fin, not
To unloose them. I would not use my dogs
So : True, men are chain'd in gallies ; horses
Bridled, and oxen yok'd to work :
For flavid offices and things ungrateful,
Constraint is necessary ; but for the
Sweets of love to have a task impos'd ; to
Have men like hir'd town bulls, made amorous
By force ; and beaten to it ? Do men chain
Up themselves at dinner to their tables ?
Or do they hunt, or bowl, or dance in shackles ?
If marriage is a sport, confinement makes it less ;
If 'tis a work,
Are drudgeries the better for being endless ?

Fane's Love in the Dark.

1. Men should look with eyes, and not
With spectacles, in affairs of love.
2. Nor would I wed the empress of the world,
Though she were the greatest beauty of it,
In that dull method of our grave fore-fathers :
'Sfoot——they marry'd as they purchased lands ;
Agreed upon the bargain, then enter'd,
And took possession. They wedded wealth
To wealth ; when the chief benefit of riches,
Is, to make election of what most we like.
1. And if what most you like have riches too,
I hope that makes it not the worse.
2. To me it does exceedingly ; it gives
A wife too great a motive to be proud ;
When she can upbraid her husband, that 'twas
She, forsooth, increas'd his fortune : whereas

Marrying for beauty, only pleases me,
 Obliges her, and keeps her humble too.
 'Twould be an injustice to all human kind,
 If still the rich should only wed the rich ;
 The world would then consist only of
 Us'ers and beggars : But if rich men
 Marry the poor and handsome women, and
 The rich women the poor and handsome men ;
 The gifts of nature and of fortune, will
 Be equally distributed : Delight
 And wealth so shar'd, will restore to both the
 Sexes that happiness, which the old formal
 Ways of acting have so long depriv'd them of.
 1. Young and handsome is portion enough to
 Him that needs not any : I hate constraint
 In any thing, and in love above all things.

E. of Orrery's *Guzman*.

1. Though your structure be
 Noble and high, if you will build it on
 A low foundation, it can ne'er appear
 So high, as if your basis higher were.
 You may appear yourself ; but when you do
 Join with an equal, you appear him too.
2. Pardon me, sir, I only him appear,
 I lose my name, and all I was before.
 I am not greater, when his wife, because
 I was a princess ; for should he but wed
 The meanest lass in all *Arcadia*, he
 In doing so, would make her full as great
 As I should be. Ambitious rivers, whilst
 They needs will strive to join with greater floods,
 Do add indeed to them ; but lose themselves :
 Whilst those that court some fmaller brook, at once
 Encrease their waters, and preserve their names.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

- The hour of marriage ends the female reign ;
 And we give all we have to buy a chain ;

Hire

M A S M E D 231

Hire men to be our lords, who were our slaves ;
And bribe our lovers to be perjur'd knaves.
O how they swear to heaven and the bride,
They will be kind to her, and none beside ;
And to themselves, the while in secret swear,
They will be kind to ev'ry one, but her !

Crown's English Fryar.

M A S T E R.

The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be useful to him, does himself
The injury.

Maffinger's Unnatural Combat.

An equal master ; whose sincere intents
Ne'er chang'd good servants, to bad instruments.

Cartwright.

By children, servants, neighbours so esteem'd,
He not a master, but a monarch seem'd :
All his relations his admirers were ;
His sons paid rev'rence, and his servants fear,

Denham.

M E D I O C R I T Y.

Stand who so list for me,
In highest, flipp'ry place :
Though great their glory be,
Yet greater their disgrace :
And who so subject to mischance,
As those whom fortune doth advance ?

These base, earth-creeping mates,
Proud envy never spies :
When at the greatest states
Her poison'd quiver flies.
Each tempest doth turmoil the seas,
When little lakes have quiet ease.

Brandon's Octavia.

Ants live safely, till they have gotten wings,
And juniper is not blown up till it

Hath

Hath gotten an high top : The mean estate
Is without care, as long as it continueth
Without pride.

Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe

Thou art a ferryman *Phao*, yet
A freeman ; possessing for riches content,
And for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no
Higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires
Greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, stands
On glafs, and falls on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is
Satisfy'd with thy hands thirst ; and thy gentle
Labours in the day, turn to sweet slumbers
In the night. As much doth it delight thee
To rule thine oar in a calm stream ; as it
Doth *Sapfo* to sway the scepter in her
Brave court. Envy never casteth her eye
Low ; ambition pointeth always upwards ;
And revenge barketh only at stars. Thou
Farest delicately, if thou hast a
Fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is
Ready, when thine oar is idle ; and as
Sweet is the fish, which thou gettest in the
River, as the fowl which others buy in
The market. Thou need'st not fear poison in
Thy glafs ; nor treason in thy guard. The wind
Is thy greatest enemy, whose might is
Withstood with policy. O sweet life seldom
Found under a golden covert, often
Under a thatched cottage !

Lilly's Sapho and Phao.

We must, in passing to our wished ends,
Through things call'd good and bad, be like the air,
That ev'nly interpos'd betwixt the seas,
And the opposed element of fire ;
As either toucheth, but partakes with neither ;
Is neither hot nor cold, but with a slight
And harmless temper, mixt of both th' extremes.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

————— Oh

— Oh mediocrity !
 Thou prizeless jewel, only mean men have
 But cannot value ; like the precious jem,
 Found in the muck-hill by th' ignorant cock.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinb.

Had I been born a servant, my low life
 Had steady stood from all these miseries.
 The waving reeds stand free from ev'ry gust,
 When the tall Oaks are rent up by the roots.

How a Man may choose a good Wife from bad.

I am that even course that must be kept
 To shun two dang'rous gulphs ; the middle tract
 'Twixt *Sylla* and *Charibdis* ; the small *Isthmus*
 That suffers not th' *Ægean* tide to meet
 The violent rage of th' *Ionian* wave.
 I am a bridge o'er an impetuous sea ;
 Free, and safe passage to the wary step :
 But he, whose wantonness, or folly dares
 Decline to either side, falls desperate
 Into a certain ruin — Dwell with me,
 Whose mansion is not plac'd so near the sun,
 As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
 With his directer beams ; nor so remote
 From his bright rays, as to be situate
 Under the icy pole of the cold bear ;
 But in a temp'rare zone : 'Tis I am she,
 I am the golden mediocrity.

Randolph's Muse's Looking-glass.

M E L A N C H O L Y.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
 Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth ?
 And start so often when thou fitt'st alone ?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
 And giv'n my treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ?

Shakespear's First Part of K. Henry IV.

— Oh

— Oh melancholy !
 Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find
 The Ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack '
 Might eas'liest harbour in ?

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

I am as melancholy as a gib cat,
 Or a lugg'd bear ; or an old lion, or
 A lover's lute ; yea, or the drone of a
Lincolnshire bagpipe. What say'ſt thou to a
 Hare, or the melancholy of *Moor-ditch* ?

Shakespear's First Part of K. Henry IV.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
 Which is emulation ; nor the musician's,
 Which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's,
 Which is pride ; nor the soldier's, which is
 Ambitious ; nor the lawyer's, which is politick ;
 Nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's,
 Which is all these : but it is a melancholy
 Of mine own ; compounded of many fimples,
 Extracted from many objects, and, indeed,
 The sundry contemplation of my travels ;
 In which my often ruminations wraps me
 In a most hum'rous sadness.

Shakespear's As you like it.

I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
 And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
 Like such an instrument, that speaks merry things sadly.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

This foul melancholy
 Will poison all his goodness ; for I'll tell you,
 If too immod'rate sleep be truly said
 To be an inward rust unto the soul ;
 It then doth follow, want of action
 Breeds all black malecontents ; and their close rearing,
 Like moths in cloaths, do hurt for want of wearing.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

— That melancholy
 Though ending in distraction, should work

So far upon a man as to compel him
To court a thing that hath nor sense, nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

Maffinger's Duke of Milan.

I have sat with him in his cabbin a day together,
Yet not a syllable exchang'd between us ;
Sigh he did often ; as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant, would
Choke up his vital spirits : and now and then
A tear, or two, as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks ; which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up.

Maffinger's Unnatural Combat.

— Melancholy, is
The root, as well of every apish frenzy,
Laughter and mirth, as dullness.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

— Melancholy
Is not as you conceive, an indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease : so extasy,
Fantastick dotage, madness, frenzy, rupture,
Of meer imagination differ partly
From melancholy ; which is briefly this :
A meer commotion of the mind, o'ercharg'd
With fear and sorrow ; first begat i' th' brain,
The seat of reason ; and from thence, deriv'd
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.

Ibid.

See the strange working of dull melancholy,
Whose drossy drying the feeble brain,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect :
And in the soul's fair table falsely graves
Whole squadrons of fantastical chimeras,
And thousand vain imaginations :
Making some think their heads as big as horses ;

Some

Some that are dead ; some that are turn'd to wolves ;
As now it makes him think himself all glas.

Lingua.

— Of melancholy,
Which some define is weakness in a lord ;
And in a lady pride or fulleness ;
But in a wise man, 'tis flat foolery.

Jones's Adraſta.

M E M O R Y.

This ledger-book, lies in the brain behind,
Like Janus eye, which in his poll was set :
The layman's tables ; store-house of the mind ;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here sense's apprehension, end doth take ;
As when a stone is in the water cast,
One circle doth another circle make ;
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

Sir John Davies.

To these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,
Where they all arts, and gen'ral reasons lay ;
Which in the soul, ev'n after death remain,
And no Lethæan flood can wash away.

Ibid.

Remember thee —

Ay, thou poor ghost ; while mem'ry holds a seat
In this distract globe ; remember thee —
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All faws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copy'd there ;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baser matter.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
. Boading to ill. —

Shakespear's Othello.

— Could her tomb
 Stand, whilst I liv'd so long, that it might rot ;
 That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

1. I remember you not.
2. Why we supt with you last night, sir !
1. Oh cry your mercy ; 'tis so long ago,
 I had quite forgot you ; I must be forgiven :
 Acquaintance, dear society, suits and things
 Do so flow to me ; that had I not the better mem'ry,
 'Twould be a wonder I should know myself :
 Esteem is made of such a dizzy metal ;
 I have receiv'd of many, gifts o'er night,
 Whom I have forgot ere morning : meeting the men,
 I wish'd them to remember me again ;
 They do so : then if I forget again,
 I know what help'd before, that will help then :
 This is my course ; for mem'ry I've been told
 Twenty preserves ; the best I find, is gold.

Middleton's Michaelmas Term.

1. No man cares for *anametes*, or remembrance.
2. Yes, a company of studious paper worms,
 And lean scholars, and niggardly scraping
 Usurers ; and a troop of heart-hating
 Envious persons, and those canker-stomach'd
 Spiteful creatures, that furnish up common
 Place-books with other mens faults. The time has
 Been in those golden days when *Saturn* reign'd,
 That if a man receiv'd a benefit
 Of another ; I was presently sent for,
 To put him in mind of it : but now, in
 These iron afternoons, save your friend's life,
 And oblivion will be more familiar
 With him, than I.

Lingua.

— None grow so old,
 Not to remember, where they hid their gold.

From

From age such art of memory we learn,
 'To forget nothing, which is our concern :
 Their interest, no priest, nor sorcerer
 Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher ;
 No understanding, memory can want,
 Where wisdom, studious industry doth plant :
 Nor does it only in the active live,
 But in the quiet and contemplative.

Denham.

— Thou hast almost
 Taught me to love my mis'ries, and forgive
 All my misfortunes : I'll at least forget 'em.
 We will revive those times, and in our memories
 Preserve, and still keep fresh, like flowers in water,
 Those happier days ; when at our eyes our souls
 Kindled their mutual fires, their equal beams
 Shot and return'd, 'till link'd, and twin'd in one,
 They chain'd our hearts together.

Denham's Sophy.

Had memory been lost with innocence,
 We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence :
 'Twas his chief punishment, to keep in store,
 The sad remembrance what he was before.

Denham.

M E R C Y.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
 Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
 And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,
 If he, which is the top of judgement, should
 But judge you, as you are ? oh, think on that !
 And mercy then will breath within your lips,
 Like man new made.

Ibid.

'Tis necessary he should die :
 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Shakespear's Timon.

— Attend our will :

Mercy but murthers, pard'ning those that kill.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n,
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The thro'ned monarch better than his crown :
 His scepter shews the force of temp'r'al pow'r,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

If there be nothing worthy you can see
 Of graces, or your mercy, here in me,
 Spare your own goodness yet ; and be not great
 In will and power, only to defeat :
 God, and the good, know to forgive, and save ;
 The ignorant, and fools, no pity have.
 I will stand arraign'd, and cast, to be
 The subject of your grace in pard'ning me ;
 And, stil'd your mercy's creature, will live more
 Your honour now, than your disgrace before :
 Think it was frailty, mistres, think me man ;
 Think that yourself like heav'n forgive me can :
 Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve ;
 There greatness takes a glory to relieve.

Johnson's Underwoods.

Dispense sometime with stern severity ;
 Make not the laws still traps to apprehend ;
 Win grace upon the bad with clemency ;
 Mercy may mend, whom malice made offend.

Death

Death gives no thanks, but checks authority ;
 And life doth only majesty commend.
 Revenge dies not ; rigour begets new wrath :
 And blood hath never glory ; mercy hath.

Daniel's Civil War.

— Mercy is the highest reach of wit,
 A safety unto them that save with it :
 Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
 Like God, not seen, till fleshly passion dies.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

The greatest attribute of heav'n is mercy ;
 And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
 Where it may kill with right ; to save with pity.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Lovers Progress.

Great minds erect their never failing trophies,
 On the firm base of mercy ; but to triumph
 O'er a suppliant, by base fortune captiv'd,
 Argues a bastard conquest.

Maffinger's Emperor of the East.

Nor takes it from the justice of a prince,
 Where provocation, and not malice makes
 Guilty ; to save, whom the sharp letter dooms
 Sometimes to execution.

Shirley's Gamester.

If they are gods ; pity's a banquet to them :
 Whene'er the innocent and virtuous
 Doth escape death, then is their festival.
 Nectar ne'er flows more largely, than when blood's
 Not spilt that should be fav'd. Do ye think the smoke
 Of human entrails is a steam that can
 Delight the deities ? Whoe'er did burn
 The building to the honour of th'architect ?
 Or break the tablet in the painter's praise ?
 'Tis mercy, is the sacrifice, they like.

Cartwright's Royal Slave.

O think ! think upward on the thrones above :
 Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love ;

If

If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,
This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

To kill, shews fear dares not more fears endure ;

When wrong'd, destroy not with thy foes, thy fame ;
The valiant by forgiving, mischief cure ;

And it is heav'n's great conquest to reclaim.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

You bring such clemency, as shews you have

More pardons, than your god-like father gave.

Which shews a greatness, that does most encline

To what is greatest in the pow'r divine :

'Tis that to which all human kind does bow,

And tend'rest sense of obligation owe.

For wretched man, by ev'ry passion led,

Born sinful, and to many errors bred,

Has use of mercy still ; and does esteem

Creation a less work, than to redeem.

Sir W. Davenant on the Restauration.

What others use to do with blows,

You, by forgiving, kill your foes :

Your mercy doth your sword reprieve,

And for their faults, you most do grieve.

Thomas Ford.

Mercy itself but rarely does bestow,

At the same time, rewards and pardons too.

E. of Orrery's Tryphon.

M E R I T.

1. My lord, I will use them according to
Their desert.

2. Gods-boddikins, man, much better ; use
Ev'ry man after his desert, and who
Shall 'scape whipping ? Use them after your own
Honour and dignity. The less they deserve,
The more merit is in your bounty.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Oh, your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom ;

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When it deserves with characters of brafs
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion !

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Potential merit stands for actual,
Where only opportunity doth want
Not will, nor power.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

Ourselv have ever vowed to esteem
As virtue for itself, so fortune base ;
Who's first in worth, the same be first in place.

Ibid.

So rare are true deservers lov'd or known ;
That men lov'd vulgarly, are ever none.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

1. True gold, will any trial stand, untouch'd ;
2. For colours that will stain, when they are try'd ;
The cloth itself, is ever cast aside.
1. Sometimes, the very glois in any thing,
Will seem a stain ; the fault not in the light,
Not in the guilty object, but our sight :
My gloss, rais'd from the richness of my stuff,
Had too much splendor for the owly eye
Of politick and thankless royalty :
I did deserve too much : A pleurisy
Of that blood in me, is the cause I die.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

To those, all great men, friends most frankly prove,

Whom, for their pleasure, freely they affect ;
And loathing bands, cannot be forc'd to love,

As brav'd by worth, when merits urge respect.
Few mark from whence they rose, when once aloft ;

None can indure that they should owe their state :
Deserts grow odious, when upbraided oft ;

And are deprav'd, not guerdon'd when too great.

E. of Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.

W. J. F.

Why should your fair eyes with such sov'reign grace,
 Disperse their rays on ev'ry vulgar spirit,
 Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same place,
 Get not one glance to recompence my merit ?
 So doth the ploughman gaze the wand'ring star,
 And only rests contented with the light ;
 That never learn'd what constellations are,
 Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
 O, why should beauty, custom, to obey,
 To their gross sense, apply herself so ill ?
 Would God I were as ignorant as they,
 When I am made unhappy by my skill :
 Only compell'd on this poor good to boast,
 Heav'ns are not kind to them, that know them most.

Drayton's Ideas.

O 'tis base,
 Bought gentry, e'er should true-born worth disgrace !
Day's Law Tricks.

His life's example was so true
 A practick of religion's theory ;
 That her divinity seem'd rather the
 Description than th'instruction of his life :
 And of his goodness, was his virtuous son
 A worthy imitator : So that on
 These two *Herculean* pillars, where their arms
 Are plac'd, there may be writ, *Non ultra* : For
 Beyond their lives, as well for youth as age,
 Nor young nor old, in merit or in name,
 Shall e'er exceed their virtues, or their fame.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

When no fair aspect shineth on deserts,
 There is a dearth presag'd on arms and arts.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

Seem not too conscious of thy worth ; nor be
 The first that knows thy own sufficiency :
 If to thy king and country, thy true care
 More serviceable is, than others are

That blaze in court ; and ev'ry action sway
 As if the kingdom on their shoulders lay :
 Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see
 Others preferr'd of less desert than thee ;
 Do not complain, though such a plaint be true ;
 Lords will not give their favours as a due ;
 But rather stay and hope. It cannot be
 But men at last must needs thy virtues see :
 So shall thy trust endure, and greater grow ;
 Whilst they that are above thee, fall below.

Randolph.

Our honours, and our commendations be
 Due to the merits ; not authority.

Herrick.

Who does to merit trust,
 But writes an obligation in the dust.

Suckling's Sad One.

For human excellence hath this ill fate,
 That where it virtue most does elevate,
 It bears the blot of being singular :
 And envy blasts that fame, it cannot share.

Sir W. Davenant to Mr. Benlowes.

His fate is nobler, who deserves, but fails ;
 Than his who merits not, and yet prevails.

E. of Orrery's Black Prince.

In a base commonwealth,
 Merit is treason ; a great master oppresses
 His little masters, by out-shining them.
 I'm your oppressor now, your tyrant now ;
 Fear of me, tortures you.

Crown's Regulus.

On my own treasure of desert I live ;
 And all my glory from myself receive.

Crown's Calisto.

M I N D.

The settled mind is free from fortune's pow'r,
 They need not fear, who look not up aloft :

But

But they that climb, are careful ev'ry hour ;
For when they fall, they light not very soft.

Churhyard in the Mirror for Magistrates.

The mind and not the man doth make or mar ;

For as the stream doth guide the argosy,
So by their minds all men they guided are.

From out the mind proceedeth fantasy ;
All outward acts, virtue or vanity,
Not from the man, but from the mind proceed :
The mind doth make each man to do each deed.

Thomas Blener Hasset in the Mirror for Magistrates.

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,

As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd :
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast body muſt we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas and lands ;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands ?

Doubtless this could not be, but that ſhe turns
Bodies to ſp'rits, by ſublimation ſtrange ;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns ;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter ſhe abſtracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quinteſſence from things ;
Which to her proper nature ſhe tranſforms,
To bear them light on her celeſtial wings.

Sir John Davies.

Besides, as Homer's Gods, 'gainſt armies stand ;
Her subtle form can through all dangers ſlide :
Bodies are captives, minds endure no band ;
And will is free, and can no force abide.

Ibid.

Perhaps ſomething repugnant to her kind,
By ſtrong antipathy the ſoul may kill.
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord ſtill ?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
 And life, and death, and peace, and war together ;
 Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie ;
 Yet neither troubleth, or disturbeth either.

Sir John Davies.

Sick minds, are like sick men that burn with fevers ;
 Who when they drink, please but a pleasant taste,
 And after bear a more impatient fit.

Johnson's Poetaster.

— Know, sir, that the wings
 On which my soul is mounted, have long since
 Born her too high, to stoop to any prey
 'That soars not upwards. Sordid and dunghil
 Minds, compos'd of earth, in that grofs element
 Fix all their happiness ; but purer spirits,
 Purged and refin'd, shake off that clog of
 Human frailty.

Beaumont: and Fletcher's Elder Brother.

M I R T H.

— A merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal :
 His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
 For ev'ry object, that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest ;
 Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Shakespear's Love's Labour's Lost.

From the crown of his head to the sole of
 His foot, he is all mirth ; he hath twice or
 Thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little
 Hangman dare not shoot at him : He hath a
 Heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is
 The clapper ; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Shakespear's Much ado about Nothing.

'Tis

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food ;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease :
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep :
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or lingringly his lungs consumes :
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrh, or griping stone :
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle.

— — — 'Tis nought but mirth,
That keeps the body from the earth.

Ibid.

Sometimes, when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast ;
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures try ;
We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry.

Webster's White Devil.

See the event ; this will prove good mirth,
When things unshap'd, shall have a perfect birth.

Barreys Ram-Alley.

A merry harmless mischief, whose relation
Shall make the ice of melancholick spleen
Dissolve with laughter.

Nabbs's Bride.

Our mirth shall be the quintessence of pleasure ;
And our delight flow with that harmony,
Th'ambitious spheres shall to the center shrink,
To hear our musick : Such ravishing accents,
As are from poets in their fury hurl'd,
When their outrageous raptures fill the world.

Marmyon's Antiquary

Others mirth,
And not mine own, it is that feeds me ; that
Battens me, as poor mens costs do usurers,

Richard Brome's Antipodes.

Golbo, by nature was of musick made,
Chearful as victors warm in their success ;
He seem'd like birds created to be glad ;
And nought but love, could make him taste distress.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

They are mandrakes groans, and still
Bode death : nor is his mirth less dang'rous ;
Which, like the wanton play of porpoises,
Denotes a storm.

Sir W. Davenant's Play-House to be Lett.

M I S C H I E F.

God can rip up secret mischiefs wrought,
To the confusion of the workers thought.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Now you begin,
When crimes are done and past, and to be punish'd,
To think what your crimes are : Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, andthen they bleed.

Johnson's Volpone.

For he that for himself would ruin all,
Shall perish in his craft unnatural.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Mischief o'erflows my thoughts ; and like a sea,
Devours the dews, the rain, the snow, the springs ;
And all their sweetness to his saltness brings.
How should I ground a faith, that faithless know
Myself to be ? Or why should he mistrust,
On whom the worst that can befall, is just ?

Ibid.

Mischief that may be help'd, is hard to know ;
And danger going on still multiplies.
Where harm hath many wings, care arms too late :
Yet hasty attempts make chance precipitate.

Ibid.

Mischief,

— Mischief, while her head shews in a cloud,
In Pluto's kingdom doth her body shroud.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Mischief is like the cockatrice's eyes ;
Sees first, and kills, or is seen first, and dies.

Ibid.

We search for serpents, but b'ing found, destroy them ;
Men drink not poisons, though they oft employ them.

Dekker's Match me in London.

Mischief 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnat'rally forc'd up an eminent hill ;
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us :
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own bogs.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.

Mischiefs

Are like the visits of *Franciscan* friars,
They never come to prey upon us singlē.

Webster's Devil's Law Case.

Whom you do employ.

In mischief, when 'tis done, you must destroy.

Aley's Henry VII.

The hidden pow'rs of heav'n, they make, and bend
Those counsels, that a mischief should divert,
Fit to advance it : When the fates intend
To ruin us, our judgments they pervert ;
And add this greater plague, to make us thought
The cause, which on ourselves the mischief brought.

Ibid.

In mischief there's content,
When we on others lay the punishment.

Nabbs's Bride.

That dart sure hits, which clouds did hide,
And safely kills, 'cause undescry'd.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

He that may hinder mischief,
And yet permits it ; is an accessary.

Freeman's Imperiale.

I have seen sudden starts to mischief grow ;
But turns to good, are usually more slow.

Sir R. Howard's Vestal Virgin.

M I S F O R T U N E.

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow thrown his utmost dart.
'Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight
Than that I feel, and harbour in mine heart :
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launc'd hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin and end the bitter baleful stound ;
If less than that I fear, more favour have I found.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

If fortune were so firm as she is frail,
Or glozing glory were still permanent :
If no mishap mens doings did assail,
Or that their acts and facts were innocent :
If they in hope no hurt nor hatred meant,
Or dealings ay were done with duty due ;
They never need their great misfortunes rue.

Mirror for Magistrates.

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Where is your ancient courage ? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd master ship in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

'Tis easy to accuse
Whom fortune hath made faulty by their fall ;
They who are vanquished, may not refuse
The titles of reproach they're charg'd withal :

The conq'ring cause hath right, wherein thou art ;
The vanquish'd still is judg'd the worser part.

Daniel's Cleopatra.

What pow'r can make me wretched ? What evil
Is there in life to him, that knows life's loss
To be no evil ? Shew, shew thy ugliest brow,
Oh most black chance ! Make me a wretched story ;
Without misfortune, virtue hath no glory :
Opposed trees make tempests shew their pow'r ;
And waves forc'd back by rocks, make Neptune tow'r.

Marston's Sophonisba.

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so :
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us,
As it makes us to others.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

I pray, sir, deal with men in misery,
Like one that may himself be miserable :
Insult not too much upon men distrest ;
Play not too much upon my wretchedness ;
The noble minds still will not, when they can.

Heywood's Royal King.

If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't ; his own weight
Will bring him the sooner to the bottom.
Fortune makes this conclusion general ;
All things do help th'unhappy man to fall.

Webster's Duchess of Malfy.

We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen
Past hope sunk in their fortunes ; lend no hand
To lift them up : But rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom.

Maffinger's New Way to pay old Debts.

We lay aside distinctions ; if our fates
Make us alike in our misfortunes.

Shirley's Wedding

Misfortune brings
Sorrow enough : 'Tis envy to ourselves,
To augment it by prediction.

Habbington's Queen of Arragon.

Ill luck, for speed, of all things else is chief :
For as the blind man sung, time so provides,
That joy goes still on foot, and sorrow rides.

Brown's Pastorals.

'The thirsty heav'ns mingle our sweets with gall,
Lest being glutted with excess of good,
We should forget the giver.

Thomas Rawlins's Rebellion.

— 1. Healthy men

Know how t'afford good counsel unto others ;
Whose forces being too weak, to bear the blows
Of their diseases, yield and languish under
The weight that's insupportable.

2. The weaker

Their minds are, the more they yield beyond
Necessity : And thereby become chief
Actors in their own tragedy.

Henry Burnell's Landgartha.

Though good things anfwer many good intents ;
Crosses do still bring forth the best events.

Herrick.

— The disgrace that waits upon misfortune ;
The mere reproach, the shame of being miserable,
Exposest men to scorn and base contempt,
Even from their nearest friends.

Denham's Sophy.

Death waits at home, disgrace and ruin here ;
Like a poor ship thus lab'ring in a storm,
I view the angry ocean o'er and o'er,
And see a thousand waves, but not one shore.

Crown's Juliana.

From this unhappy palace let us fly !
But whither shall we leave our misery ?

Who

Who to th'unfortunate will kind appear ?
The wretched are unwelcome ev'ry where.

Crown's Andromache.

M I S T R E S S.

Youself and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her ;
If she be curst, it is for policy ;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove :
She is not hot, but temp'rate as the morn :
For patience, she will prove a second *Griffel* ;
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity.

Shakespear's Taming of the Shrew.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar ;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech ; yet sweet as spring-time flow'rs.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crois in talk :
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp ?
Oh fland'rous world ! *Kate*, like the hazle-twigs
Is strait and slender ; and as brown in hue,
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

Ibid.

—————For he that does
Most honour to his mistress ; well may boast,
Without least question, that he loves her most.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.

As in some countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence ;
By surgeons begg'd, their art on him to try,
Which on the living work without remorse ;
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transfierce the coarse,
And with their balms recure the wounds again ;

Then

Then poison, and with physick him restore :
 Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill ;
 But their experience to encrease the more :
 Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill,
 By curing me, and killing me each hour ;
 Only to shew her beauty's sovereign pow'r.

Drayton's Ideas.

Among the gods she hath her place,
 They all stand gazing on her face.
 The clouds do from her presence fly,
 'Tis sun-shine where she casts her eye.
 Where-e'er she treads on earth below,
 A rose or lily up doth grow.
 Her breath a gale of spices brings ;
 Mute are the muses when she sings.

William Hawkins's Apollo Shroving.

You do not know what it is to be a
 Duke's mistress ; to enjoy the pleasures of
 The court ; to have all heads bare, the knees bow
 To you, ev'ry door fly open as you tread ;
 With your breath to raise this gentleman ; pull
 Down that lord ; and new mould th' other lady ;
 Wear upon a tire the wealth of a province ;
 Have all the fashions brought first to you ; all
 Courtiers sue to you ; tilts and tournaments
 For you ; to have the air you live in, nay
 Your very breath perfum'd ; the pavement you
 Tread upon kis'd ; nay your dog, or monkey,
 Not saluted without an officious leg,
 And some title of rev'rence.

Shirley's Love's Cruelty.

1. Here's a health to her that best deserves
 The attribute of fair ; whose white and red
 Prove what's life's mixture : From whose form, exactness,
 Rules of proportion, might be better drawn
 Than from art's principles : to her, whose youth
 Warms winter's icy bosom with her spring :

As

As it goes round, each give his mistress some
Commending character.

2. Why then a health to her, whose beauties are
Not a gross earth with painted superficies ;
But a more sprightly element of purer fire :
Within whose sphere, a glorious mind doth move
All th' orbs of virtue, with celestial flame :
Whose active climbings carry her desires
To th' utmost heighth of nobleness and honour.

3. And here's a health to her, will freely put
Her sweets to use ; kifs, and be kifs'd again
Without a fie : whose boldnes will not blush
At an assault, or any wanton touch :
And if a man perfis't to farther doing,
Accounts it loss of time ; a tedious wooing.

Nabbs's Covent-Garden.

When she was born, nature in sport began
To learn the cunning of an artisan ;
And did vermillion with a white compose,
To mock herself, and paint a damask rose :
But scorning nature unto art should seek,
She spilt her colours on this maiden's cheek.
Her mouth, the gate, from whence all goodnes came ;
Of pow'r to give the dead a living name.
Her words embalmed in so sweet a breath,
That made them triumph both on time and death ;
Whose fragrant sweets, since the camelion knew,
And tasted of, he to this humour grew ;
Left other elements ; held this so rare,
That since he never feeds on aught but air.

Brown's Pastorals.

I have a mistress, for perfection, rare
In ev'ry eye ; but in my thoughts most fair :
Like tapers on the altar, shine her eyes ;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice :
And whensoe'er my fancy would begin ;
Still her perfection lets religion in :

I touch

I touch her like my beads, with devout care;
 And come unto my courtship, as my pray'r.
 We sit, and talk, and kiss away the hours,
 As chastly, as the morning dews kiss flow'rs.

Randolph.

If when the sun at noon displays
 His brighter rays,
 Thou but appear,
 He then, all pale with shame and fear,
 Quencheth his light;
 Hides his dark brow, flys from thy sight;
 And grows more dim,
 Compar'd to thee, than stars to him.

If thou but shew thy face again,
 When darkness doth at midnight reign;
 Then darkness flies, and light is hurl'd,
 Round about the silent world:
 So as alike thou driv'st away,
 Both light and darkness, night and day.

Carew.

Long absence in far distant place
 Creates the winter; and the space
 She tarry'd with me, well I might
 Call it my summer of delight.
 Diversity of weather came
 From what she did, and thence had name;
 Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair;
 And when she laugh'd, the sun shin'd clear:
 Sometimes she'd frown, and sometimes weep;
 So clouds and rain their turns do keep:
 Sometimes again she'd be all ice,
 Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

Suckling.

The soldier that joins conquest to his name
 By victories, when o'ercome with years,
 As you must one day be, preserves his fame,
 Not by those wounds he gave, but those he bears:

Sg

So when your charms, in age's furrows lie
 Lost, and forgotten they had once so mov'd ;
 One wound amidst your heaps of victory,
 Would better tell that you had been belov'd.
 Then like a Tyrant ravish'd from his throne,
 You'll wish, that you had gentlier us'd your own.

Sir Robert Howard.

Some fragrant flow'rs the smell ; some trees the sight
 Do much content ; some pearls are wond'rous bright ;
 There's not so sweet a flow'r, so fair a tree,
 So pure a gem in all the world, as she :
 Some ladies humble are, and some are wife ;
 Some chaste, some kind, some fair to please the eyes ;
 All virtues do in her like stars appear,
 And make a glorious constellation there.

Watkins.

Mens eyes are dim, but womens blind to excellence.
 This beauteous woman look'd upon my head,
 And saw no crown on it, and look'd no deeper :
 Thus are our sex by women oft deceiv'd ;
 The gallant thinks his mistress sees his qualities,
 She only sees his equipage and garniture :
 Th' old wooden lord sees a young beauty glance,
 He thinks on him ; alas ! 'tis on a toy,
 More wooden than himself, his coronet :
 The statesman thinks his great parts charm his mistress ;
 She only looks on's great house, his great train :
 The brave young hero thinks his mistress values him,
 Because his courage can support her honour ;
 'Tis for his pages to hold up her tail.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

M O D E S T Y.

1. Of all flowers methinks a rose is best.
2. Why, gentle madam ?
1. It is the very emblem of a maid :
 For when the west wind courts her gently,
 How modestly she blows, and paus'd the sun

With

With her chaste blushes ? when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars.

Shakespear and Rowley's Two Noble Kinsmen.

I ask, that I might waken reverence ;
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus*.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

Strange cross in nature ! purest virgin shame
Lies in the blood, as lust lies ; and together
Many times mix too : and in none more shameful
Than in the shamefac'd. Who can then distinguish
'Twixt their affections ; or tell when he meets
With one not common ? yet, as worthiest poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
Ev'ry illib'ral and affected phrase
To cloath their matter ; and together tie
Matter, and form, with art and decency :
So worthiest women should shun vulgar guises ;
And though they cannot but fly out for change,
Yet modesty, the matter of their lives,
Be it adul'trate, should be painted true
With modest out-parts ; what they should do still
Grac'd with good shew, though deeds be ne'er so ill.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffy D'ambois.

A modest silence, though 't be thought
A virgin's beauty, and her highest honour ;
Though bashful feignings nicely wrought,
Grace her, that virtue takes not in, but on her ;
What I dare think, I boldly speak ;
After my word, my well-old action rusheth ;
In open flame then passion break ;
Where virtue prompts, thought, word, act, never blushesth.

Marston's Sopbonisba.

1. You are so bashful —

2. 'Tis not at first word, up and ride ; thou art
Cozen'd,

Cozen'd, that would shew mad in faith ; besides,
 We lose the main part of our politick
 Government, if we become provokers :
 Then we are fair, and fit for mens embraces,
 When, like towns they lie before us ages,
 Yet not carry'd, hold out their strongest batteries ;
 Then compound too without the loss of honour ;
 And march off with our fair wedding colours flying.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money.

What is't you doubt, her coyness ? that's but the
 Superficies of lust, most women have ;
 Yet why should ladies blush to hear that nam'd,
 Which they don't fear to handle ? oh, they're politick !
 They know our desire is encreas'd by the
 Difficulty of enjoying ; where satiety
 Is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion :
 If the buttery-hatch at court stood always
 Open, there would be nothing so passionate
 Crowding, nor hot suit after beverage.

Webster's White Devil.

If I do shun you, 'tis
 As bashful debtors shun their creditors ;
 I cannot pay you in the self same coin,
 And am ashamed to offer any other.

Suckling's Aglaura.

O useless shame ! officious bashfulness !
 Virtue's vain sign, which only there appears
 Where virtue grows erroneous by excels ;
 And shapes more sins, than frightened conscience fears.

Your blushes, which to mere complexion grow,
 You must as nature, not as virtue own ;
 And for your open'd love, you but blush so,
 As guiltless roses blush that they are blown.

As well the morn, whose essence poets made,
 And gave her bashful eyes, we may believe
 Does blush for what she sees through night's thin shade,
 As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Still you recoil, like the chaste *Indian* plant;
 Which shrinks and curls his bashful leaves, at the
 Approach of man.

Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*.

M O N E Y.

I could wish, that ev'ry thing I touch'd might
 Turn to gold : this is the sinews of war,
 And the sweetnes of peace. Is it not gold
 That makes the chasteſt to yield to lust ? The
 Honestest to lewdness ? the wiſeſt to
 Folly ? the faithfuller to deceit ? and
 The moſt holy in heart, to be moſt hollow of heart ?
 In this word gold, are all the powers of
 The gods ; the deſires of men ; the wonders
 Of the world ; the miraclcs of nature ;
 The loofnes of fortune ; and triumphs of
 Time. By gold may you ſhake the courts of
 Other princes, and have your own ſettled :
 One ſpade of gold, undermines faſter than
 An hundred mattocks of ſteel. Would one
 Be thought religious and devout ?

*Quantum quisque suā nummorum ſervat in arca,
 Tantum habet & fidei !*

Religion's balance are golden bags. Desire you virtue ?
*Quærenda pecunia prima eſt, virtus poſt
 Nummos.* The firſt ſtair of virtue is money.
 Doth any thirſt after gentry, and wiſh
 To be eſteemed beautilful ?

Et genus & formam regina pecunia donat.

King-coin hath a mint to ſtamp gentlemen,
 And art to make amiableness. I deny
 Not but love is ſweet, and the marrow of
 A man's mind ; that to conquer kings is the
 Quinteſſence of the thoughts of kings : why then
 Follow both,

Aurea ſunt verè nunc ſæcula, plurimus auro.

Venit bonos ; auro conciliatur amor.

It is a world for gold ; honour and love.

Are

Are both taken up on interest. Doth
Mydas determine to tempt the minds of
 True subjects ? to draw them from obedience
 To treachery, from their allegiance
 And oaths, to treason and perjury ;
Quid non mortalia pectora cogit
Auri sacra fames ?

What holes doth not gold bore in mens hearts ?
 Such virtue there is in gold, that being
 Bred in the barrenest ground, and trodden
 Under foot, it mounteth to sit on princes heads.
 Wish gold, *Mydas* ; or wish not to be *Mydas*.
 In the council of the gods, was not *Anubis*
 With his long nose of gold, preferr'd before
Neptune's, whose statue was but brafs ?
 And *Esculapius* more honour'd for
 His golden beard, than *Apollo* for his
 Sweet harmony ?

Lilly's Mydas.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loseth both itself and friend :
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
 'Twixt nat'r al son and fire ! thou bright defiler
 Of *Hymen*'s purest bed ! thou valiant *Mars* !
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blushing doth thaw the consecrated snow,
 That lies on *Dian*'s lap ! thou visible god
 That sould'rest close impossibilities,
 Aud mak'ft them kiss ! that speak'ft with ev'ry tongue,
 To ev'ry purpose ! oh, thou touch of hearts !
 Think, thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire.

Shakespear's Timon.

— What's

What is here ?
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ?
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear heav'ns ! thus much of this will make
 Black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;
 Base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
 You gods ! why this ? what this ? you gods ! why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your fides :
 Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions ; bles th' accurs'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench : this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
 She, whom the spittle house and ulc'rous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and splices
 To the *April* day again.

Shakespear's Timon.

'That I might live alone once with my gold !
 O 'tis a sweet companion ! kind and true !
 A man may trust it, when his father cheats him,
 Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf,
 That which makes all men false, is true itself !

Johnson his Cate is alter'd.

1. Come forth state and wonder
 Of these our times, dazzle the vulgar eyes,
 And strike the people blind with admiration !
2. Why, that's the end of wealth ! thrust riches outward,
 And remain beggars within : contemplate nothing,
 But the vile sordid things of time, place, money ;
 And let the noble and the precious go.
 Virtue and honesty, hang 'em ; poor thin membranes
 Of honour ; who respects them ? O, the fates !
 How hath all just true reputation, fall'n ;
 Since money, this base money, 'gan to have any !

Johnson's Staple of News.
 These

These are the stars, the ministers of fate ;
And man's high wisdom the superior pow'r
To which their forces are subordinate.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

1. Pray, sir, what turn'd you Turk ?
2. That, for which many their religion,
Most men their faith, all change their honesty,
Profit ; that gilded god, commodity.

Dauborne's Christian turn'd Turk.

Oh pow'rful gold ; whose influence doth win
Men, with desire for to engender sin !

Goffe's Raging Turk.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine ?
I know thy parentage is base and low :
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou did'st so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got ;
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot :
Then forcing thee by fire, he made thee bright :
Nay, thou hast got the face of man ; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right :
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.
Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich ;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Herbert.

Puissant gold ! red earth at first made man ;
Now it makes villain : this refined clod
Can what nor love, nor time, nor valour can ;
Jove could do more in gold, than in a god.
Destruction surer comes, and rattles louder,
Out of a mine of gold, than one of powder.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Divine money ! the soul of all things sublunary ;
What lawyer's tongue will not be铤 with silver ;
And will not money with a judge make it

A plain

A plain case ? does not gouty greatness find
 Ease with *aurum palpabile* ? and he's
 A slight physician cannot give a golden
 Clyster at a dead lift :—Money, I adore
 Thee—it comes near the nature of a spirit,
 And is so subtle, it can creep in at
 A cranny ; be present at the most inward
 Councils, and betray them—Money, it opens
 Locks, draws curtains, buys wit, sells honesty,
 Keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches,
 And builds alms-houses.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

See what money can do : that can change
 Mens manners ; alter their conditions !
 How tempestuous the slaves are without it.
 O thou pow'ful metal ! what authority
 Is in thee ! thou art the key to all mens
 Mouths : with thee, a man may lock up the jaws
 Of an informer ; and without thee, he
 Cannot lips of a lawyer.

Richard Brome's Weeding of Covent-Garden.

Gold is of use to ev'ry sort of knave ;
 It helps th' ambitious knave to offices ;
 Th' unjust contentious knave to others right ;
 The lustful knave to others wives and daughters ;
 Then strew'd on all the blots of a man's life,
 It does not only cover them, but gild them.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

M O N O P O L Y.

And many ready hands she straight doth find
 To aid her deed ; of such, as could not brook
 The length of one man's office in that kind ;
 Who all th' especial charges undertook,
 Rul'd all himself ; and never had the mind
 To impart a part with other ; who would look
 To have likewise some honour in their hands,
 And griev'd at such ingrossing of commands.

For

For had he not had such a greedy love
 To entertain his offices too long ;
 Envy had been unable to reprove
 His acted life, unless she did him wrong :
 But having liv'd so many years above,
 He grieves now to descend, to be less strong ;
 And kills that fame that virtue did beget ;
 Chose to be held less good, than seen less great.

Daniel's Civil War.

From whence it proceeds
 That the treasure of the city is ingross'd
 By a few private men ; the publick coffers
 Hollow with want ; and they that will not spare
 One talent for the common good, to feed
 The pride and bravery of their wives, consume
 In plate, in jewels, and superfluous slaves,
 What would maintain an army.

Maffinger's Bondman.

Woe to the wordly men, whose covetous
 Ambition labours to join house to house ;
 Lay field to field, till their inclosures edge
 The plain, girdling a country with one hedge :
 They leave no place unbought ; no piece of earth
 Which they will not ingross ; making a dearth
 Of all inhabitants ; until they stand
 Unneighbour'd, as unbless'd within the land !

Bishop King.

M O R N I N G.

By this, the northern waggoner had set
 His seven-fold team behind the stedfast star,
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firm is fix'd, and sendeth light from far
 To all, that in the wide deep wand'ring are :
 And chearfull chaunticleer, with his note shrill,
 Had warned once, that *Phæbus'* fiery carr
 In haste was climbing up the eastern hill ;
 Full envious that night so long his room did fill,

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

At last, the golden oriental gate
 Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair ;
 And *Phœbus*, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewy hair :
 And hurles his glistring beams through gloomy air.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Look ! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

The glow-worm shews the mattin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Ibid.

The grey'd morn smiles on the frowning night ;
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light :
 And darkness flecker'd, like a drunkard reels,
 From forth day's path, and *Titan's* burning wheels.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Yon grey lines,
 That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

1. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon buky hill ! the day looks pale
 At his distemperature.

2. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
 And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 Foretels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

Shakespear's First Part of King Henry IV.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love ?

Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate !
 It rifeth slowly, as her fallen car
 Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it !
 She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoln black !
 Her face is like a water turn'd to blood ;

And

And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day !
It does not look as it would have a hail,
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.

Johnson's Catiline.

Yet hath the morning sprinkled through the clouds
But half her tincture ; and the foil of night
Sticks still upon the bosom of the air.

Chapman's Humorous Day's Mirth.

Is not yon gleam, the shudd'ring morn, that flakes
With silver tincture, the east verge of heaven ?

Marston's First Part of Antonio and Melida.

See ! the dapple-grey coursers of the morn,
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Melida.

Stay, O sweet, and do not rise ;
The light, that shines, comes from thine eyes ;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part :
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day ; what though it be ?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me ?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light ?
Did we lie down, because 'twas night ?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Dr. Donne.

Now 'gins the fair dew-dabbling blushing morn
To open to the earth heav'n's eastern gates,
Displaying by degrees the new-born light :
The stars have trac'd their dance ; and unto night
Now bid good night :
The young day's sentinel, the morning star,
Now drives before him all his glitt'ring flock,
And bids them rest within the fold unseen ;

N z

Till

Till with his whistle *Hesperus* call them forth.
 Now *Titan* up, and ready, calls aloud,
 And bids the rowling hours bestir them quick
 And harness up his prancing foaming steeds,
 To hurry out the sun's bright chariot :
 O now I hear their trampling feet approach !
 Now, now I see that glorious lamp to dart
 His nearer beams, and all bepaint with gold
 The over-peeping tops of highest hills.

Hawkins's Apollo Shroving.

The muses friend, grey ey'd *Aurora*, yet
 Held all the meadows in a cooling sweat ;
 The milk white gosemores not upwards snow'd ;
 Nor was the sharp and useful steering goad
 Laid on the strong-neck'd ox ; no gentle bud
 The sun had dry'd ; the cattle chew'd the cud,
 Low levell'd on the grass ; no flies quick sting
 Inforc'd the stone-horse in a furious ring
 To tear the passive earth, nor lash his tail
 About his buttocks broad ; the slimy snail
 Might, on the wainscot, by his many mazes,
 Winding meanders, and self knitting traces,
 Be follow'd, where he stuck ; his glitt'ring slime
 Not yet wip'd off : It was so early time,
 The careful smith had in his footy forge
 Kindled no coal ; nor did his hammers urge
 His neighbours patience : Owls abroad did fly,
 And day, as then, might plead his infancy ;

Brown's Pastorals.

See *Aurora* puts on her crimson blush,
 And with resplendent rays gilds o'er the top
 Of yon aspiring hill ! the pearly dew
 Hangs on the rose-bud's top ; and knowing it
 Must be anon exhal'd, for sorrow shrinks
 Itself into a tear. The early lark,
 With other wing'd choiresters of the morn,
 Chanting their anthems in harmonious airs.

Lewis Sharp's Noble Stranger.
By

By this the choiresters o'th'wood did shake
 Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's up-rise,
 Whose new embroidery did gild and make
 Rich, houses tops, and leaves of whistling trees.
Aurora blush'd, 'cause *Sol* saw her rise from bed,
 As *Liber* had her cheeks with claret spread.

Baron.

The rosy finger'd morn did there disclose
 Her beauty ruddy as a blushing bride,
 Gilding the marigold, painting the rose ;
 With *Indian* chrysolites her cheeks were dy'd.

Ibid.

The morn begins her glory in the east ;
 And now the world prepares
 To entertain new cares ;
 Though th'old suffic'd to hinder all our rest.
 Benighted seamen now their course reform,
 Who coasting, were benighted by a storm.
 Now merchants to imported stowage haste,
 Whilst ploughmen drive from cottages their teams :
 The poor in cities rise to toil and faste ;
 And lovers grieve to leave their pleasant dreams.

Sir W. Davenant's Play-House to be lett.

Now night, by grief neglected, hastes away,
 And they the morn's officious usher spy,
 The close attendant on the Lord of day ;
 Who shews the warmer of the world is nigh.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

M O T I O N.

Besides, another motive doth arise
 Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring
 The vital spirits ; which borne in arteries,
 Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire :
 This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins ;
 And makes the body to advance, retire,
 To turn, or stop, as she them slacks, or strains.

Thus the soul tunes the bodies instruments,
 These harmonies she makes with life and sense ;
 The organs fit are by the body lent,
 But th'actions flow from the soul's influence.

Sir John Davies.

M O U R N I N G.

If I don't do the mourner, as lively
 As your heir, and weep as lustily as
 Your widow, say there's no virtue in onions, —
 That being done, I'll come to visit the
 Distress'd widow ; apply old ends of comfort
 To her grief : But the burden of my song
 Shall be to tell her, words are but dead comforts ;
 And therefore counsel her to take a living
 Comfort, that might ferret out the thought of
 Her dead husband : And will come prepar'd with
 Choice of suiters ; either my *Spartan* lord
 For grace at the viceroy's court ; or some great
 Lawyer that may forder up her crack'd estate.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

1. This strain of mourning with sepulcher, like
 An over-doing actor, affects grossly ;
 And is, indeed, so far forc'd from the life,
 That it bewrays itself to be altogether
 Artificial. To set open a shop
 Of mourning ! 'tis palpable. Truth, the substance,
 Hunts not after the shadow of popular
 Fame. Her officious ostentation
 Of sorrow condemns her sincerity.
 When did ever woman mourn so unmeasurably,
 But she did dissemble ?

2. O gods ! a passion
 Thus borne, thus appell'd with tears, and sighs,
 Swoonings and all the badges of true sorrow ;
 To be dissembl'd ! By *Venus*, I am
 Sorry I ever set foot in't. Could she,
 If she dissembl'd, thus dally with hunger,
 Be deaf to the barking of her appetite,

Not

Not having these four days reliev'd nature
With one dram of sustenance ?

1. For this does she look to be deify'd ;
To have hymns made of her, nay to her : the
Tomb where she is, to be no more reputed
The ancient monument of our family,
The Lysandri ; but the new erected altar
Of *Cynthia* : to which all the *Paphian*
Widows shall after their husbands fun'rals,
Offer their wet muckinders, for monuments
Of the danger they have past ; as seamen
Do their wet garments at *Neptune's* temple,
After a shipwrack.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

— We must all die ;
All leave our selves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well : and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him ? children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear ;
Women for want of will and anger : is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
'To drown a glorious death in child and woman ?
I am ashame'd to see ye ; yet ye move me —
And were't not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live ; I should weep with ye.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

— At your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous ;
Say how I fell — and 'tis sufficient :
No more — I say, he that laments my end,
By all the gods dishonours me.

Ibid.

For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit giv'n to them, they've
All reputation by false sons and widows ;
Now I would have men know what I resemble,

A truth indeed ; 'tis joy clad like a joy :
 Which is more honest than a cunning grief
 That's only fac'd with fables for a shew,
 But gawdy hearted.

Massingber, Middleton, and Rowley's Old Law.
 They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.

Baron's Mirza.

Mourn as thou pleaseft for me ; plainnes shews
 True grief : I give thee leave to do it for
 Two or three years, if that thou shalt think fit :
 'Twill save expence in cloaths.

Cartwright's Ordinary.

To mourn for we know not whom, and when
 Peradventure death was the beginning
 Of her happiness ; were to abuse our
 Selves, and be forry she could be no
 Longer miserable.

Jones's Adraſſa.

He who wears blacks, and mourns not for the dead ;
 Does but deride the party buried.

Herrick.

Why should your closer mournings more be worn ?
 Poor priests invented blacks for lesser cost :
 Kings for their fires in regal purple mourn ;
 Which shews what they have got, not what they lost.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

M U L T I T U D E.

But people's voice is neither shame nor praise :
 For whom they would alive devour to-day ;
 To-morrow dead, they'll worship.

Mirror for Magistrates.

I rush'd amongst the thickest of their crowds,
 And with a countenance majestical,
 Like the imperious sun dispers'd their clouds ;
 I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
 And by the magick of true eloquence,
 Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,
 This py'd Camelion, this beast multitude,

Whose

Whose pow'r consists in number, pride in threats ;
 Yet melts like snow, when majesty shines forth :
 This heap of fools, who crowding in huge swarms,
 Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,
 Reeking and shouting out contagious breath
 Of pow'r, to poison all the elements.

Marlo's Lust's Dominion.

'There have been many great men that have flatter'd
 The people who ne'er lov'd them ; and there be
 Many that they have lov'd, they know not wherefore ;
 So that if they love, they know not why, they hate
 Upon no better ground.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

What would ye have, ye curs,
 That like nor peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,
 Th' other makes you proud : he that trufts to you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares :
 Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him ;
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes.

Ibid.

The common-wealth is sick of their own choice ;
 Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.
 An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond many ! with what loud applause
 Did'st thou beat heav'n with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was, what thou would'st have him be ?
 And now, being trimm'd up in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up :

So, so, thou common dog, did'st thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal *Richard*,
 And now thou woul'dst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?
 They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
 When through proud *London* he came sighing on
 After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke* ;
 Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that king again,
 And take thou this ! O thoughts of men accurst !
 Past, and to come, seem best ; things present worst.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

— This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back ; lacquying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.

Who trusts their idle murmur,
 Must never let the blood go from his cheek ;
 They are like flags growing on muddy banks,
 Whose weak thin heads blown with one blast of wind,
 They all will shake, and bend themselves one way :
 Great minds must not esteem what small tongues say.
 All things in state must ever have this end,
 The vulgar should both suffer, and commend ;
 If not for love, for fear : great majesty
 Should do those things, which vulgars dare not see.

Goffe's Orefes.

— For the rumour

As it grows bigger, will incense the multitude ;
 From whom, your fortunes and deserts have won
 Both love and admiration : fury then
 Runs them into a lump, or monstrous form
 With many heads, that carries their mad body
 Reelingly forward ; where they find resistance,
 Growing more violent.

Nabbs's Unfortunate Mother.

The

The multitude, which cannot one thing long
 Like, or dislike, being cloy'd with vanity,
 Will hate their own delights ; though wisdom do not,
 Ev'n weariness at length, will give 'em eyes.

Nero.

Hast thou not seen the ragged multitude,
 Whose stupid brains are stuff'd with nothing else
 But their mechanick skill ; whose highest strain
 Of cunning, is to get some musty meat
 To feed the hungry maw, or ragged cloaths
 To cover nakednes, proclaim us bloody tyrants ?
 These are they

Whose strange distractions guided by the voice
 Of two or three, proclaim a traitor's death :
 Now save him strait ; and now nor save, nor kill,
 Nor yet release him : such their frantick will.

W. Hemmings's *Jews Tragedy*.

But this rough tide, the meeting multitude,
 If we oppose, we make our voyage long ;
 Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd ;
 And we are wise, when men in vain are strong.

Then to the people sue ; but hide your force ;
 For they believe the strong are still unjust :
 Never to armed suitors yield remorse ;
 And where they see the pow'r, the right distrust.

Affault their pity, as their weakest part ;
 Which the first plaintiff never fails to move ;
 They search but in the face to find the heart ;
 And grief in princes, more than triumph love.

Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert*.

The giddy multitude, who never fear
 A threatening danger, till they see it near,
 Do fondly from their own protection fly,
 And just assistance to their king deny.
 Oppos'd by some, forsaken by the rest ;
 All will be conquer'd, rather than opprest :

N 6

But

But when destruction on themselves they bring,
They then revenge their follies on their king.

Crown's Charles VIII. of France.

M U R D E R.

Horror pursues the homicide's sad soul,
Fear hunts his conscience with an hue and cry,
That drinks the blood of men in murder's bowl ;
Suspicious thoughts do rest in life deny ;
Hate seldom suffers him in peace to die :
By heav'n's inviolate doom it is decreed,
Whose hands shed blood, his heart in death should bleed.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires ;
The eye wink at the hand ! yet, let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

She must die ; else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then, put out the light ;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent : but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light relumine. —
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again ;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree ;
Oh balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword ! — one more ; one more ;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. — One more, that's the last ;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal ! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heav'nly ;
It strikes, where it doth love. —

Shakespear's Othello.

1. O horror ! horror ! horror !
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee.
2. What's

2. What's the matter ?

1. Confusion now hath made his master-piece ;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' building.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

See, how the blood is settled in his face !
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless ;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returns
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood ;
His eye-balls further out, than when he liv'd ;
Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man ;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling :
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength tubdu'd.
Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well-proportion'd beard, made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd :
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here :
The least of all these signs are probable.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry VI.

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak ?
Ev'n so suspicious is this tragedy.

Ibid.

Blood though it sleep a time, yet never dies :
The gods on murd'rers fix revengeful eyes.

Chapman's Widow's tears.

When

When murd'lers shut deeds close, this curse does seal them;
If none disclose them, they themselves reveal them.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Murder is open-mouth'd ; and as the sea
Whose cov'tous waves imprison'd by the land,
Bellow for grief, and roar upon the sand :
So from the earth it cries, and like a child,
Wrong'd by his careles nurse, will not be still'd.

Mason's Muleasses.

There's great suspicion of the murder ;
But no sound proof who did it : for my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody ; if she have,
As in cold countries husbandmen plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them ; even so,
One summer she will bear unsav'ry fruit ;
And ere next spring, wither both branch and root.

Webster's White Devil.

Murder itself is past all expiation,
The greatest crime that nature doth abhor :
Not being, is abominable to her ;
And when we be, make others not to be,
'Tis worse than bestial : and we did not so,
When only we by nature's aid did live
A het'rogeneous kind, as semi-beasts ;
When reason challeng'd scarce a part in us ;
But now doth manhood and civility
Stand at the bar of justice, and there plead
How much they're wronged ; and how much defac'd.
When man doth dye his hands in blood of man.
Judgment itself would scarce a law enact
Against the murd'rer, thinking it a fact
That man 'gainst man would never dare commit ;
Since the worst things of nature do not it.

Goffe's Orestes.

Blood hath strange organs to discourse withal ;
It is a clam'rous orator, and then

Ev'n

Ev'n nature will exceed herself, to tell
A crime, so thwarting nature.

Gomersall's Lodovick Sforza.

Who by blood offends,
By his own, sacrific'd must make amends.

Randolph's Amyntas.

And those who to themselves lov'd life deny ;
Want seldom pow'r to aid their will,
When they would others kill.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

S E L F - M U R D E R.

To be, or not to be ? that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by oppofing, end them ? — to die, — to sleep—
No more ; and by a sleep, to fay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral shocks
That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep ? perchance, to dream ; ay, there's the rub—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us paufe. — There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The infolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes ;
When he himself might his *quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardells bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life ?
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Thus

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all :
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment ;
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

1. Let's reason with the worst that may besal.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 'The very last time we shall speak together.
 What are you then determined to do ?
2. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
 Which he did give himself : I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life ; arming myself with patience,
 To stay the providence of some high pow'rs
 That govern us below.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

1. The gods avert from ev'ry *Roman* mind,
 The name of slave to any tyrant's pow'r.
 Why was man ever just, but to be free,
 'Gainst all injustice ? and to bear about him
 As well all means to freedom ev'ry hour,
 As ev'ry hour he should be arm'd for death,
 Which only is his freedom ?
2. But, *Statilius*,
 Death is not free for any man's election,
 'Till nature, or the law impose it on him.
3. Must a man go to law then, when he may
 Enjoy his own in peace ? if I can use
 Mine own myself, must I of force, reserve it,
 To serve a tyrant with it ? all just men
 Not only may enlarge their lives, but must,
 From all rule tyrannous, or live unjust.
1. By death must they enlarge their lives ?
2. By death. 1. A man's not bound to that.

2. I'll

2. I'll prove he is.

Are not the lives of all men bound to justice?

1. They are.

2. And therefore not to serve injustice:

Justice itself ought ever to be free;

And therefore ev'ry just man being a part
Of that free justice, should be free as it.

1. Then wherefore is there law for death?

2. That all

That know not what law is, nor freely can

Perform the fitting justice of a man,

In kingdom's common good, may be enforc'd:

But is not ev'ry just man to himself

The perfect'it law? 1. Suppose. 2. Then to himself

Is ev'ry just man's life subordinate.

Again, sir; is not our free soul infus'd

To ev'ry body in her absolute end

To rule that body? in which absolute rule,

Is she not absolutely empress of it?

And being empress, may she not dispose

It, and the life in it, at her just pleasure?

1. Not to destroy it.

2. No: she not destroys it

When she dis-lives it; that their freedom may

Go firm together, like their pow'rs and organs;

Rather than let it live a rebel to her,

Prophaning that divine conjunction

'Twixt her and it; nay, a disjunction making

Betwixt them worse than death; in killing quick

That which in just death lives: being dead to her,

If to her rule dead; and to her alive,

If dying in her just rule.

1. The body lives not when death hath left it.

2. Yet 'tis free, and kept

Fit for rejunction in man's second life;

Which dying rebel to the soul, is far

Unfit to join with her in perfect life.

*Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.
What*

What more speaks
 Greatness of man, than valiant patience
 That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes ?
 These *Roman* deaths, as falling on a sword,
 Op'ning of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
 (Which we erroneously do stile the deeds
 Of the heroick and magnanimous man)
 Was dead-ey'd cowardice, and white-cheek'd fear :
 Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
 Fortune's false lottery, desp'rately run
 To death, for dread of death. That soul's most stout,
 That bearing all mischance, dares last it out.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

This *Roman* resolution of self-murder,
 Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
 When it comes to be argu'd. My good genius
 Prompts me to this consideration. He
 That kills himself, t' avoid mis'ry, fears it ;
 And at the best shews but a bastard valour :
 This life's a fort committed to my trust,
 Which I must not yield up, till it be forc'd ;
 Nor will I ; he's not valiant that dares die ;
 But he that boldly bears calamity

Maffinger's Maid of Honour.

1. I'll make myself in a capacity
 By death, to be an object of their justice ;
 I'll die immediately, I can do't myself.
2. Your piety avert so black a deed !
 This is a way to make the world suspect
 The worth of all your former actions ;
 And that they were not births legitimate,
 Born from true honour ; but the spurious issue
 Of an unguided heat, or chance. How shall
 We think, that man is truly valiant,
 And fit to be engag'd in things of fright
 And danger ; that wants courage to sustain
 An injury ? It shews a fear of others,
 To be reveng'd upon ourselvess ; and he

Is not so much a coward that flies death,
 As he that suffers, and doth fear to live :
 Besides, this will enlarge your enemy's triumph ;
 And in the world's opinion, be granted
 A tame concession to his worth ; nay men,
 And with much face of reason, may affirm,
Ulysses did not only win the arms,
 But conquer'd *Ajax*.

Shirley's Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.

This strong desire of death, that hath possess'd
 Your will thus far ; does not express the signs
 Of that true valour, your spirit seems to bear :
 For 'tis not courage, when the darts of chance
 Are thrown against our state, to turn our backs,
 And basely run to death ; as if the hand
 Of heav'n and nature had lent nothing else
 T' oppose against mishap, but loss of life :
 Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.
 For know, it were true valour's part, my lord,
 That when the hand of chance had crush'd our states,
 Ruin'd all that our fairest hopes had built,
 And thrown it in heaps of desolation ;
 Then by those ruins for our thoughts to climb
 Up, 'till they dar'd blind fortune to the face,
 And urg'd her anger to encrease those heaps,
 That we might rise with them ; and make her know,
 We were above, and all her pow'r below :
 Why this, my lord, would prove us men indeed.
 But when affliction thunders o'er our roofs ;
 'To hide our heads, and run into our graves,
 Shews us no men, but makes us fortune's slaves.

Jones's Adraſta.

What, may not man unlock this cabinet,
 And free the heav'nly jewel of his soul ?
 A wise man stays not nature's period, but
 If things occur, which troubles his tranquillity,
 Emits himself ; departing out of life,
 As from a stage or theatre ; nor passes

Whether

Whether he take, or make his dissolution ;
Whether he do't in sicknes or in health.
'Tis base to live, but brave to die by stealth ;
This is the daring stoick's glorious language :
I was myself too of the opinion once ;
But now, I find it impious and unmanly :
For as some pictures drawn with slender lines,
Deceiving almost our intentive eyes,
Affect us much ; and with their subtilties
Wooe us to gaze upon them ; but are found
By killful and judicious eyes to err
In symmetry of parts, and due proportion :
Ev'n so the stoicks arguments are carv'd
With seeming curiousness, almost forcing judgment ;
And carry with them an applausive shew
Of undeniable verity : yet well scann'd,
They are more like the dreams of idle brains,
Than the grave dictates of philosophers.
The wise *Pythagoras* was opinion'd better ;
For most divinely he forbids us leave
The *corps du guard* without our captain's licence :
And to speak true, we are but *usufructuaries* ;
The God that governs in us is proprietary.
A prisoner breaking from his gaol or hold,
If he be guilty, aggravates his guilt ;
If innocent, stains ev'n that innocence
Which might perhaps have brought him clearly off.
'Tis so with us ; our magistrate, I mean
The pow'r that's sov'reign of this nat'ral frame,
Has sent us, *Plato* says from heav'nly mansions,
Into this fleshly prison ; here we live,
And must not free ourselves, but patiently
Expect our summons from that sacred pow'r,
By his lieutenant death : for otherwise
We become guilty of a greater sin
Than parricide itself ; no bond of nature
Being so near, as of one to himself.

The

The *Græcians* knew this, when they judg'd the body
 Of *Ajax*, who had slain himself, unworthy
 The common rites of burial. Careful nature
 Has fenc'd our hearts about with certain bones,
 Fashion'd like swords ; and shall we break the guard ?
 No, rather let us wait the will of th'heav'ns,
 And when we hence are warn'd by their ord'nance,
 Let us depart with glad and joyful hearts ;
 And think ourselves deliver'd from a gaol,
 Eased of gyves and fetters ; that we may
 Remove unto our own eternal dwelling :
 For, without doubt, that pow'r that gave us being,
 Did not beget and foster us for this ;
 That having suffer'd on this stage of life,
 Thousand afflictions, infinite calamities,
 Quotidian toils, and all in virtue's cause ;
 We should for guerdon, fall into the gulph
 Of an eternal death, and non-subsistence :
 Yea, rather let us cherish this belief,
 That there's another heaven provided for us ;
 A blessed refuge for our longing souls.
 Arm'd with a settled confidence of this ;
 Like *Socrates*, I will out-face my death,
 And with the same fix'd spirit resign my breath.

Marcus Tullius Cicero.

I cannot leave thee to
 The danger of such cruel thoughts : Take heed
 How you do threaten heav'n, by menacing
 Yourself ; as we have no authority
 To take away the being of another, whom
 Our pride contemns ; so we have less, t'annihilate
 Our own, when it is fall'n in our dislike.

Sir W. Davenant's Distresses.

Self-murder, that infernal crime,
 Which all the gods level their thunder at !
 Why, 'tis an act the gods admire, and envy,
 Because they cannot do't : And where's the wrong ? .
 May I not mow my grās, reap my own corn,

Cut

Cut my own woods, lay down this load of life,
Without injustice or to gods, or men ?
Self-preservation, nature's highest law,
Is best obey'd, when our sublimer part,
Tir'd out with troubles, and chain'd up with griefs,
Strives to shake off her fleshly manacles,
And fly to nobler dwellings.
Fine quirk to salve the conscience, to let others kill me !
Well, 'tis all one, as if I kill'd myself :
And that's no harm, since I'm no more myself :
The magistrate in me destroys the malefactor ;
And this form pleases best, a comelier shape
Of death.

Fane's Sacrifice.

N A T U R E.

EACH thing by nature tendeth to the same
Whereof it came ; and is dispos'd alike :
Down sinks the mold ; up mounts the fiery flame ;
With horn the hart, with hoof the horse doth strike ;
The wolf doth spoil, the subtle fox doth pike ;
And to conclude, no fish, flesh, fowl, or plant,
Of their true dame, the property doth want.

Pbaer in the Mirror for Magistrates.

Oh noble strain !

O worthines of nature, breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things fire the base :
Nature hath meal and bran ; contempt and grace.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

Shakespear's Hamlet
Nature.

Nature is motion's mother,
The spring whence order flows ; that all directs,
And knits the causes with th'effects.

Johnson's Masques.

What nature lent
Is still in hers, and not our government.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

For it follows well,
That nature, since herself decay doth hate ;
Should favour those that strengthen their estate.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

Aleyn's Crescye.

Nature is impartial,
And in her work of man, prefers not names
Of ancestors ; she sometimes forms a piece
For admiration from the basest earth,
That holds a soul ; and to a beggar's issue
Gives those perfections make a beauty up ;
When purer moulds, polish'd and gloss'd with titles,
Honours and wealth, bestow upon their bloods
Deform'd impressions ; objects only fit
For sport or pity.

Nabbs's Tottenham-Court.

Nor let us say some things 'gainst nature be,
Because such things as those we seldom see :
We know not what is natural; but call
Those acts, which God does often, natural ;
Where, if we weigh'd with a religious eye
The pow'r of doing, not the frequency ;
All things alike in strangeness to our thought
Would be, which he in the creation wrought :
But in those rare and wond'rous things, may we
The freedom of that great creator see ;
When he at first the course of things ordain'd,
And nature within certain bounds restrain'd,
That laws of seeds and seasons may be known,
He did not then at all confine his own

Almighty pow'r ; but whensoe'er he will,
Works 'gainst the common course of nature still ;
Those works may we view with a wond'ring eye,
And take delight in that variety.

May's Henry II.

There nature wanton was, and the high way
Did seem inclosed, though it open lay

Baron.

Heav'n study more in nature, than in schools ;
Let nature's image never by thee pass
Like unmark'd time ; but those unthinking fools
Despise, who spy not Godhead through her glaſs.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

'Tis the first ſanction nature gave to man,
Each other to affiſt in what they can ;
Just or unjust, this law for ever stands ;
All things are good by law, which ſhe commands.

Denham.

— Nature is fo kind
As to exceed man's uſe, though not his mind.

Prologue to Sir R. Howard's Indian Queen.

Nature's an occan endleſly profound,
Where line could never yet diſcover ground :
We only ſee what on the ſurface swim,
And what we often ſee, we ne'er eſteem :
If one by chance a monster brings to ſhore ;
The monster we admire, the fisher more.

Crown's Second Part of the Deſtruſion of Jeruſalem.

N A V I G A T I O N.

Wife nature from this face of ground,
Into the deep taught man to find the way ;
That in the floods her treasure might be found,
To make him ſearch for what ſhe there did lay :
And that her ſecrets he might thoroughly found,
She gave him courage, as her only key ;
That of all creatures, as the worthieſt he,
Her glory there, and wond'rous works ſhould fee.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

By

By armies, stow'd in fleets, exhausted *Spain*
Leaves half her land unplough'd, to plough the main ;
And still would more of the old world subdue,
As if unsatisfy'd with all the new.

Sir W. Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes.*

For this effectual day, his art reveal'd

What has so oft made nature's spies to pine,
The loadstone's mystick use, so long conceal'd
In close alliance with the coarser mine.

And this, in sleepy vision, he was bid
To register in characters unknown ;
Which heav'n will have from navigators hid,
Till *Saturn's* walk be twenty circuits grown.

For as religion, in the warm east bred,
And arts, which next to it most needful were,
From vices sprung from their corruption fled ;
And thence vouchsaf'd a cold plantation here ::

So when they here again corrupted be,
For man can ev'n his antidotes infect,
Heav'n's reserv'd world they in the west shall see ;
To which this stone's hid virtue will direct.

Religion then, whose age this world upbraids,
As scorn'd deformity, will thither steer ;
Serv'd at fit distance by the arts, her maids ;
Which grow too bold, when they attend too near.

And some, whom traffick thither tempts, shall thence
In her exchange, though they did grudge her shrines,
And poorly banish'd her to save expence,
Bring home the idol, gold, from new-found mines.

Till then, sad pilots must be often lost,
Whilst from the ocean's dreaded face they shrink ;
And seeking safety near the coz'ning coaft,
With winds surpriz'd, by rocky ambush sink.

Or if success rewards what they indure ;
 The world's chief jewel, time they then ingage
 And forfeit ; trusting long the cynosure,
 To bring home nought, but wretched gold, and age.
 Yet when the plague of ignorance shall end,
 Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us most ;
 Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend,
 Then lower'd sails no more shall tide the coast.
 They with new tops to foremasts and the main,
 And misens new, shall th'ocean's breast invade ;
 Stretch new sails out, as arms to entertain
 Those winds, of which their fathers were afraid.
 Then sure of either pole, they will with pride,
 In ev'ry stor m, salute this constant stone ;
 And scorn that star which ev'ry cloud could hide,
 The seaman's spark, which, soon as seen, is gone.
 'Tis fung, the ocean shall his bonds untie,
 And earth in half a globe be pent no more ;
 Typhis shall fail till Thule he descry,
 But a domestick step to distant shore.
 This *Astragon* had read ; and what the *Greek*,
 Old *Cretias*, in *Egyptian* books had found ;
 By which, his travell'd soul, new worlds did seek,
 And div'd to find the old *Atlantis* drown'd.

Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert*.

N E C E S S I T Y.

The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious.

Shakespear's *King Lear*.

Fatal necessity is never known,
 Until it strike ; and till that blow be come,
 Who falls, is by false visions overthrown.

Lord Brooke's *Mustapha*.

— 'Tis necessity,
 To which the gods must yield ; and I obey,
 Till I iedeem it, by some glorious way.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *False One*.

Those

— Those men are fools,
That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain.

'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own bosom ; but my fortune
To set them out now, for another's liking ;
Like the mad mis'ry of a necess'tous man,
That parts from his good horse with many praises,
And goes on foot himself: need must be obey'd
In ev'ry action ; it mars man and maid.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

When a needs-must, commands us to begin,
We lose with honour, or with wonder win.

When soldiers hemm'd in desperation stand,

They have in courage, what they want in hope ;
Necessity in wars strengthens the hand,
In arts the head : And there it found a trope.
A dying serpent doth most venom cast ;
Valour fights deadly, when she fights her last.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

When fear admits no hope of safety ; then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

Herrick.

N E W S.

For though that tales be told that hope might feed,
Such foolish hope hath still unhappy speed.

It is a custom never will be broken ;
In broils the bag of lies is ever open :
Such lying news men daily will invent,
As can the hearers fancy best content :
And as the news do run, and never cease,
So more and more they daily do increase.

Cavil in the Mirror for Magistrates.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fullen bell ;
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that count'nance still:
 Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
 Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

And as dire thunder rowling o'er heav'n's vault,
 By murmur threatens, ere it kills aloud;
 So was this fatal news in whisper brought,
 Which menac'd, ere it struck the list'ning crowd.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Ill news, like a contagion, spreads too fast;
 And in its slowest pace, makes too much haste.

Dover's Roman Generals.

N I G H T.

Midnight was come, when ev'ry vital thing
 With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest;
 The beasts were still; the little birds that sing,
 Now sweetly slept besides their mothers breast:
 The old and all were shrowded in their nest;
 The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease;
 The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.
 The golden stars were whirl'd amid their race,
 And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light;
 When each thing nestled in his resting place,
 For-gat day's pain with pleasure of the night:
 The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,
 The fearful deer, of death stood not in doubt;
 The partridge dream'd not of the falcon's foot.
 The ugly bear now minded not the stake,
 Nor how the cruel mastives do him tear;
 The stag lay still unroused from the brake;
 The foamy boar fear'd not the hunter's spear:
 All things were still in desart, bush and bream:

With quiet heart now from their travels ceas'd,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

E. of *Dorset in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

When griesly night, with visage deadly sad,

'That *Phœbus* cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,

She finds forth coming from her darksome mew,

Where she all day did hide her hated hew :

Before the door her iron chariot stood,

Already harnessed for journey new ;

And cole black steeds yborn of hellish brood,

That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night !

Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep ;

Who with thy black cheeks pure complection,

Mak'st lover's eyes enamour'd of thy beauty.

Marloe's Lust's Dominion.

Who can express the horror of that night,

When darkness lent his robes to monster fear ?

And heav'n's black mantle banishing the light,

Made ev'ry thing in ugly form appear.

Brandon's Octavia.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed-steeds,

Tow'rds *Phœbus'* mansion ; such a waggoner

As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the welt,

And bring in cloudy night immediately.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,

That th' run-away's eyes may wink ; and *Romeo*

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.

Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites

By their own beauties : Or if love be blind,

It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,

Thou sober-suited matron all in black,

And learn me how to lose a winning match,

Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads.

Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown bold,

Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come night, come *Romeo* ! Come thou day in night !
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than snow upon a raven's back :
 Come gently night ; come, loving, black-brow'd night !
 Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall dic,
 Take him and cut him out in little flars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fair,
 That all the world shall be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not posses'd it ! and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd ; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
 'The ear more quick of apprehension makes :
 Wherein it doth impair the feeling sense,
 It pays the hearing double recompence.

Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's Dream.

For night hath many eyes ;
 Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are spies.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Now silent night in pitchy vapours clad,
 Had muster'd mists, and march'd out of the west,
 Day's beauties darkning, shadowy horrors spread,
 The centinels were set, and all at rest.

E. of Sterline's Darius.

The sullen night had her black curtain spread,
 Low'ring that day had tarry'd up so long ;
 And that the morrow might lie long a bed,
 She all the heav'n with dusky clouds had hung :
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly horned head
 Away to west, and under earth she flung ;
 As she had long'd to certify the sun,
 What, in his absence, in our world was done.

The

The lesser lights, like centinels in war,
 Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
 As though unseen they subtly strove from far,
 Of his escape the manner to descry ;
 Hid was each wand'ring, as each fixed star,
 As they had held a council in the sky,
 And had concluded with that present night,
 That not a star should once give any light.
 In a flow silence all the shores are hush'd ;
 Only the screech-owl sounded to th'assault ;
 And *Jsis* with a troubled murmur rush'd,
 As if consenting, and would hide the fault ;
 And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
 There was a little whisp'ring in the vault,
 Mov'd by his treading softly as he went,
 Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

The night doth summon all to sleep :
 Methinks this time becometh lovers best ;
 Night was ordain'd, together friends to keep :
 How happy are all other living things,
 Which though the day disjoin by sev'ral flight,
 The quiet evening yet together brings,
 And each returns unto his love at night ?
 O, thou that art so courteous else to all,
 Why shouldest thou night, abuse me only thus :
 That ev'ry creature to his kind dost call,
 And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us ?
 Well could I wish it would be ever day,
 If when night comes, you bid me go away.

Drayton's Ideas.

Now barks the wolf against the full cheek'd moon ;
 Now lions half-cramm'd entrails roar for food ;
 Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
 Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls.
 Now gapes the graves, and thro' their yawns let loose
 Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth.

Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.

Soul lurk in shades, and shun the lightsome skies ;
In night, the blind man misseth not his eyes.

Marston's Malecontent.

See ! the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright *Hesperus* down calling
The dead night from under ground ;
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures ; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom :
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox,
Break upon your simple flocks :
To secure your self from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Lot one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the other eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God. Sweetest slumbers
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids : so farewell,
Thus I end my evening's knell.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherds.

If ev'ry trick were told, that's dealt by night ;
There are few here, that would not blush outright.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Stand, night, upon thy noonstead : and attend
My fate's security ; If ever blackness pleas'd,
Or deeds, to which men may resemble thee,
Turn then thy footy horse, and with their feet

Beat

Beat back the rising morn : and force the sun
Forbear his lustre ; till this black deed's done.

Mason's Muleasses.

The sable mantle of the silent night,
Shut from the world the very joyfome light :
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages :
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And flightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young ;
When thieves from thickets to the cross ways flir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger :
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some wild cur, or whooping of the owl.

Brown's Pastorals.

Night, that doth basely keep the door of sin,
And hide gross murders and adulteries ;
With all the mortal sins the world commits
From the clear eye sight of the morning !
Thou that ne'er changest colour for a sin,
Worse than apostacy ; stand centinel this hour,
And with thy negro's face, veil my intent :
Put out the golden candles with thy fogs,
And let original darkness, that is fled
With chaos to the center, guard my steps.
How hush'd is all things ! and the world appears
Like to a churchyard full of dead.
Death's picture, sleep, looks as if passing bells
Went for each vital spirit ; and appears
As if our souls had took their gen'ral flight,
And cheated nature of her motion.
Then on unto thy practice——none can descry
The black intent, but night and her black eye.

Valiant Welshman.

For there's no diff'rence 'twixt the king and clown,
The poor and rich, the beauteous and deform'd,
Wrapt in the veil of night, and bonds of sleep ;

Without whose pow'r and sweet dominion,
 Our life were hell, and pleasure painfulnes ;
 The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
 Avarice talons, and the fire of hate,
 Would poison, would distract, and soon consume
 The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man.
 The sturdy mower that with brawny arms
 Wieldeth the crooked scythe in many a swath,
 Cutting the flow'ry pride o' the velvet plain,
 Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
 Of his wife's arms, forgets his labour paſt :
 The painful mariner, and careful ſmith,
 The toiling ploughman, all artificers,
 Moft humbly yield to my dominion :
 Without due reſt nothing is durable.
 Lo thus does *Somnus* conquer all the world
 With his moft awful wand ; and, half the year,
 Reigns o'er the beſt and proudest emperors !

Lingua.

Night's silent reign had robb'd the world of light ;
 To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit
 Repofe and ſleep ; when ev'ry mortal breast
 Whom care or grief permitted, took their reſt.

May's Continuation of Lucan.

— Yonder's the night too, ſtealing away
 With her black gown about her ;
 Like a kind wench, that had ſtaid out the
 Laſt minute with a man.

Suckling's Goblins.

Thoſe who the greateſt wand'rers are,
 Wild birds, that in the day
 Frequent no certain way,
 And know no limits in the air ;
 Will ſtill at night diſcreetly come
 And take their civil reſt at home.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

N O B I L I T Y.

It most behoves the honourable race,
 Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain ;
 And with their noble countenance to grace
 The learned forheads, without gift or gain :
 Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be ;
 That is the girlond of nobility.

But ah ! all otherwise they do esteem
 Of th' heav'nly gift of wisdom's influence,
 And to be learned, it a base thing deem ;
 Base minded they that want intelligence :
 For god himself for wisdom most is prais'd,
 And men to God thereby are nighest rais'd.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
 Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity ;
 In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
 And only boast of arms and ancestry :
 But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
 To their grandfires, they care not to atchieve.

Spenser's Tears of the Muses.

Ne do they care to have the ancestry
 Of the old heroes memoriz'd anew ;
 Ne do they care that late posterity
 Should know their names, or speak their praises due :
 But die forgot, from whence at first they sprung,
 As they themselves shall be forgot ere long.

Spenser, Ibid.

What doth avail to have a princely place,
 A name of honour, and a high degree,
 To come by kindred of a noble race,
 Except we princely, worthy, noble be ?
 The fruit declares the goodnes of the tree.
 Do brag no more of birth, or lineage then ;
 For virtue, grace, and manners make the man.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Why are we rich, or great, except to shew
 All licence in our lives? What need we know,
 More than to praise a dog, or horse? or speak
 The hawking language? or our day to break
 With citizens? let clowns, and tradesmen breed
 Their sons to study arts, the laws, the creed;
 We will believe like men of our own rank,
 In so much land a year, or such a bank,
 That turns us so much moneys; at which rate
 Our ancestours impos'd on prince and state.
 Let poor nobility be virtuous: we,
 Descended in a rope of titles, be
 From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom,
 The herald will; our blood is now become
 Past any need of virtue. Let them care,
 That in the cradle of their gentry are,
 'To serve the state by councils, and by arms.

Johnson's Underwoods.

1. They are the breathing sepulchers of nobleness:
 No trulier noble men, than lions pictures
 Hung up for signs, are lions. Who knows not,
 'That lions the more soft kept, are more servile?
 And look how lions close kept, fed by hand,
 Lose quite th' innative fire of sp'rit and greatness
 That lions free breathe, forraging for prey;
 And grow so gros, that mastiffs, curs, and mungrels
 Have spirit to cow them: so our soft *French* nobles,
 Chain'd up in ease and numb'd security,
 Their spirits shrunk up like their cov'tous fists,
 And never open'd but *Domitian* like,
 And all his base obsequious minions,
 When they were catching, though it were but flies:
 Besotted with their peafants love of gain,
 Rusting at home, and on each other preying;
 Are for their greatness but the greater slaves:
 And none is noble, but who scrapes and saves.
2. 'Tis base, 'tis base; and yet they think them high.
3. So children mounted on their hobby-horse,

Think

Think they are riding ; when with wanton toil
 They bear what should bear them. A man may well
 Compare them to those foolish great-spleen'd camels,
 That to their high heads, begg'd of *Fove* horns higher ;
 Whose most uncomely, and ridic'lous pride
 When he had satisfy'd, they could not use ;
 But where they went upright before, they stoop'd,
 And bore their heads much lower for their horns ;
 As these high men do, low in all true grace,
 Their height being privileg'd to all things base.
 And as the foolish poet, that still writ
 All his most self-lov'd verse in paper-royal,
 Or parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
 Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings ;
 Never so blest, as when he writ and read,
 The ape-lov'd issue of his brain ; and never
 But joying in himself ; admiring ever :
 Yet in his works behold him, and he shew'd
 Like to a ditcher : so these painted men,
 All set on out-side, look upon within,
 And not a peasant's entrails you shall find,
 More foul and meazled, nor more starv'd of mind.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffe D'ambois.

Though we come not to plead our birth-right here,
 Let him, for warriors so should take their place,
 In whom best signs of noblenes appear,
 Be grac'd, as first who doth adorn a race :
 Most noble he who still by virtue strives,
 To leave his name in minds of men engrav'd ;
 And to his off-spring greater glory gives,
 Than from his ancestors he hath receiv'd.

E. of Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.

Idle regards of greatness he did scorn ;
 Careles of pomp, magnificent to be ;
 That man reputing to be noblest born,
 Which was the most magnanimous and free :
 In honour so impartial was he,

Esteeming

Esteeming titles, meritless and nought ;
Unless with danger absolutely bought.

Drayton's Robert Duke of Normandy.

— Thou an earl ?

Why thou enjoy'st as much of happiness,
As all the wing of sleight ambition flew at.
A dunghil was thy cradle : so a puddle
By virtue of sun-beams, breaths a vapour
T' infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhal'd it.

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.

Before that *Aulicus* was made a lord,
He was my friend ; we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts : he could be never weary
Of my society, was jocund, merry,
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend ;
He was enjoy'd, he could enjoy his friend :
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as fortunes ; now his eyes are strange,
His thoughts are councils, curious webs of state,
And all his actions must be wonder'd at :
His speeches must be laws, and ev'ry word
An oracle, to be admir'd, ador'd ;
Friendship must now be service : a new mould
Must have new matter, melted from the old.
Oh, *Aulicus*, 'twere well, if thou couldst do
The very same in spiritual honour too !

Quarles.

O A T H . S.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin ;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath :
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

Shakespeare's Second Part of K. Henry VI.

1. Begone, I say : the gods have heard me swear.

2. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted off'rings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

1. O ! be persuaded, do not count it holy,
'To hurt by being just ; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

2. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow ;
But vows to ev'ry purpose must not hold.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

Sir, I beseech you, say not your oaths were such,
So like false coin, being put unto the touch ;
Who bear a flourish in the outward shew
Of a true stamp, but indeed are not so.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

Though we need nothing to strengthen
Our resolutions, yet we'll take an oath ;
'Tis good to have the gods along with us :
A sacrament is the tye, no less of
Loyalty, than treason.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

It was an ill oath, better broke than kept ;
And so are all oaths in the stricter sense :
The laws of nature and of nations do
Dispense with matters of divinity
In such a case ; for no man willingly
Would be an enemy to himself : the
Very beasts do by instinct of nature
Seek for self-preservation ; why not
Man, who is lord of reason ? oaths, what
Are they but bubbles, that break with their own
Emptiness ?

Tateham's Rump.

1. We will have his oath. 2. You have my solemn oath.

3. 'Tis more than needs.

Great men, were there no gods, would keep their words
In rev'rence to themselves ; but gods there are,

Whom

Whom none needs rouse by oath to witness truth.

Crown's Regulus.

O B E D I E N C E.

The king must rule, and we must learn t' obey ;
True virtue still directs the noble way.

Shakespear and Rowley's Birth of Merlin.

For, as we see, when sickness deeply root,
Meat, drink, and drugs alike do little boot ;
Because all what should either nurse, or cure,
As master'd by diseases, grow impure :
So when excess, the malady of might,
Hath dropsy like, drown'd all the files of right,
Then doth obedience, else the food of pow'r,
Help on that dropsy-canker to devour.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

And while none dare shew kings they go amiss ;
Ev'n base obedience their corruption is.

Ibid.

— Before we knew not
To whom the gods and fortune had assign'd
Our service soldiers ; now they have declar'd :
And let us follow, where they please to lead.
For faith is impious, striving to sustain
That side, whose fall the gods themselves ordain.

May's Cleopatra.

O L D - A G E.

Next in order fad old-age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,

As on the place where nature him assign'd

To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thred ; and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of faint declining life.

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-ey'd ;

Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four ;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side ;

His scalp all pilled, and with eld forlore :

His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door ;

Fumbling

Fumbling and driveling as he draws his breath ;
In brief, the shape and messenger of death.

E. of Dorset in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.
For age with shame of youths fond deeds struck blind,
Doth oft abhor to bear the same in mind.

Mirror for Magistrates.

It is as proper to our age,
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions ;
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again tow'r'd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Shakespear's Timon.

Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These eyes, like lamps, whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak shoulders over-born with burth'ning grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave ;
As witting, I no other comfort have.

Shakespear's First Part of K. Henry VI.

On a grey head, age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain rev'rence paid unto his years,

That

That had none due unto his life : so much
 The sanctity of some prevail'd, for others.
 But now we all are fall'n ; youth from their fear,
 And age, from that which bred it, good example.

Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

1. The other are considerations,
 When we come to have grey heads, and weak hams,
 Moist eyes, and shrank members : We'll think on 'em
 Then ; then we'll pray and fast.
2. Ay, and destine only that time of age
 To goodness, which our want of ability
 Will not let us employ in evil ?
1. Why then 'tis time enough.
2. Yes, as if a man should sleep all the term,
 And think t' effect his busines, the last day.

Johnson's Silent Woman.

What, dost thou stand on this, that he is old ?
 Thy beauty hath the more to work upon ;
 Thy pleasures want shall be supply'd with gold ;
 Cold age doats most, when heat of youth is gone :
 Enticing words prevail with such a one.
 Alluring shews most deep impression strikes,
 For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Daniel's Rosamund.

Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,
 But age must needs have something that is warn :
 Small drops, God knows, do quench that heatless fire,
 When all the strength is only in desire.

Drayton's Mary the French Queen to D. of Suffolk.

— Have we no brain ?
 Youth thinks that age, age knows that youth is vain.

Marston's Fawn.

I'm reading, sir, of a short treatise here,
 That's call'd the vanity of lust : has your grace seen it ?
 He says here, that an old man's loose desire
 Is like the glow-worm's light, the apes so wonder'd at,
 Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,
 And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently :
 And

And in another place, he calls their loves
Faint smells of dying flow'rs, carry no comforts ;
They're doting, stinking foggs, so thick and muddy,
Reason, with all his beams, cannot beat through 'em.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant.

His snowy age, O old *Andronicus*,
His silver hairs, and golden head are fit
For the management of state affairs !
He has been long betroth'd to the best mistress
In the world, experience ; he's politick
And wise ; and his age gives him a sufficient
Title to rule and govern :
And therefore 'twas enacted by sage *Lycurgus*,
That men should receive honour, and respect,
Not for their riches, power, but their age ;
Knowing the shadow of an aged person,
Creates more terror, and strikes a greater
Fear on men, than a youth's sharpest steel : hence
At *Rome* the senate did consist of ancient men ;
Among the famous *Lacedemonians*,
The magistrates, were stil'd old and ancient men :
And therefore 'twas, great *Alexander*
Gave none but aged men commissions
To be grandees and officers in his
Army ; which to all it's beholders seem'd
A grave and rev'rend senate of some well
Regulated commonwealth : and though that
Hoary age be not so vig'rous, in strength
Of body and agility ; yet 't has
A stronger and a nimbler brain : and as
In tedious voyages, ships loose that outward
Spendor which they had when they first launch'd off
From shore, yet then they chiefly gain,
By being laded with richer wares ; so
Ancient men repair all youth's decays, by
The possessions of a richer brain and
Golden head, with which they're laded, after
They're past the tropicks of youth's hot brav'ry.

What

What fools are therefore those who think that aged
 Men are too unactive for sov'reignty ?
 Such do resemble those, who say the pilot's
 Idle, because, when others climb the masts,
 Pump out the water, which the too covetous
 Ship would otherwise retain, he sits at
 Ease and quietly at the stern, although
 His task's the hardest.

Unfortunate Usurper.

I know not what this old man is like, unless
 Our hill of *Sicily* the flaming *Aetna* ;
 Whose parch'd bowels still in flames consuming,
 Fills all the valley with flame and pitchy fuming ;
 Yet on his top congealed snow doth lie,
 As if there were not fire nor *Phæbus* nigh.
 Why should we count this strange ? When even so
 This old man's heart's all fire, his head all snow ?

Sicelides

Chearful his age, not tedious or severe ;
 Like those who being dull, would grave appear ;
 Whose quiet made them the soul of mirth despise,
 And being full, hope men think them wise.

Sir W. Davenant to the Countess of Carlisle.

Cæcilius vainly said, each day we spend
 Discovers something, which must needs offend ;
 But sometimes age may pleasant things behold
 And nothing that offends : He should have told
 This not to age, but youth ; who oftner see
 What not alone offends, but hurts, than we :
 That, I in him, which he in age condemn'd,
 That us it renders odious, and contemn'd.
 He knew not virtue if he thought this truth ;
 For youth delights in age, and age in youth.
 What to the old can greater pleasure be,
 Than hopeful and ingenious youth to see ?
 When they with reverence follow where we lead,
 And in strait paths by our directions tread ;

And

And ev'n my conversation here I see,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.

Denham.

When I reflect on age I find there are
Four causes, which its misery declare.
First, 'cause our bodies strength it much impairs ;
That it takes off our minds from great affairs :
Next, that our sense of pleasure it deprives :
Last, that approaching death attends our lives.

Ibid.

In age to wish for youth, is full as vain,
As for a youth to turn a child again.

Ibid.

We happier are than they, who but desir'd,
To possess that, which we long since acquir'd :
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
Age like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely crops :
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires ;
But age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes when the spirit's spent.

Ibid.

Th'art yet in thy green *May*, twenty-seven summers
Set in our calends ; but whén forty winters more
Shall round thy forehead with a field of snow,
And when thy comely veins shall cease to flow,
When those majestick eyes shall float in rheums,
When giant nature her ownself consumes,
When thy swift pulses shall but slowly pant,
When thou art all a volume of my want,
That like a tale-spent fire thou shalt sink,
Then, *John*, upon this lesson thou wilt think ;
He dies a happy old man, whose sweet youth
Was a continu'd sacrifice to truth.

Davenport's King John and Matilda.

My

O P I

My father's old, what then ? Age, like a caterpillar,
 Will crawl upon the leaves of a young tree
 Till it has eaten away all its beauty ;
 And I'll not waste my golden youth in bondage
 To a proud slave.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

Oh, sir ! my reason is not dim with age,
 Whate'er my eyes are ; time which steals our sight,
 Is for the thievery by nature fin'd,
 To make us recompence in inward light.

Crown's Thyestes.

O P I N I O N.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
 The outward habit by the inward man.

Shakespear's Pericles.

Opinion, the blind goddes of fools, foe
 To the virtuous, and only friend to
 Undeferving persons.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

O malcontent, seducing guest,
 Contriver of our greatest woes :
 Which born of wind and fed with shews,
 Dost nurse thyself in thine unrest,
 Judging forgotten things the best !
 Or what thou in conceit design'st,
 And all things in the world dost deem,
 Not as they are, but as they seem :
 Which shews their state thou ill defin'st ;
 And liv'st to come, in present pin'st.
 For what thou hast, thou still doth lack.
 O mind's tormentor, bodies rack,
 Vain promiser of that sweet rest
 Which never any yet possess'd !

Daniel's Cleopatra.

Whilst great men do, as toss'd on th'ocean, groan,
 Taught by their toils, esteem much of our rest :
 For this doth thousands with affliction store,
 Which of the world as most unhappy moan,

If they but chance to view some few more blest ;
 Where, if they would but mark how many a one
 More wretch'd than they in misery do live ;
 It strait would calm the most unquiet breast ;
 'The cottage oft is happier than the throne.
 To think our own state good, and others ill,
 It could not but a great contentment give :
 There much consits in the conceit and will ;
 To us all things are, as we think them still.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

There's nothing simply good or ill alone ;
 Of ev'ry quality, comparison
 The only measure is, and judge opinion.

Dr. Donne.

Who gets th'opinion of a virtuous name,
 May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of shame.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

Let not opinion make thy judgment err ;
 The ev'ning conquest crowns the conqueror.

Lady Alimony.

Opinion is that high and mighty dame
 Which rules the world ; and in the mind doth frame
 Distaste or liking : For in human race,
 She makes the fancy various as the face.
 Sometimes the father differs from the son,
 As doth the gospel from the alcoran ;
 Or *Loyala* from *Calvin* ; which two brands
 In strange combustions hurl fair *Europe's* lands ;
 So that amongst such atoms of mankind,
 You scarce can two encounter of one mind.

Howel.

How can you rest where pow'r is still alarm'd :
 Each crowd a faction, and each faction arm'd ?
 Who fashions of opinion love to change,
 And think their own the best for being strange ;
 Their own if it were lasting, they would hate ;
 Yet call it conscience when 'tis obstinate.

Sir *W. Davenant* to the *King.*

O P P O R-

O P P

OPPORTUNITY.

Secureful thoughts do foster fond delay,
 Bewitching hopes breed carelessness of mind ;
 Occasion, set on wing, flies fast away,
 Whose back once turn'd, no hold-fast can we find ;
 Her feet are swift, bald is her head behind :
 Who so hath hold, and after lets her go,
 Doth lose the lot which fortune did bestow,

Mirror for Magistrates.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now a-float ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

We must abide our opportunity :
 And practice what is fit, as what is needful.
 It is not safe t'inforce a sov'reign's ear :
 Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Johnson's Sejanus.

There is a certain season, if we hit,
 When women may be rid without a bit.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

Opportunity to statesmen, is as the just degree
 Of heat to chymists ; it perfects all the work.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

The End of the Second Volume.

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